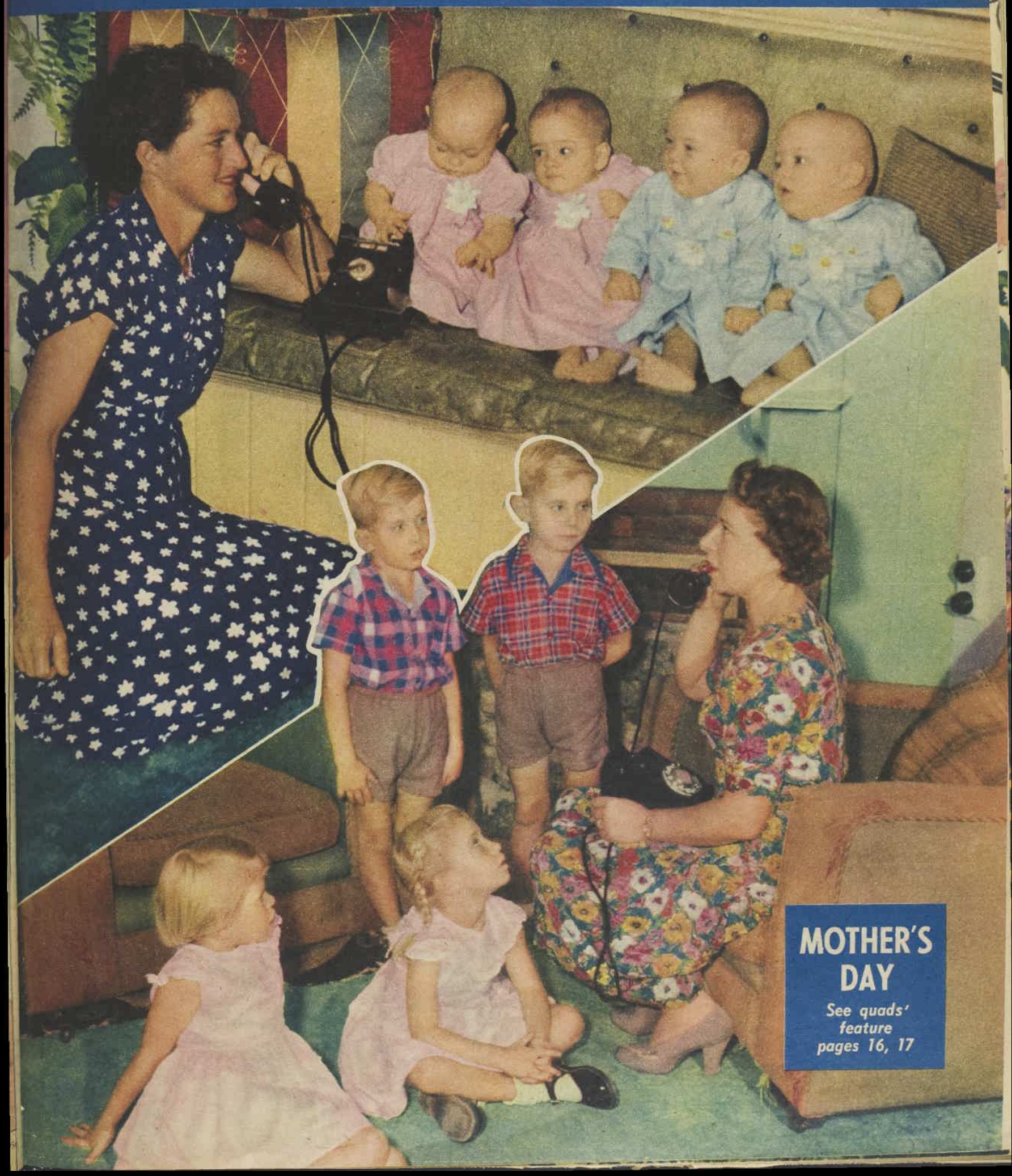
The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

MAY 16, 1956

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MOTHER'S DAY

See quads' feature pages 16, 17

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 16, 1956 — Vol. 23, No. 51

TAKEN FOR GRANTED

THERE'S an old Jewish proverb that says God could not be everywhere, and, therefore, he made mothers.

And who could deny this? In every mother there burns something of the divine spark—of the love that is so great that it is taken for granted.

Whatever she is—rich or poor, young or old, pretty or plain—every mother has that quality of unselfish love which her children take for granted.

To her baby she is everything. From her come warmth, security, food, shelter, and life itself—gifts he grabs in his chubby fists and takes for granted.

To her school-age child she's just someone who is always there. She's the one who feeds him when he's hungry, praises him when he succeeds, comforts him when he's sad, and scolds him when he's bad. This is no more than he expects.

To the adolescent she is, more often than not, something of a nuisance. She tends to fuss, he thinks, while her ideas about late nights and fast cars came right out of the Ark.

Her anxieties he brushes impatiently aside. The love that prompts them he takes as a matter of course.

To her married children she's the one to go home to when things go wrong. She's not allowed to give advice, of course, but she can be relied on to mind the children or to come running when there's trouble, taking care to stay away when important guests are visiting.

Looked at like this, it seems that being a mother is a most unrewarding role. But every mother knows that this is not so. She knows that in motherhood, even when it is taken for granted, lies the greatest joy of womanhood.

It is the joy of loving and giving without thought of reward. And it's a rare mother who would exchange that joy for any other riches the world might offer.

Our cover:

● Our cover is a composite of two pictures taken 900 miles apart. It shows Mrs. Lucke at her home near Bundaberg, Queensland, and Mrs. Sara in Sydney rehearsing the telephone conversation which will be part of a Mother's Day broadcast on the Quiz Kids' programme at 7.30 p.m., Sunday night, May 13. The Lucke babies are, from left, Jennifer, Veronica, Kevin, and Eric. The Saras are Alison (left), Judith, Mark, and Phillip. More pictures of the two famous families are on pages 16 and 17.

This week:

● The details about nursery-gardening in Maureen Luson's story "A Corsage of Elegance," beginning on the opposite page, are the product of experience. Her home at Hampton, Victoria, has a lovely garden. She tells us that her husband does all the hard work and that her duties consist of "hand-watering (most soothing to a reeling brain), care of young seedlings, and admiring all the work my husband does." She continues: "After having wrestled with gardens in the stony, shallow soil of the Cornish coast and the soggy clay of Yorkshire, I find that our sandy loam makes a gardener's paradise."

The story on pages 8 and 9, "The New Woman," is by another Australian author, Mrs. E. M. Noblet, of Mosman, Sydney. Mrs. Noblet is the mother of four children, the eldest 21, the youngest 8.

Next week:

● Celebrations of the 300th anniversary of the Grenadier Guards will begin in London at the end of the month. To mark the anniversary the Grenadiers commissioned a new portrait of the Queen in her uniform as colonel of their regiment. This portrait will appear on next week's cover. Inside the paper will be two pages of color pictures of the Grenadier Guards, with a story on their history by Anne Matheson, of our London staff.

● Young fashions have four pages devoted to them next week. Three pages are in color, and one of them features a Candy Hardy suit which is obtainable ready to wear or cut out ready to sew. Ready to wear, the suit costs only £5. Note, too, that these are fashions for the teenager, but many of them are suitable for older wearers with slim figures.

● Debbie suggests a quick, time-saving method of making apple charlotte. It is just the thing for cold winter evenings.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

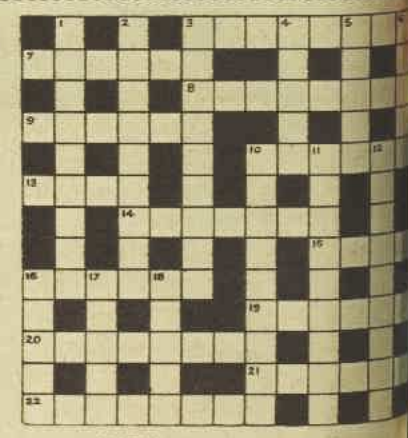
ACROSS

3. Malicious but puts life into it (6).
7. Dwell mostly in the fireside (6).
8. Silk or possibly hemp round the neck (6).
9. Design in temporary shelter (6).
10. Funnel-shaped cavity with a proportional measure in the centre (6).
13. Italian city in contrasting province, famous for its wine (4).
14. Small steel instruments which become unnecessary if you double the end of them (7).
15. Cheese made back in Holland (4).
16. Objectionable persons or irrational animals (6).
19. Person of no importance or no one at all (6).
20. You must stay awake to keep this (6).
21. A play by Sheridan (6).
22. Bullock preceding senility provides travelling accommodation at the cheapest rate (6).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.



DOWN

1. The Volunteer State (9).
2. These are mercenaries (9).
3. They can be seen on watches (9).
4. Acceptor of a bet with a badly distributed outside rate (5).
5. Only very stingy people skin it (5).
6. May be good or bad, but he surely did not win the race (5).
10. Range of pillars in London containing an ace (9).
11. Called together a donkey and a [illegible] having lost some blood (8).
12. Spreading out with a [illegible] Greek God for head and the [illegible] to beat violently (9).
16. Graduate to sit confused for some [illegible] tations (5).
17. Avenue in a church (5).
18. More domesticated (5).

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A CORSAGE OF *Elegance*

By MAUREEN LUSON

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

JUDY arranged tall purple irises as a backcloth for massed bowls of carnations, jonquils, stocks, and marigolds; then she wiped her brown hands on her jeans and went outside to admire the effect. "BREEZE'S" said the gilt letters across the windows of the small shop, and, behind, the flowers were a symphony of color.

"My flowers," thought Judy proudly. She never ceased to be proud of the blooms she gathered, dew-wet, each morning on her father's nursery, for delivery to the famous Breeze's.

She went inside again, and Mrs. Breeze emerged from her workroom at the back of the shop, her plump, pink face harassed; with her untidy mop of reddish hair and her brilliant smock, she looked, Judy thought, like a large, overblown peony.

"That's lovely," said Mrs. Breeze. "And thanks a lot. I suppose you wouldn't stay and serve? Saturday—my busiest day—and Rosemary has to send a message to say she got engaged last night and won't be coming to work!" She created further confusion to her hair by raking it with agitated fingers.

"She's the fourth girl that's gone and got engaged on me this year. I get them nicely trained, and, abracadabra, off they go. There's something about a flower-shop. Romantic." She shot Judy a sharp glance. "I'm sure that father of yours could spare you till twelve-thirty."

Judy said: "I think he could." She thought quickly: "I can thin out that batch of seedlings this afternoon."

Mrs. Breeze remarked: "There's Rosemary's smock you can wear. It'll suit you. You want to phone your father?"

And within ten minutes Judy had made the call, arrayed herself in the smock, and was busy fetching and carrying for Mrs. Breeze. She marvelled at the ease with which Mrs. Breeze got her own way—as deftly as she wired and fixed flowers.

"Now, where did I put that wedding order?" Mrs. Breeze thumbed through a mass of dog-eared morsels of paper and scattered them over the table. "Ah, here it is!" She grabbed a sheet of green tissue wrapping.

"Bride's bouquet. Two posies for child attendants. Buttonholes for bridegroom and best man. Two o'clock sharp. When I'm in a hurry, which I usually am, I jot down the orders on anything handy. It's a wonder I don't get them mixed up sometimes. No system. But I've never made a mistake yet."

That was true enough, Judy knew. Mrs. Breeze had a genius for matching flowers to people and occasions, and more often than not her customers relied entirely on her judgment. And, in spite of her seeming vagueness, none had ever been disappointed.

Judy helped Mrs. Breeze to select tiny, perfect grape-hyacinths, snowflakes, and pink daisies for the children's posies, watched the clever fingers work so skilfully, moulding the flowers into a tight mosaic, adding silver frills and blue ribbons.

"It looks so easy," she commented.

"So it does. Like a lot of things that aren't. You need taste and touch—and more girls have taste than have touch. Rosemary, now—she knows how the flowers should look, but she handles them like strings of sausages. I was watching you—you handle them well. Two or three touches

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When the young man looked at Judy she felt her heart pound with joy, but she said calmly, "Can I help you?"

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Sprig Muslin

Concluding our entertaining serial by GEORGETTE HEYER

IN London, a far greater degree of anxiety was felt over Sir Gareth's prolonged absence than he had anticipated. Certainly, in his own household, Trotton secretly assumed that he was still chasing Amanda; but he was very far from accepting this solution to the mystery with equanimity.

Devotion to the master he had served since his boyhood, coupled with jealousy of Sir Gareth's butler and his valet, prevented him from taking them into his confidence; he told them that Sir Gareth had said he might break his journey at a friend's house, but he was deeply perturbed.

Sir Gareth was behaving in a way so utterly at variance with his usual calm and well-bred self-possession that Trotton seriously supposed him either to be going out of his mind or to have fallen desperately in love with a chit of a girl who would make him the worst wife in the world.

Trotton had no opinion of Amanda. A bit of muslin, that was what he had thought she was at first. Then it had seemed that he had been wrong; and although he didn't believe more than half of the things he had heard her say to Sir Gareth, there was no denying she hadn't gone with him willingly.

Dicked in the nob, Sir Gareth must be, to make off with a girl who was trying all the time to escape from him! High-handed, too: he'd never known him act like it before. A nice kick-up there would be if her father, or maybe her brother, got to know about all this bobbery!

It behoved anyone who held Sir Gareth in affection to make a push to rescue him from the consequences of his folly, and Trotton held him in considerable affection.

So, too, did Sir Gareth's sister, Mrs. Wetherby saw her adored brother set off for Brancaster, and had very little hope that he would meet with a rebuff there. When, at the end of a week, he had not returned to his house in Berkeley Square, that little died. He would scarcely have remained so long at Brancaster if his suit had not prospered.

She expected every day to receive a letter from him, announcing his betrothal, but no letter came. She could scarcely believe that he would not have informed her of it before admitting the rest of the world into his confidence, but she, like Amanda, began to study the columns of the "Morning Post" and "The Gazette." She found no mention of Sir Gareth's name; and it was at this point that the conviction that something had happened to him took strong possession of her mind.

Mr. Wetherby kindly and patiently proved to her how unlikely it was that any disaster could have befallen Gary of which she would not have been apprized long since, but he might as well have spared his breath.

No, she said, she had not the remotest conjecture of the nature of the accident which she supposed to have occurred: she just had a feeling that all was not well with Gary. Mr. Wetherby, well acquainted with her feelings, recommended her not to be on the fidgets, and dismissed the matter from his mind.

But not for long. It was recalled by a chance meeting at his club with an acquaintance who let fall a scrap of information which, the more he considered it, seemed to him of sufficient interest to recount to his wife. It was curious, not alarming—in fact, the inference to be drawn from it would probably do much to banish Trixie's blue devils—but it did make one wonder a trifle.

It was not important enough to occupy a prominent place in his memory; he remembered it when he was in the middle

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Pointing a finger of doom at the astonished Hildebrand, the chaplain astounded the assemblage by exclaiming to Widmore: "That is the rascal who lured Lady Hester to this place, my lord!"

of telling Trixie about young Kendal, whom he had run smash into as he was coming away from White's.

"Not that I knew who he was, for although I daresay I may have seen him when he was a child I don't recall it," he said reflectively. "However, Willingdon was with me, and at once introduced him. You remember Jack Kendal, Trixie? Fellow that was up at Cambridge with me—came in for a neat little place in Northhamptonshire, and married some Scotch girl or other. I went to his funeral about five years ago," he added helpfully, perceiving a slight lack of interest in his wife's face.

"Poor fellow!" he went on. "I didn't see much of him after he got married, but he used to be a close friend of mine. Well, this boy I was telling you about is his second son. Well set-up young fellow, though he don't favor Jack much: got sandy hair, like his mother. Queer chance, my meeting him like that. Which reminds me!" he said, digressing suddenly. "Knew I had something to tell you! Cleeve was in the club today, and he happened to mention Brancaster."

"Brancaster?" said Beatrix quickly, her interest immediately roused. "Did Lord Cleeve know—did he give you any news of Gareth?"

"No, no, nothing like that! But from what he said it seems Brancaster is down at Brighton. He spoke of having dined with him in town the day he came up from Brancaster Park. He went off to join the Regent the next morning. What struck me as odd was that, by what I was able to make out, he must have left Brancaster the day after Gary arrived there. That is, if Gary held by his intention of going first to the Rydes. Said he meant to spend a couple of days with them, didn't he?"

"Yes, certainly he did, and Gary would never break an engagement of that nature! Then Gary cannot be at Brancaster! Warren, it must surely mean—though I find it hard to credit it!—that Lady Hester rejected him!"

"Looks like it," agreed Warren. "Brancaster's a ramshackle fellow, but he wouldn't go off to Brighton if he had Gary staying with him in Cambridgeshire. I thought you'd be interested."

"Thankful," she declared. Her brow creased. "Yes, but—Warren, if Gary left Brancaster over a fortnight ago, what can have become of him?"

"Oh, I don't know! Daresay he went on to visit some of his friends. To get back to what I was saying to you about young Kendal—"

"He would not have done so without writing to me! He must have known how anxious I should be!"

"Anxious! Why should you be anxious? Gary ain't a schoolboy, my dear! I own it ain't like him to go off without telling anyone where he was bound for, or how long he meant to be away—but for anything we know he may have sent word to Berkeley Square."

"I shall call there tomorrow morning, and ask Sheen whether he has had any news of his master," said Beatrix, in a determined voice.

"No harm in doing that, but mind, now, Trixie! If he hasn't written to Sheen, Gary won't thank you for kicking up a dust, so take care what you say to Sheen! Well, about young Kendal! I invited him to come and take his pot luck with us tomorrow. Jack's boy, you know!"

She was frowning over the mystery of her brother's continued absence from town, but these words successfully diverted her mind.

"Invited him to dine with us tomorrow?" she exclaimed. "Good gracious, Warren, could you not have invited him to White's? Pray, how, at such short notice, am I to arrange a suitable party for his entertainment, with London so thin of company? And Leigh gone to stay with the Maresfields, too!"

"Leigh? Trixie, Kendal ain't a schoolboy! He's four or five-and-twenty, and has seen eight years' service besides! What should he have to say to a whippersnapper like Leigh? As for company, you need not put yourself about, for I told him he would meet none but ourselves."

"Oh, very well!" she said. "I must say, though, that I should think he would be heartily bored!"

"Nonsense! He will be mighty glad to sit down to one of your dinners, my love. He has been putting up at a hotel these past few weeks, and I'll be bound he'll welcome the change. He told me that he's been kept kicking his heels in town by those fellows at the Horse Guards, while the military doctors made up their minds whether he was fit to go back to his duties or not. Got a ball in his shoulder, and was sent home on sick furlough some months ago. He's a Light Bob: 43rd regiment."

The vexed look vanished from her face. It was tiresome to be obliged to entertain a stranger at this season, when she was on the point of shutting up the London house for a couple of months, but no officer from the Peninsula need doubt his welcome in Mount Street. "Oh, was he in Spain? I wonder if he ever met Arthur? Of course he must dine with us!" she said cordially.

. . . . . .

Nothing could have been kinder than her greeting when Captain Kendal was ushered into her drawing-room on the following evening; but what she had learnt at Sir Gareth's house that morning had destroyed all desire to entertain even a Peninsular veteran who might have been acquainted with her brother Arthur.

Sheen had received no commands from his master, since Trotton, more than a fortnight ago, had delivered a message that Sir Gareth expected to be at home again on the following evening. He had not come, and Trotton had disclosed that, when he had parted from him, Sir Gareth had said that he might, perhaps, visit my Lord and Lady Stowmarket, which was no doubt what he had done.

Two pieces of disquieting intelligence were conveyed to Mrs. Wetherby in this speech. The first was that Sir Gareth should have sent Trotton home; the second, that should have said he was going to stay with the Stowmarkets. It was very unlike him to prefer post-chaise travel to driving his own horses; and none knew better than he that the Stowmarkets were away from home.

There was some mystery attached to his movements, and the more Beatrix thought about it the uneasier did she

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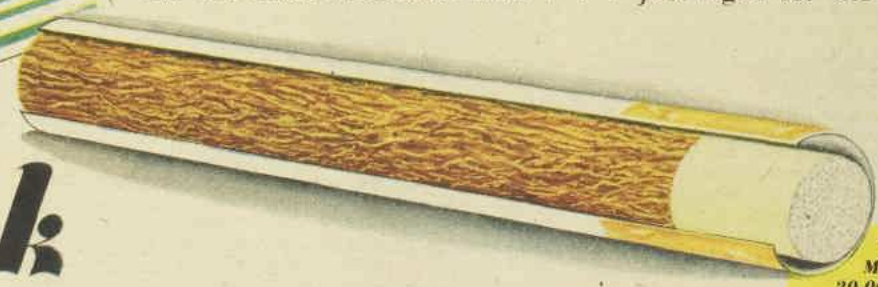
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Roll of Honor



A short story complete on this page by NORAH BURKE

THE girl was walking across the derelict aerodrome with a dog at her heels.

When they were making this place, they cut every tree to the horizon, almost, so there was always a wind here now, even on still evenings like this one. The grass in the cracks of the concrete was trembling with it; and wind-ghosts singing softly through the shed-doors that hung creaking from one hinge. Beneath the windows lay the broken glass.

On this summer evening a clear-water light stood still over everything, from the little old English cottages which the perimeter just missed, to the hollow control-tower, to the great empty runways. There was a perfume of hay that had dried rapidly under vertical suns.

The light held everything as if in glass—the two small boys learning to roller-skate on one of the dispersal points; beside them the cows grazing peacefully on pink clover flowers. Except for the shouts of the kids, lost in the immense air, and the girl's footsteps, there was no sound for miles.

She was a typically English girl—fair, with a quite exquisite complexion, but English feet. She walked quickly, and beside her twinkled the little white terrier. He knew where they were going, so he dashed ahead, scuffing his nose along here and there under the matted grass.

She wondered if he remembered Buck, his master, whom he had not been able to follow back to America. Did he remember what this place used to be like, when there were three thousand young American airmen swarming over it, and the giant bombers dispersed about?

Did he remember seeing them take off, one after another on a raid, and returning with some of them dropping red flares to show they'd got dead and wounded on board? That was a time gone by.

Presently she and the dog turned aside off the drome and down the street of a village. It was a large village, built to house Flemish weavers in the 16th century, and the inn had been built a hundred years before the Mayflower set sail.

In the walls and ceiling of the bar there was oak which has existed three hundred years as trees and four hundred as black beams. Between, on the whitewashed plaster, those young American airmen had left their signatures, and drawings of pin-up girls. They had fixed their U.S.A.A.F. emblems to the beams, alongside old coaching horns and pieces of antique brass harness from plough horses.

It was almost empty here tonight. The girl bought a beer and got her favorite seat in the corner.

"Quiet tonight, Mr. Humm," she said to the landlord, who was polishing glasses behind the bar, on a background of pewter tankards and liqueurs and beer barrels. There were red-and-white linen cloths spread on the beer barrels, to dry; and on the shelf a giant glass jug which could carry four pints. Buck still held the speed record for drinking that jug dry in one go.

"Yes, quiet," smiled the landlord, making the glass squeak. "Not like it used to be. Not like when the Americans was here, changed a lot, it has!"

"Gosh, yes! There were nights when you couldn't get into this place with a shoe horn! It was fun, wasn't it?"

"Yes," he said, holding the glass up to the light. "Couldn't hear y'self speak, and smoke like a thundercloud over y'r head! Even when there wasn't no cigarettes neither. They always had plenty, and gave 'm out to everyone. I ain't never seen no one so generous."

"Nor so witty. No, it's not the same."

A little man, pale and sour as a cooking apple, got up and came to the counter and banged his glass tankard down, and said: "No, it's not the same. Thank God. Pint of half-and-half, please." He smacked the coins on the counter almost aggressively.

"Oh, now come, sir," protested the landlord. "You didn't like the Americans?"

"No, I did not!"

"Well, ain't no tellin' how much we owes 'm," observed the landlord. "Be fightin' the war still, it's likely, but for them." He drew from first one tap, then the other, and set the spilling beer down, and gave change, and mopped the place. "Here we liked them very much indeed," he said with his chin.

"Noisy. Bossy. Conceited," the sour man criticised. "Every place was full of 'em. Cock-a-hoop. All with medals on, and calling to each other across the room as if they owned the place. 49th State, that's all we were. They just had no respect for us."

Then the girl spoke up suddenly.

"It was war," she said gently, and though she spoke so quietly, everyone stopped and listened to her — the two locals on the bench by the cold fireplace, the two strangers who had just come in, the landlord, the sour man, and the dog. "It was war," she said. "They were young. They might have died any day."

"We ruined ourselves in two wars for them," said the sour man. "Hitler was their danger quite as much as ours, but they didn't come in till Pearl Harbor. Even then, they never really felt war. They've not been bombed and rationed. When they were here, they swarmed into every place and bought up everything.

"The pubs were always closed, with no more beer to sell, because of them. And if they couldn't get a thing here, they sent back to the States for it. They couldn't go without anything. When we had no coal they had central heating. I knew one who sent home for an electric blanket! They had drink and candies and ice and eggs and cigarettes. They wanted for nothing."

There was a chorus of disagreement.

"—Yes, but they were always giving them away, they never stopped."

"—After all, they were here to fight. Surely we didn't begrudge them anything."

"—I've bin give smokes b' total strangers. Americans. And the kids all had gum."

"—Look at the gift parcels of food and good warm clothing."

"—Look at Marshall Aid!"

At mention of Marshall Aid everyone talked at once. Argument waxed hot. One or two other people came into the bar and joined in. The sour little man took them all on. "I'd sooner starve than take charity. And they ought to help us, anyway. Their cities weren't ruined. Their people weren't——"

"I'll show you something, sir," said the landlord, getting very heated. He took the day's paper from the counter and opened it and folded it back to show a picture.

He said: "That's going to be the American memorial chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral. Millions of British people contributed thousands and thousands of pounds for it. We collected ten pounds in this bar alone. That'll show you!"

The photograph of the model was good. A holy light was shining down from behind the cross.

"In the semi-circular space behind the High Altar of St. Paul's, known as the Jesus Chapel," said the paper, "will be the American memorial chapel to commemorate American servicemen based on Britain who died in the war. It will have its own Altar, carrying a gold cross and candlesticks. It will be enclosed within silver rails. The floor will be of marble, with a five-pointed star in the pattern. The six windows of the apse are to be fitted with stained glass containing the insignia of the 48 States."

"And," said the landlord, "there's a Roll of Honor with 28,000 names, hand writ on 473 pages, what's to be kept in the chapel for all time."

For a time the little man was silenced, but after a minute he said: "Look how they treated our women. They had high pay and could give 'em a good time. They just took 'em and left 'em all the time."

The girl looked up. There was a soft English flush on her cheeks. She was alone, and Buck had gone back to the States without her. "There were some women," she said, "who deserved what they got. The others went over as G.I. brides and were happy there."

"D'you know how many were deserted?" he insisted in a tone of authority.

"I daresay not more than our soldiers did in France and Italy," she replied quietly; and Buck's little dog leaning up, hot, against her legs. She finished her beer quick and "Well, good-night all," she said.

The same clear light, hardly changed, was over the silent aerodrome, the same breeze to cool her cheeks and dry her lashes. As she walked, she thought of Buck, who'd gone back to America without her.

Yes, he was one of the ones who'd left a girl behind. Yes, she was an American sweetheart who would never be an American wife. For Buck went home in a coffin, and his is one of the 28,000 names in St. Paul's.

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It seemed to her that the little English village still echoed with the noise of the cheery American airmen.

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THE NEW WOMAN



AFTER the train had left the subway on that day of September, 2056, and was racing away from the city, Lita took the letter from her pocket and read it again. She had received it a month ago, and from being repeatedly unfolded and refolded it was beginning to fall apart:—

"My dear Lita,

"We have great news for you, my dear, that will surely delight you as much as it does us. We have a baby on the way! I can imagine you as you read this, my dear wife, for you have wanted a child almost as much as Mollie and I have.

"Mollie is very well, and is spending all her spare time preparing the clothes—I told her there was no need for this, as you would provide all that is necessary, but she insists that it is a labor of love.

"You will be amused, Lita, and, I don't doubt, will be crazy about her, for she is your exact opposite in every way—in fact, she is like no other woman I have ever known.

"She is cuddly and fluffy and she gets excited and enthusiastic like a child, and, I must admit, occasionally behaves like one. There is just no one like her and it is beyond me to describe her—you must see for yourself. I think her very charm lies in her being so different.

"I repeat, you must see for yourself, and when will that be, my dear Lita, for it is close on a year since I last saw you? It was a great disappointment when you could not come to our wedding, but I understand how busy you always are. However, you are due, surely, for a vacation. Ulcers, alas, are still with us . . . always the plague of our big businesswomen.

"Thank Mars I am out of it all. How wisely we have arranged our lives, Lita. I am completely happy and trust the same can be said for my two darling wives—you the brilliant executive, and Mollie the little homebody (this is what she calls herself). Everything here is a picture and your natural fear that an extra wife was an expensive luxury was completely unfounded. She manages everything most efficiently and can do the most extraordinary things—just wait till you see her pantry full of preserves!"

Lita stuffed the letter back in her pocket and bit her lip. He's turned into a drivelling idiot, she thought—but I must not think that, it's not fair. After all, I agreed to his second marriage, it was only commonsense. Commonsense, indeed, her highly trained brain assured her, for if you had refused consent the courts would have over-ruled you, not that William would have applied to the courts, he had too much respect for you.

No true woman could deny her husband the comfort and solace of a second wife if his first were away as often as you are. After all, you are the new woman, Lita Cranstone, the evolvement of nearly a century and a half of continuous battle for complete equality. For many a year now you and your sisters have enjoyed that complete equality granted you once and for all at the end of the last world war when so many men were lost that it was essential for women to replace them in every walk of life.

What a terrible war it had been! Remembering, Lita shivered. Although she had been but a child when it had started, well she remembered the first few dread weeks when the frightful atom-splitting bombs had been used on a large scale for the first time. She remembered the wide-spread relief when the great Atlantic conference had been arranged, when the scientists of each country had declared their intention of coming to some agreement on the use of their frightful weapons.

Lita lifted her head a little proudly, remembering that it had been a woman at that conference who had saved the world from possible extinction. Caroline-Anne Cleves had been the only woman invited and she had been rather huffy about the whole affair. She was taken along in the shape of a secretary rather than as a sister scientist and this so mortified her that she equipped herself with a little handbag size atom bomb made from bits and pieces of knowledge and material that she had picked up at the atomic range.

There were two schools of thought on the outcome of that little home-made bomb. Some thought that Caroline-Anne had intended merely to hold it over the heads of her fellow scientists, to force, as an equal, her inclusion in their group, and the rest thought that her whole aim and intent was to blow them all to blazes for the good of all humanity.

"Never!" her best woman-friend had declared vehemently. "Never would Caroline-Anne deliberately do such a thing. She was not only neat, she was natty. Never the one to scatter herself all over the place like that. No, someone must have given her a bit of a nudge or a shove and there she was."

Actually, she wasn't there. None of them were, and, whatever her intention, Caroline-Anne had rid the world of an awful lot of pests, and was therefore immortalised as a saint. The men had to finish the war and kill off a colossal number of themselves with old-fashioned shot and shell, and after ten years of this they found that none of the nations had any more reserves to fling in, so they declared a stalemate and straggled home.

All the soldiers, sailors, and airmen returning to their various countries received wonderful welcomes from more women than they had dreamed even existed and they all, in their various languages, said, "This is a bit of all right, this is." But after a while they found themselves so bewildered and overwhelmed that they began to disappear quietly to think things over.

And what they thought was that women had not only kept the home fires burning during their long absence, but they had kept the wheels of industry turning as well and there were such a frightening lot of them that a man was better off out of it. So most of the men stayed out of the cities and drifted quietly back to the land.

Some peculiar religious sect had got a bit worried about this and had begged the women to cajole the men into coming back into their rightful sphere as leaders of the nation. They had suggested that the men work unheard of long hours to keep things going while the women stayed home and had a baby every year to even up the population.

The idea, of course, had been simply laughed away—as though women, having freed themselves from the yoke of incessant child-bearing, would ever return to it. There were so many of them that things just drifted along for a while until it was seen what the men would do. When they did nothing at all, except run when they saw a female approaching, the women decided that the time was ripe to strike their blow for what they had always wanted—equal rights.

The men were coaxed out of their hiding-places and shown that there was nothing to be afraid of, for the opposite sex was out to show them a new era of unbelievable fairness and broadmindedness.

Polygamy was introduced very early in the piece, for with such an enormous surplus of women it was a necessity. So few were willing to give up their careers to stay home and have children that something had to be done to build up the population. But after a few years some women even found that they would like to stay in the home and let the men go out to work, but most of their husbands declined. It was a woman's world, they said, and might as well stay that way.

Oh, well, Lita sighed, she had a career that she loved and a contented husband—what more could any woman ask? It had been a bit of a shock when William had asked her permission to take a second wife. To her, their marriage had been perfect as it was. When they had married, twenty years ago, they had agreed that she should start him off on a small farm while she pursued her work in an advertising agency.

Her salary, increasing steadily, had kept things going comfortably until the farm began to pay. Now she was at the top of the tree and they owned the farm. In twenty years they had, of course, been separated a lot, but that had surely kept monotony from their door—each meeting being a little honeymoon.

However, she was a sincere product of her times and would not quarrel with laws that were necessary for the common good. She was determined to love Mollie, and it was not, she told herself, the fact of the marriage itself that disturbed her, it was the fact of the girl

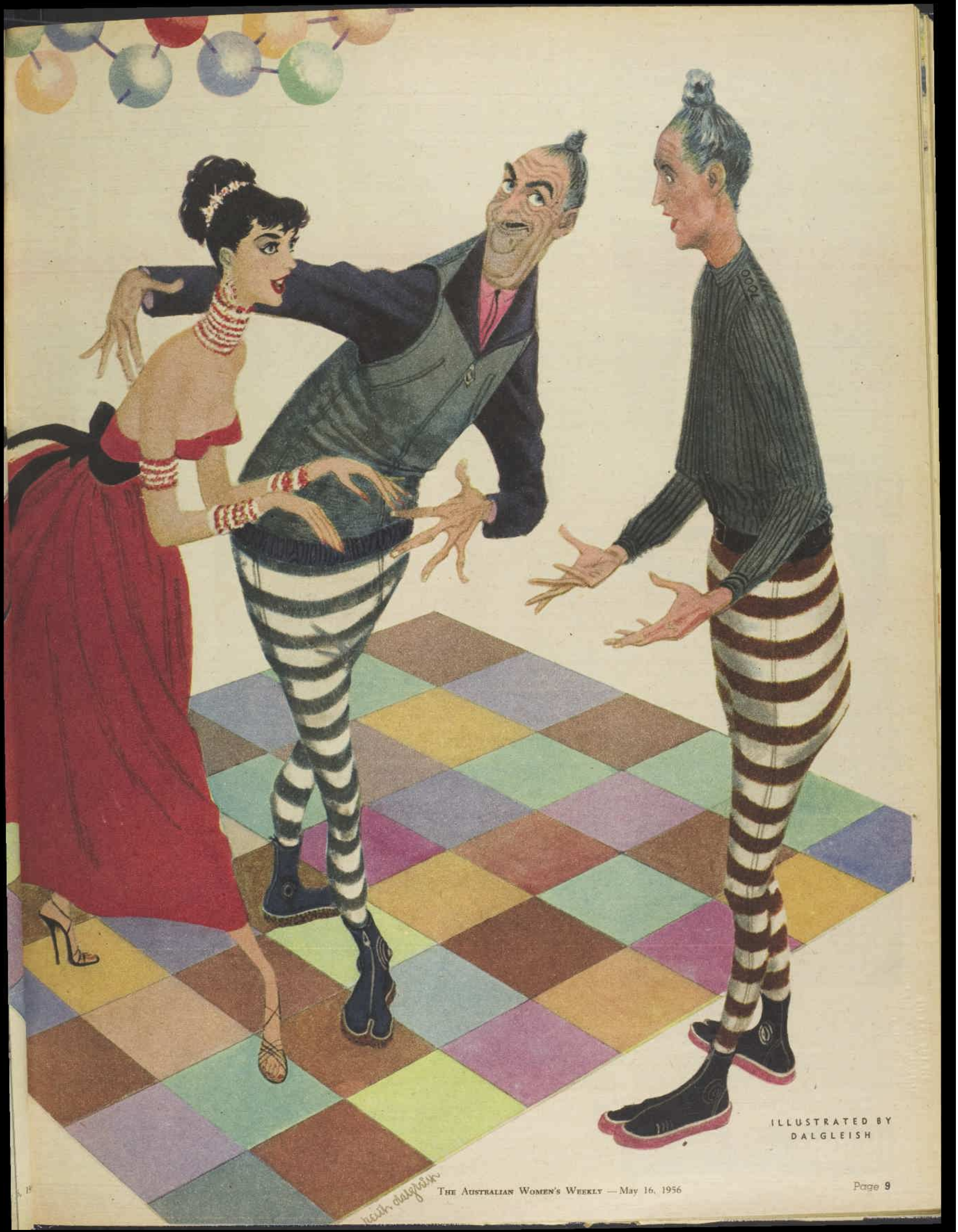
To page 84



As Mollie fluttered forward to embrace Lita, William said admiringly, "Now, Lita, isn't she just lovely?"

A surprising short story by E. M. NOBLET

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

IF ever that boastful spirit of independence descends on you, just spare a few moments to gaze around your home and possessions and you'll realise how truly dependent we are on one another.

It is humbling to realise that everything you own came to you by virtue of someone else's labor. Your refrigerator, washing machine, sink, and furnishings were all designed, made, transported, perhaps even installed by someone else. Even the foodstuffs were grown, produced, manufactured, and handled by dozens before reaching you.

It's great fun, I find, to trace things back to their origin in this way. It also makes you give up saying, "I'm self-reliant," and it brings a feeling of appreciation.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. E. Hanstein, Healesville, Vic.

LIVING in the country, a long way from the shops, and with several children, I sometimes wish that visitors would bother to phone before dropping in unexpectedly. It's a habit I find disconcerting, and I sometimes wish people would be more considerate and would carry out the formalities of writing or telephoning first.

10/6 to "Quiet One" (name supplied), Tas.

IF the white people's pension were stopped there would be a great and justified outcry. But hardly anyone seems to care about Australia's aborigines, who receive no pension at all. I have often heard it said that the aborigines are dirty and ragged, but if this is so it is due to the lack of a pension and to the apathy of the general public.

10/6 to Miss R. Hardy (aged 14), Strathfield, N.S.W.

I'D like to see a law passed permitting wheelchair drivers to travel on footpaths instead of on roads. It makes one tremble for them as they hug the guttering while jet-propelled cars flash past. If permitted on footpaths, wheelchair drivers would be spared traffic hazards, also the dust and mud flung from passing cars.

10/6 to R. Ramsay, Magill, S.A.

THOUGHTFUL treatment of children in restaurants impressed me during two years spent in the United States. Menus were well planned, and tempting small portions of food provided at a small price. One restaurant in Chicago not only had a special children's menu, printed with animal designs, but handed each child a brand-new packet of crayons. While waiting for his meal, Junior could color the menu and afterwards could take it and the crayons away with him. Now, back in Australia, I always carry crayons and paper when my small son and I are eating out. It saves much pre-meal tension.

10/6 to Mrs. N. Williams, Long Jetty, N.S.W.

HOUSEWIVES who complain about the quality of bread should try baking it for a change. I used to bake mine in the old camp oven or open fireplace, first finding the wood for the fire and making the yeast from hops. Nowadays, with electric or gas ovens and yeast obtainable at shops, bread-making should be easy enough.

10/6 to Mrs. L. Ledbury, Surry Hills, N.S.W.

AT weddings everyone shows concern for the bride's mother, and the comment always runs, "Poor Mrs. So-and-So. How lonely she'll be without her daughter." But can anyone tell me why the groom's mother is expected to show no emotion and be able to "take it," as if her shoulders were exceptionally broad?

10/6 to "S.O.S." (name supplied), Queenscliff, N.S.W.

Grace before meals

MY respect goes to Mrs. Easton (The Australian Women's Weekly, 4/4/'56), who says grace before meals in a restaurant. It's a thing most people overlook, and no doubt the four ignorant teenagers who ridiculed her had never been taught to say grace by their parents. I, too, am a teenager, but have always liked to give my thanks to God before partaking of a meal.

10/6 to "Sixteener" (name supplied), Thangool, Qld.

Family affairs

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problems.

THANKS to the city's electricity supply, I've found a way of making certain that the children are home before dark. We made a rule that they were to watch for the street lights, and to come home when the lights were switched on.

Since the lights are turned on quite some time before darkness, the children reach home in plenty of time, and I found that they remembered the "lights" idea better than my constant reminders.

Neighbors have followed this idea, and have found it working with their children, who, like ours, forget the time when playing.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Jones, Pascoe Vale Sth., Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

SOME of Britain's fashion experts give me a pain.

I mean the ones who cluck and fume over the clothes worn by the Royal Family.

They went into action against Princess Margaret lately when she visited a horse show.

Judging from photographs, the Princess was looking as cute as usual.

Yet those fashion experts lambasted her as severely as if she had gone to an opera in pyjamas.

Her coat was far too thick, they said.

As though a Princess had no right to keep herself warm.

But what really got them mad was her handbag.

"L-l-look!" they spluttered. "A black grosgrain handbag with lace-up shoes!"

Oh, what tommy rot!

The Princess probably left home in a hurry and grabbed that handbag because it had her lipstick in it.

She knew you don't have to be a clothes-horse at a horse show.

I say, good luck to her!

There has been much talk of late about a queer thing called the carefully casual look.

Women are encouraged to work so hard at being casual that they become careworn.

Well, that is not Princess Margaret's way.



She is **casually** casual; and it makes a lot of sense.

In my opinion, the idea that Royalty should always be dolled up is most unfair.

How would the average woman feel if the local paper criticised her clothes, on these lines:

SOUR GRAPES

"Mrs. Thelma Splatt set the district a poor example with the get-up she wore at the shopping centre yesterday.

"Her pink angora bolero, which has seen better days, made her look wider than ever.

"Mrs. Splatt's choice of accessories was shocking, too.

"She should know by now that a brown string-bag doesn't go with baby-blue bedroom slippers."

As a matter of fact, it would not surprise me if those English fashion experts get their own clothes mixed up now and then.

Take Pamela Skewer, who is always nagging at the Royal Family.

I like to imagine her making a goat of herself at a cat show.

Sandshoes are the correct thing for a cat show, as everyone knows.

But Pamela's sandshoes are away being mended, so she turns up on beige roller skates.

To make the ensemble worse, she is carrying a chaffbag with a cat in it.

She is greeted with an outburst of catcalls—in which I join with great enthusiasm.

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THIS IS AUSTRALIA

IN A GHOST TOWN. *The post office is one of the few occupied buildings in the old mining township of Yerranderie, in the upper Burragorang Valley, N.S.W. In the first quarter of this century, yields of silver and lead brought prosperity to Yerranderie, and its thriving community of 2000 sent off many a telegram or letter to hail a new "strike." But nowadays that early prosperity has gone, and the post office has a more placid existence serving the few families which have stayed. And, in a few years' time, progress — in the form of the gigantic Warragamba Dam—will transform the Burragorang Valley into a vast reservoir, whose waters will reach the outskirts of Yerranderie, to isolate the town and perhaps cause its complete abandonment. Picture by P. R. Dann, of Yanco, N.S.W.*

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Illustration of man trying to catch a cold—so that he can enjoy the soothing relief of Allen's delicious double action Butter Menthol cough drops! The butter soothes the throat. The menthol clears the head.

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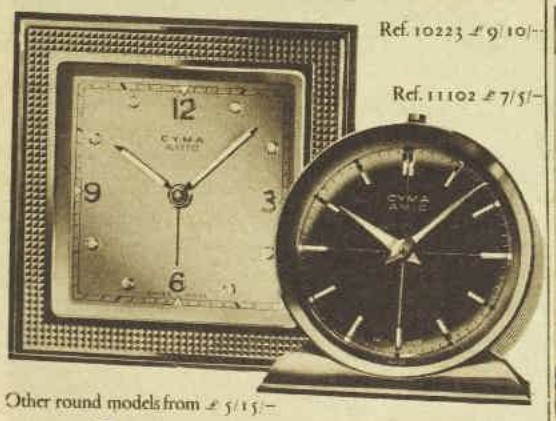
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State visit to Sweden



KING GUSTAV of Sweden, who will be host to the Queen during her State visit.



QUEEN LOUISE of Sweden is the Duke's aunt and the sister of Lord Mountbatten.



ROYAL PALACE in Stockholm, where the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will stay during their visit to Sweden from June 8 to June 10. At the end of the visit the Queen and Prince Philip will holiday for a week on board the Royal yacht Britannia.

The Queen and Duke to stay with Royal Scandinavian kin

Four beautiful young princesses will help their grandparents, King Gustav and Queen Louise, to entertain the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when they pay a State visit to Sweden from June 8 to June 10.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

THEY are Princess Margaretha, 21, Princess Birgitta, 19, Princess Desiree, 17, and Princess Christina, 12.

Their young brother, Carl, the 10-year-old Crown Prince and darling of the Swedish people, will also be there when the Queen and the Duke arrive in a golden sloop in which, following tradition, they will be rowed to the white steps of the Royal Palace at Stockholm.

At the end of the State visit the Queen and the Duke will have a week's holiday in the Royal yacht Britannia, anchored in the blue waters on which Stockholm is built.

They will be joined on board by Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and the Earl and Viscountess Mountbatten.

Stockholm, "City on the Water" and one of the world's most beautiful capitals, will be en fete for the Royal visit and for the Olympic equestrian events that follow.

The Queen and members of the Royal Family will visit the Stockholm Stadium for the equestrian events, will go sightseeing, and will entertain on board the Royal yacht at the end of the State visit.

Their first party will be for the Duke's 35th birthday on June 10.

For one week from June 10 to 17 the British Royal Family will have a happy holiday in Sweden as carefree as that of any tourist.

No crowds will stare at them and they will never be mobbed. The Swedes, above all else, hate to appear pushing. A very reserved people, they will disguise their natural curiosity with an even greater reserve.

In Sweden it is no uncommon sight to see the King and Queen out shopping, or the younger members of the Royal Family at their schools or working in their welfare centres.

Good manners forbid the Swedes to stare at their own Royal Family.

"And it will be no different when the Queen of England is paying us a visit," an official of the Swedish Embassy assured me.

But, for all their reserve, there is mounting excitement in Sweden, which has such close ties with Britain through their Royal Family. The visit is looked on as a happy family gathering elevated to a formal level.

Queen Louise is the Duke of Edinburgh's aunt and Lord Mountbatten's sister. The Swedish Royal Couple were the first to pay a State visit to Queen Elizabeth after her accession.

In preparation for the Royal visit, the vast 17th-century Royal Palace — the square, flat-roofed, neo-classic residence of King Gustav VI—is swarming with masons, carpenters, electricians, and upholsterers.

Queen Louise herself is supervising much of the work for a special mirror-lined boudoir being refurnished for the Queen.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will sail in Britannia to Stockholm, and will anchor beside the Town Hall, which is considered one of the most impressive contemporary buildings in northern Europe.

Old regiment

THE official programme for the State visit has not yet been fully drawn up, but, following the pattern of Royal State visits, the Queen will, on arrival, first inspect the Guard.

This will be a proud moment for the Swedish Royal Life Guards. They will be drawn up outside the Royal Palace wearing their uniform of blue and gold.

They claim this is the oldest regiment in the world. It was founded in 1448.

The programme arranged will, of course, be formal. But Sweden's capital has such natural beauty that each Royal occasion will be memorable.

On the State drive the Queen will see some parts of the Old Town, with its quaint medieval character, its nar-



HEIR APPARENT to the Swedish Throne, Prince Carl Gustav, is ready for his morning canter. The Crown Prince, who was 10 in April, goes to an ordinary school in Stockholm.

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FAMILY GATHERING



QUEEN ELIZABETH and the Duke of Edinburgh, who will pay a State visit to Sweden in June, wave to cheering crowds during their recent Mediterranean cruise. At the end of the visit the Royal couple will live on board the Royal yacht Britannia and attend the Equestrian Games of the XVIth Olympiad, in Stockholm. Princess Margaret will join them.



TOWN HALL of Stockholm, on the shore of Lake Malaren, Stockholm, is one of the famous landmarks of Sweden. The Royal yacht Britannia will anchor off the building during the Queen's visit to Sweden.

row lanes and ancient buildings, and the new sections of Stockholm, where town planning and modern architecture are among the best in the world.

I understand that the Swedish people are very anxious to show the Queen the thoroughly up-to-date family flats, which are let at low rentals. Sixty per cent. of the city's workmen live in these new flats, which have central heating, hot and cold water, refrigerators, and community washing machines.

There will be a visit to Stockholm's Royal Opera House on the official programme. This was erected on the site of the old Opera House where Gustav III was shot through the heart, providing Verdi with the plot of "The Masked Ball."

A banquet in the Queen's honor will be given following a reception in the famous Empire Drawing Room at the Royal Palace.

The Empire Dining Room is full of treasures. Among them is a painting of Pau, the native town of the first Bernadotte, Swedish Royalty's family name.

Two of the King's sons—Sigvard and Carl Bernadotte—are thus known since they married commoners and forfeited their succession.

The young Crown Prince Carl Gustav is heir to the Throne, since his popular father, Prince Gustav, was killed in an aeroplane crash in 1947.

Since that day Gustav's widow, Princess Sibylla, has won great respect and love in Sweden for the manner in which she alone has taken care of her five children.

Her motto, she says, is "Discipline and love."

Margaretha, the eldest of the princesses, finished her schooling in England.

Her first public appearance was at the age of four, when the old King on his birthday found that he had to have a lady in the carriage during the State drive, so Margaretha was placed between her great-grandfather and grandfather.

At 72 King Gustav is still an active tennis player. And there has probably been no better-known tennis player in the world than his father, who played tennis when he was well over 90.

Of the granddaughters, it is Princess Margaretha who is the tennis enthusiast. Princess Birgitta's interests are horses, and she has also inherited a love of car-racing from her bachelor uncle, Prince Bertil, who is called the "Motor Prince."

Crown Prince

PRINCESS DESIREE is different from her elder sisters in temperament and looks. She is dark and lively, graceful and eloquent with her hands.

The youngest — Princess Christina — is still in the lower class at a French school, while Crown Prince Carl Gustav is at a private school with ordinary boys at Sturegatan in Stockholm.

Swedish people, watching their Crown Prince grow up, never cease to be delighted with him. His mother's greatest difficulty, she says, lies in trying to see he isn't spoilt by the adulation.

"Prince Carl is to us what Prince Charles is to you," a Swedish writer told me.

The Swedes don't claim he is a wonder-child — just an ordinary little boy — but they count his loyalty, his inquisitiveness, his love of horses, and his hobbies as very great assets in their future King.

On Sunday morning, June 10, the State visit will end, and at 2 p.m. the Olympic Games will be opened.

During Olympics Week the Queen, the Duke, and other members of the Royal Family visiting Sweden will be invited to see as much of the country as possible.

"It is hoped the Duke will have a chance of competing in the yachting," said an Embassy official. "He will be lent a boat."

In this city, which has no real darkness at night in the month of June, the Royal party are expected to sit at a cafe terrace, to enjoy the Swedish smorgasbord of anything up to 50 dishes, to dance till dawn, and to join in the midsummer festivities.



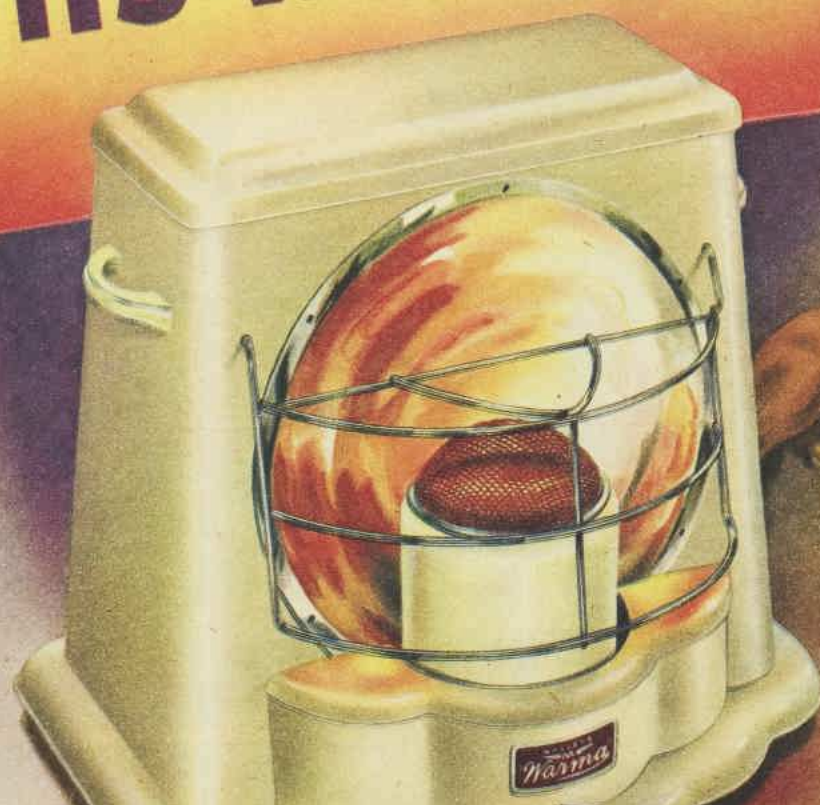
PRINCESS BIRGITTA, second eldest of the Swedish Royal princesses, plays the piano in the Royal Palace at Stockholm while Princess Desiree looks on. They are still at school.



PRINCESS SIBYLLA, widow of Prince Gustav Adolf, who was killed in an air crash in 1947, with three of her five children. They are, from left, Crown Prince Carl, Princess Margaretha, the eldest of the Princesses, and Princess Christina, aged 12.

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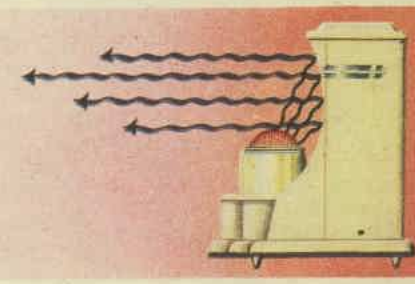
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New Rumer Godden novel to begin next week

Poignant story of London children was book club choice

For her best-known novel, "The River," famous English writer Rumer Godden drew on her childhood home and experiences in India. For her latest, "An Episode of Sparrows," she was moved by watching some children playing in a tenement area behind the London flats where she and her husband lived some years ago.

THE new novel, Rumer Godden's tenth, is a Book of the Month Club choice. It will begin in serial form in The Australian Women's Weekly next week.

Rumer Godden doesn't sound, look, or act like the popular conception of a career woman. Gentle, soft-eyed, with a small, quiet voice, she hates parties and formal occasions, and avoids publicity.

In private life she is Mrs. Haynes-Dixon, wife of a civil servant and proud mother of two grown-up daughters, Jane and Paula.

Jane is a nurse at Middlesex Hospital, and 17-year-old Paula will soon be leaving school in Switzerland to train as a stage manager.

Although Rumer Godden adores her home in Buckinghamshire, she and her husband have taken a flat in London for the next few years to make a home for the girls.

"I don't like the idea of them being in London alone," said Miss Godden. "It's essential at their age to have a home they can bring their friends to."

Miss Godden speaks from personal experience. She was born in Sussex, but went to India with her English parents when she was only six months old. With her three sisters she was brought up in a small riverside Bengal town, where her father worked for a river-steamer company.

They had an easy-going, out-of-doors childhood, crowded with animal pets, and with very few lessons to stop them enjoying themselves.

At the age of seven, Rumer began to write poems and stories, which she and her sisters bound and illustrated.

Later she found school life in England bleak and strange, while her teachers thought her a lazy and undisciplined pupil.

A compensation was her popularity among the other girls, who were enthralled by the exciting tales she told them of life in India.

Even now Rumer Godden feels homesick for India. She went back there in 1950 to work with Jean Renoir on the film he made of "The River."

"Since 1950 the nearest I've been to my adopted home is two little Indian restaurants in London," she said. "They're pretty grubby and grimy, but the food is good and makes me more than a little nostalgic."

Although she is a keen and good cook, Miss Godden doesn't make Indian dishes.

"You need freshly ground spices straight from the grower to make proper Indian food," she explained, "and I don't care for substitutes."

Instead, she concentrates almost entirely on French cooking, which the whole family loves.

From our London office

"We live much more like French people than English," she said. "English food is very dull in comparison."

Like most good cooks, Miss Godden prefers entertaining at home. "I love my friends to come to me," she said. "I tell them I really haven't time to go out a lot. The truth is I just don't like it."



AUTHOR Rumer Godden at her desk with her Siamese cat, Simba. Simba is one of the few interruptions Miss Godden welcomes.

However, the time factor does come into it. Miss Godden keeps to a strict working programme when she is writing—which is nearly all the time.

She starts every morning at 8.30 and tries to work through until one o'clock. Often she starts again in the afternoon, but if that is impossible she works again after dinner.

"When the children were young I did my best to keep my work out of their sight," she said. "I don't think it's fair to thrust it on to youngsters or to make them part of any publicity about my books. They have their own lives."

Rumer Godden was not always a full-time writer. After training at a famous school of dancing as a young woman in London she started her own school in Calcutta. Here for 10 years she designed and produced many children's ballets. Her experiences gave her much valuable background material for "A Candle For St. Jude."

Her first book, published just before the birth of her first child, was "Chinese Puzzle," in which she gave rein to her love of Chinese art. Paintings, poems, and jades have always fascinated her, but perhaps most of all Pekingese dogs, which she has bred for years in England.

This summer it was a family tragedy when both her favorite Pekes died.

"When Paula comes over to London we will get two more and try to fill the gap," she said.

Another pastime which this busy woman manages to fit into her full life is house-planning and decorating.

Since she and her husband moved to London a few weeks ago she has been planning her new home.

"It's part of a very old, historic house," she said, "and there's so much to do, goodness knows when we'll be finished."

Her home, work, daughters, and pets keep Miss Godden more than busy, but she has found time to enjoy a good deal of travel. She has been to America several times, and has travelled extensively in Europe and Asia.

Not satisfied with resting on the laurels of "An Episode of Sparrows," Miss Godden is again at work.

"I'm writing two things at once at the moment," she said, "but I'm not going to tell anyone about them until they're finished."



THE rose and railings on the dustjacket (left) of the new Rumer Godden novel symbolise the heart-warming story.

It concerns two children in a tenement area near an imposing London square—little "town sparrows"—who try to make a garden where not even a blade of grass will grow.

Their project influences the lives of various adults, who help and hinder them. Notable are the rich Miss Angela Chesney, who thinks the sparrows are "cheeky and common," and her gentle sister, Olivia, who believes that, as Providence intended, "not one should fall to the ground."

Rumer Godden explained:

"When I lived in such a district I used to watch from my windows the children playing. One little girl kept a garden in a broken-down collection of pots and tins on a pathetic little verandah. She tended it almost incessantly.

"I think that's what started me off."



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WORKING WIVES



"Any woman can manage a home and a job if she has a strict routine for the housework—and keeps to it," said Mrs. P. O'Farrell, of 97 Bream St., Coogee, N.S.W. Mrs. O'Farrell, a manicurist at a Sydney beauty salon, added: *"I find the outside interest stimulating and the money is buying new furniture for our home."*

HAND CARE IS HER BUSINESS

Asked how she kept her own hands so beautifully soft and smooth with all her own housework to do, Mrs. O'Farrell answered: "It is the weekly wash that plays up with most women's hands. I've always avoided trouble by using a washing powder I've proved to be gentle—Persil. Persil gives the sweetest, cleanest wash of all and is wonderfully kind to my hands."

P.129.WW629

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Quads celebrate Mother's Day

BREAKFAST IN BED will be a Mother's Day treat for Mrs. Betty Sara, whose five children are here practising for the big day, with quads (from left) Phillip, Judith, Mark, and Alison being supervised by big brother Geoff at back. Mrs. Sara is to have another Mother's Day treat in making a trunkline phone call to Bundaberg to her friend Mrs. Lucke and her quads. This will be the Luckes' first Mother's Day.



QUIZMASTER John Dease stands by while Mrs. Sara in Sydney makes a practice call to Mrs. Lucke in Bundaberg. On Mother's Day, May 13, the conversation between the two famous mothers will be broadcast on the Quiz Kids' programme at 7.30 on Sunday night.



SHEAF OF FLOWERS, like the one Mrs. Sara is receiving here from John Dease, will be presented to both Mrs. Sara and Mrs. Lucke after their broadcast. At this rehearsal Quiz Kids, from left, Sigrid Ruckert, Annette Cumine, and Jan Hemmett are looking on. The Sara quads will not take part in the broadcast, but will be listening to all of it. Staff photographer Ron Berg took the pictures on this page.

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Mrs. Lucke and Mrs. Sara exchange congratulations

MOTHER'S DAY is an important anniversary for any mother. It's especially important for Mrs. Sara and Mrs. Lucke, mothers of Australia's only two sets of quads.

Next Sunday they propose to make an extra occasion of the day by exchanging congratulations on the trunk-line telephone with Mrs. Sara speaking from Sydney and Mrs. Lucke from Gooburrum, near Bundaberg, Qld., where she lives.

Their conversation will be broadcast through the Macquarie network in the Quiz Kids' programme at 7.30 on Sunday night, May 13.

May 13 will be Mrs. Lucke's first Mother's Day (her quads were born on July 12 last year) and she's naturally excited at the prospect.

So is Mrs. Sara, though it will be her sixth celebration, as her four were born on August 17, 18, and 19, 1950.

Both mothers have been firm friends since they met in Bundaberg just before Christmas and combined to make a broadcast during the Quiz Kids' Christmas session.

They (and Quiz Kids' listeners) enjoyed this meeting so much that Johnson and Johnson, sponsors of the Quiz Kids, offered them a long-distance telephone conversation as a Mother's Day gift.

The broadcasting of a long-distance phone call presents quite a few technical difficulties, so to ensure that nothing goes wrong on THE night a rehearsal was held in advance.

Quiz Kids' producer Wilson Irving went from Sydney to the Luckes' pineapple farm at Gooburrum for the rehearsal.

As the cover picture shows, both sets of quads took a great interest in the rehearsal.

Mr. Irving was particularly taken by the response of the four small Luckes, who were not quite nine months old when the rehearsal took place.

"They're awfully bright kids," he said, speaking with the authority of one who is a proud father himself. He has a daughter, Vanessa, aged 11 months.

"In the four months or so since I last saw them," Mr. Irving added, "the Lucke four have made astonishing progress. They seem to be about twice the size they were just before Christmas. They're all sweet kids, too, but Veronica, the littlest one, really gets me in. She's like a little doll, and, boy, has she got charm!"

In their new home at Punchbowl, Sydney, the Sara quads, Phillip, Alison, Judith, and Mark, now nearly six, have a few plans of their own for helping on Mother's Day.

The children agree that they want to help Mrs. Sara with things about the house for a Mother's Day treat.

"I'll wash dishes for Mummy," Judy said, and Alison nodded in agreement, while Phillip chimed in with, "Yup. Me, too!"

As usual, Mark has decided to be different.

"I'll draw Mummy a picture. She says I draw good," he said proudly.



THANK-YOU KISS for her Mother's Day gifts is given by Mrs. Agnes Lucke to her husband, Arthur, while quads (from left) Eric, Kevin, Jennifer, and Veronica watch the proceedings with great interest.



ABOVE: On their best behaviour for their first Mother's Day (from left) Veronica, Jennifer, Kevin, and Eric are wearing Viyella dresses which are part of a layette Viyella gave them at birth.



RIGHT: Quiz Kids' producer Wilson Irving runs through a rehearsal of Mrs. Lucke's Mother's Day broadcast with her. Pictures on this page were taken by our staff photographer William Carty.

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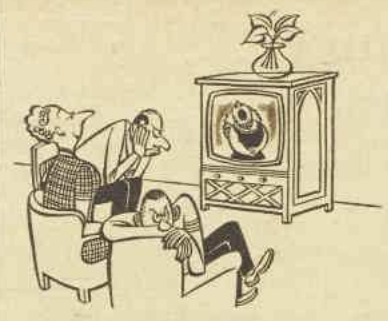
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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Majority rules, Mother. We've voted to watch the cricket."

MOTHER



"Go on . . . SAY you've had a lovely time."

It seems to me



RESULTS of a survey conducted by the Young Women's Christian Association in America lead to some interesting speculation.

Questioners asked 15,000 single women, aged from 18 to 35, what they wished for most.

The answer given most often was travel.

A writer in an American paper said the survey showed that apparently the nation's young women had enough boy-friends, since only very few of those questioned cited a boy-friend as their main wish.

General secretary of the U.S. national Y.W.C.A. said the emphasis on travel, she believed, reflected the "broadened interest growing out of post-war developments and a certain amount of restlessness and mobility in the population these days."

Well, it might mean that. But you know how misleading questionnaires and statistics can be.

I shouldn't be surprised if a whole lot of those girls wishing to travel are hoping that the scenery will include a new boy-friend, or several new boy-friends.

This thought may produce an indignant barrage from prospective female travellers, all of whom may assert that it is the Louvre and the Swiss Alps and the Changing of the Guard they want to see.

Well, of course, those are things that anyone would like to see. But out of 15,000 women between the ages of 18 and 35 I'd lay odds there would be 14,982 (at a conservative estimate) who would find the Louvre and the Swiss Alps and the Changing of the Guard even more fascinating when viewed in attractive male company.

★ ★ ★

THE comments in the paragraph above refer, of course, to single women.

Married women often prefer to travel in the company of their own sex, as is instanced by wives in two villages in Kent, England. They planned an "all-women" trip to France this summer. The husbands are objecting. They want to go, too.

The whole thing boils down to the common human habit of thinking others are better off.

Single women, planning a tour, think enviously, "How wonderful to have someone to find out when the plane leaves, and to fix the passports, and to make the hotel bookings."

Married women (such as those in the Kent villages) think, "How wonderful to be able to find out when the plane leaves, and fix the passports, and make the hotel bookings, just as usual, without being nagged about it for days beforehand."

★ ★ ★

SCIENTISTS of the U.S. Army Map Service have discovered that the earth's equatorial circumference is not 24,902.39 miles. It is about half a mile shorter.

As one scientist said to another after finishing his calculations: "It's a small world."

YOU may have noticed the news item about the ship which put into Algiers because it had a seasick elephant aboard.

I was delighted to read this because it gives me an opportunity to pass on some information which a colleague found in Pears Cyclopaedia dealing with the treatment of seasickness in elephants.

Ever since she pointed it out to me I have been looking for some opportunity to mention the subject, which seldom seems to arise in everyday life.

The advice appears in the section called General Information, under the heading of Animals at Sea. It is a pearl of informative prose and I quote it in full:

"Most animals are difficult to deal with at sea and they give violent vent to their feelings until seasickness brings silence. The tiger suffers most of all.

"Elephants do not like the sea, but are amenable to treatment, a bucketful of hot water containing three and a half pints of whisky and seven ounces of quinine being occasionally administered.

"Oxen are heroic in their attempts to overcome seasickness. Horses often perish on a sea voyage. The only animal which seems to be comfortable at sea is the polar bear. Dogs and cats make good enough sailors when once they have overcome their first sickness."

★ ★ ★

LATER editions of Pears omit the information about seasickness in animals, more's the pity.

This was the 54th wartime economy edition, and it contains another fascinating item on Weather Predictions by Animals.

Some of the signs: "Cats are credited with washing right over their ears when rain is approaching. Cats become restless when a thunderstorm is brewing.

"The braying of a donkey is said to be a sign of coming rain.

"If domestic geese are seen to fly without any palpable reason, rain is to be expected.

"When the shrill voice of the peacock is heard, a change of weather is probable."

★ ★ ★

IN Chicago, U.S.A., a woman who obtained a divorce last week said that her husband refused to wash dishes because, he said, it was degrading.

One often hears of husbands who
Object to washing dishes,
An unrewarding task, it's true,
And beastly repetitious.
But if it happens that your spouse
Calls washing up degrading,
Control yourself around the house
And limit your upbraiding
To questioning his choice of word,
And change the ground of warring.
Say loftily, "Don't be absurd.
Be accurate. It's boring."

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MRS. BETTY SARA



MRS. AGNES LUCKE

All Australia wishes

MRS. BETTY SARA AND MRS. AGNES LUCKE . . .

"Happy Mother's Day"

★ Throughout Australia, at 7:30 on Sunday evening, May 13, families listening to "The Quiz Kids" Programme will hear Mrs. Betty Sara on stage in Sydney talking to Mrs. Agnes Lucke in her home in Bundaberg. Mrs. Sara will convey the best wishes of all Australia to Mrs. Lucke on this, her first Mother's Day.





Above: The Lucke Quads, now 9 months old. Left to right, Veronica, Jennifer, Kevin, and Eric.

Left: The Sara Quads, now bonny young schoolchildren aged 5 years and 8 months. Left to right, Phillip, Alison, Judy, and Mark.

"Happy Mother's Day," too, to every other mother in the land. Happy Days, indeed, not only on this one day, but right throughout the year. You know, where there are mothers, there are often babies and nurseries, and where there are Johnson's Soft-as-a-lullaby Baby Needs, there are Happy Nurseries.

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So, keep Happy Days in your nursery, through the year, just as do Mrs. Betty Sara and Mrs. Agnes Lucke, with Johnson's Baby Needs.

★ *Make sure you listen to the Quiz Kids — 7.30 p.m. Sunday, May 13, and hear Mrs. Betty Sara and Mrs. Agnes Lucke (8.30 p.m. Friday, May 11, on 3AW Melbourne).*

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M54

Diana Dors reports . . .

The Cannes Film Festival

By DIANA DORS, British film star, who sent us this story from the Film Festival at Cannes

I have just had lunch with the Aga Khan and the Begum. He's a sweetie. You think of the Aga Khan as such an important man, but to me he's just a sweet boy.

MY husband, Dennis, and I drove up in our turquoise convertible to the sunny hilltop outside Cannes where their luxurious villa is situated.

They must have several million flowers in bloom up there. I've seen some beautiful layouts in my day, but this one takes the prize.

Scores of little white doves were strutting around on the lawn and there was a cute little rubber swan in the swimming-pool.

I felt like jumping in—even with my low-cut white summer frock on.

It was just a small luncheon for a dozen-odd friends — Ginger Rogers, Susan Hayward, Richard Todd, Nicole Courcel, Yvonne Furneaux, Austrian actress Waltraut Haas, and Robert Favre Le Bret, the festival chief.

We sipped champagne and ate fillet of sole, tournedos steak with mushrooms, petits pois (English style), and fraise diva — that's strawberries sprinkled with violet sweets.

I was sitting next to the Aga. He's in fine health now. We got along fine.

He has a parrot and so have I, and we both have dogs and cats. So we found a lot in common from the start.

Dennis was down at the other end of the table with Ginger Rogers.

Ginger is such a sweet person. I really like her. You warm to her at once. Her husband, Jacques Bergerac, was there, too.

Susan Hayward looked very beautiful, but I found it takes a while to warm up to her. Maybe she is still playing "I'll Cry Tomorrow."

The Aga whispered to me he'd heard about my new film, "Yield to the Night," and he will try to come on Friday night, although he rarely goes out.



THE AGA KHAN

Here's a juicy bit of gossip.

The big man of Hollywood, producer Darryl Zanuck, tried to get into the performance, but didn't have tickets.

He had to fight his way in and was stopped. He shouted, "All these guys are working for me. You'll hear about this."

Finally they let him in.

The festival is fun, but more strenuous than making films.

At the evening gala performance, after the excitements of the day, gendarmes had to help me squeeze through a horde of hungry photographers who I like to think were as much interested in me as in my gown.

When I finally fought my way to my seat I felt as if I'd won the Battle of Hastings all by myself.

My gown was rather confining, though revealing, as it should be, and Dennis had to unzip the zipper down the back during the film so I could breathe.

When the lights went on he zipped it up quickly before anyone could see. So don't tell a soul.

Leaving the Festival Palace I caught a glimpse of Prince Aly Khan and his friend Bettina driving off to dine and dance with Darryl Zanuck and his acting discovery Bella Darvi.

Aly and Bettina are still inseparable, and they make a fine couple. But I understand there is definitely no marriage in the offing.

Americans may have won the battle of Monaco, but we British seem to be winning the battle of Cannes. Never have so many of us come to the film festival before, and are they giving us a reception!

I put on my 50-guinea turquoise one-piece suit with silver crystals and sequins and took a stroll on the beach in the sunshine. Half the population of Cannes seemed to have appeared out of nowhere. Even the sea became slightly agitated.

Why do they get so excited over one little girl?

I've been one of the luckiest persons alive. I remember when I didn't have everything and things were tough.

I believe in taking life for what it's worth, enjoying it to the fullest, being kind, as hospitable as possible to everyone, and providing for the future.

But what I want more than anything else is to raise a family — not yet, but soon.

What on earth has happened to the festival romances we used to hear about?

Practically everybody is already married and husbands and wives are sticking close together. They're acting just like Dennis and me, who cuddle in public and don't care who looks, and Ginger Rogers and her husband, who play tennis together early every morning.

Police have chased away a man who rents out looks at stars and heavenly bodies through a huge telescope in front of the Carlton.

He had been hawking his services in this way: "One hundred francs to look at the moon, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and the suite of Diana Dors."

Fresh thing!



DIANA DORS in the gown she wore for the festival showing of her film "Yield to the Night." "I once admitted I owed everything to three dimensions—my 35in. bust, 23in. waist, and 35in. hips," she said. "My starring role in this film has added the fourth."

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BEAUTIFUL Brigitte Bardot has an aperitif with Daniel Gelin. Brigitte is the belle of the French film stars at the festival. A baby star three years ago, Brigitte has had a phenomenal rise to fame in Europe.



FILM STARS' SPECIAL plane leaves London for Nice. From left are Richard Todd, Diana Dors, Vernon Gray, and Yvonne Furneaux. Inset is Peter Finch, who was detailed to meet the British contingent on arrival.

Convertibles and kisses at Cannes

Stars, fans, cafe society, and pressmen in hysterical scenes

The tumult and shouting of that celebrated Monaco wedding hasn't died. It has simply shifted to Cannes, which is just down the road along the sparkling Riviera as the Cadillac flies.

By BILL STRUTTON, our staff representative at Cannes

THERE it has launched the Cannes Film Festival with a kick that has staggered even seasoned revellers here.

And Britain, tired at last of shunning film festivals, has dropped her aloof attitude and joined in revels.

A flock of British stars has descended on Cannes. They are headed by a new and dazzling English beauty, Belinda Lee, who has been exciting "oohs" and "aahs" from admiring Frenchmen.

Diana Dors is here in a pale blue convertible the length of a respectable drawing-room. She is causing a controversy among Frenchmen, who pride themselves as connoisseurs of beauty.

For the first time in my life I've heard a Frenchman describe a film star's low neckline as "unbecoming" and "too ostentatious."

But those who are all for Dors say at least she acts like they expect a film star to act, with every gesture a grand one and every dress a sensation.

This is not the case with Hollywood's Gloria Grahame, who is presumably in Cannes for the showing of her starring film "The Man Who Never Was."

Gloria has snubbed one and all and retired into her shell after her bad Press in Britain, where her performance received a drubbing.

She has incurred the displeasure of Continental newshawks by playing Garbo in her waterfront hotel.

Asked why she bothered to come to the festival, the modestly attired Gloria put on her best poker face and replied: "I came to get my teeth fixed by a very nice Cannes dentist."

I flew here into the middle of the festival in the "Film Stars' Special" from Britain.

As I climbed out on to Nice Airport a voice yelled, "Hey, Aussie!" and there stood Peter Finch, very bronzed and uncomfortably holding a bunch of roses as though they were vegetables.

"I'm a reception party," he said. "How do I look, boys?" Beside him stood an equally shamefaced Donald Sinden.

Under the eyes of the world's television, newsreel, and news cameras, they stepped forward as new feminine hopefuls of the British film industry emerged from the airliner and stood poised and waving on the steps.

Peter dutifully embraced Muriel Pavlov, Belinda Lee, and two rising newcomers, Julia Arnall and Susan Beaumont.

They all made a triumphal entry from Nice to Cannes in an ancient-vintage car and gasped as outside the Hotel Carlton on the Cannes seafront a fan pack of a size not ever seen before surrounded and besieged them.

Fan hysteria has scared some of the most seasoned stars, including red-headed Susan Hayward, who, on being assailed by a mob of cameramen, shrieked loudly, ducked underneath an onslaught of raised cameras, and, like a Rugby player, literally crawled out of the melee between their legs, holding on to her hat.

Darling of the Hollywood arrivals, however, is lovely and agreeable Kim Novak, who, apart from her radiant smile, has an air of tender friendliness towards one and all.

She has kissed every new male star arriving from different corners of the world—has won the admiration even of those severe professionals, the photographers.

When Kim Novak pedals along the streets on an ordinary bicycle she not only shows her democratic spirit and puts limousines to shame, but she also takes her life in her hands.

Traffic in the glittering sunlight is a dense and dangerous stream of convertibles and bicycles.

Among it is the Jaguar of a new French personality, the young 18-year-old prodigy, writer Francoise Sagan, whose "Bonjour Tristesse," which deals not only with the love affair of a youngster but also the destruction of her father's affair with his mistress, is to be the subject of a Hollywood film, censorship permitting.

Celebrated Francoise is here to talk it over with producer Otto Preminger.

Every young actress hovering on the brink of the festival is waiting in trembling hopes that this star-billing role will come her way, depending on what they decide.

This year isn't a bumper year for starlets. The photographers are more numerous, but also more blase and are concentrating on stars.

But one enterprising junior lovely won herself considerable space when she was photographed with her pet parrot pecking away at the strap of her microscopic bikini.

French star Brigitte Bardot, who three years ago I remember as a baby star, is this year's belle of the French contingent. She'd already crossed the Channel to grace British films in "Doctor At Sea."

In Europe her rise to fame has been phenomenal. Now her filly-like lines are as notorious as those of Lollobrigida in Italy or Monroe in the United States. They call her "The Sex Kitten."

I asked Brigitte about this. She gave me her famous pout and said with limpid sincerity, "Yes, I guess that describes me very well."

One of the biggest sensations of the festival isn't a film star at all. He is Pablo Picasso, celebrated abstract painter now in his seventies, who lives up the road in a tiny pottery village, Vallauris, and still paints furiously.

"The Mystery of Picasso," a full-length film showing the development of a number of his paintings, was shown at the festival. The audience sat transfixed, occasionally breaking into wild handclapping and hurrahs.

At the end Picasso emerged clad with strange formality in formal festival attire plus a bowler hat, which he solemnly raised to the swarming thousands.

Asked to comment on film festivals, he said, "They scare me stiff."



BELINDA LEE, beautiful English star who is finding favor as a beauty among the Frenchmen at the festival.



GLORIA GRAHAME, presumably in Cannes for her new film, "The Man Who Never Was," is snubbing the Press.



KISSES from Hollywood's Kim Novak for English actor George Baker. Kim has been hailed as the most co-operative of the stars by tough cameramen.

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Rise and—WASH.


Breakfast . . greasy fingers!

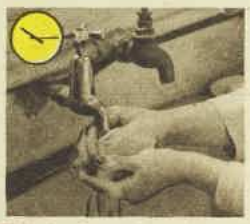

Scrubbing young'uns.


Sandwiches (more mess).


Oh, those "eggy" plates!


Ugh! wash off that dishwater.


Gosh, what a wash!


Wash hands—make a "cuppa."


Swish, swosh. Rinse cup.


Scrub-rub! Horrid job.


Clean-up after clean-up.

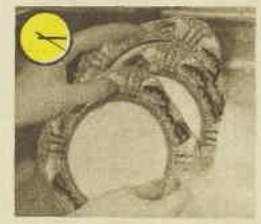

Wash 'frig. (Brr, it's cold!)


Wash hands—get lunch.


Quick—wash 'em up.


Going shopping.


Damp those clothes!


"Cuppa" time—another rinse.


Garden: more "splash."


Peel spuds—dirty job!


Scale fish—smelly job!


Make pastry—sticky job!


"Pretty-up" for dinner.


Help! Those pots!


Clean hands (clean knitting).


Sardines for supper!


Last wash-up . . . hooray.


Aah . . . a nice, hot bath.

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Studio on wheels for English artist



IN HER CARAVAN, Mrs. Sylvia Macartney takes an unfinished portrait to examine it in the best light. She has always loved painting horses and, after finishing a commission, can never bear to part with any of her preliminary work on it.

A unique caravan-cum-artist's-studio is travelling round New South Wales, driven by Mrs. Sylvia Macartney, an Englishwoman who came to Australia for six months and has now stayed three years.

By ANNE BRADLEY, staff reporter

MRS. MACARTNEY is from Warwickshire and it's her love of horses and the Australian bush that has kept her here so long.

She paints horses — champions, Arabs, hacks, "anything as long as it's a horse."

In the caravan, which she designed herself, she keeps canvas, brushes and paints, and a multitude of pictures of horses she can't bear to part with. Painting them has taken her to studs and stations throughout New South Wales and Victoria.

The story of Mrs. Macartney's extended visit here began many years ago when she married an Australian, a major in the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Major Macartney was killed in Holland during World War II, and three years ago Mrs. Macartney decided to bring her two daughters to visit their father's relatives.

With the girls, Charlotte, aged 12, and Sarah, 13, settled in at school, Mrs. Macartney and a cousin, Miss Dean Pugh, of Folkestone, England, decided to tour Australia in a caravan.

This they did for a year before Miss Pugh returned home to become secretary to Sir Winston Churchill.

Mrs. Macartney decided to return to her painting, which she had scarcely touched since before her marriage, when she studied art, particularly animal and figure drawing, in England and France. She has always loved horses, and enjoyed painting them.

Her method sounds long and complicated, but the finished picture is well worth the trouble.

"First," she says, "I take innumerable snapshots, from which I sketch individual parts—legs, head, etc. Then I put them all together, rather in the manner of a jigsaw puzzle."

Already Mrs. Macartney has painted some very well-known horses, and has been commissioned to paint several more in various parts of the country.

Soon she will return to Mr. T. A. Field's property near Sydney to finish painting Mr. Ross Field on his mount President. Then she will go on to Coonamble to paint Mrs. R. A. Pye's champion Arab and hack, and to Holbrook to paint Mrs. A. R. McMillan's jumper Witchetty Grub.

Included in her finished portraits are Mr. Sam Hordern's American quarter horse (a small horse bred for fast work with cattle over distances up to a quarter of a mile), Mrs. C. M. McLean's show horse Burradoo Rex, and Mr. J. Booshand's former racehorse Carioca.

"Although I love to paint horses of any age, size, or color," says Mrs. Macartney, "older horses have easier features to paint, and so do older people. There is more depth and character to their faces."

Mrs. Macartney's unique caravan, built to her own specifications, could be described as a miniature home with all mod. cons.

The ceiling lights are cleverly placed so that Mrs. Macartney can have good light for working until midnight.

Future plans for the family are vague.

"I hope to do enough work in the coming year to hold an exhibition at Sydney Royal Show time next year," Mrs. Macartney said.

"One of these days—definitely no date fixed—I shall go home to try to get used to living in a full-sized house again. I shall probably settle in the English Cotswolds eventually. That's dream country for painting horses."

Her future plans also include writing a book.

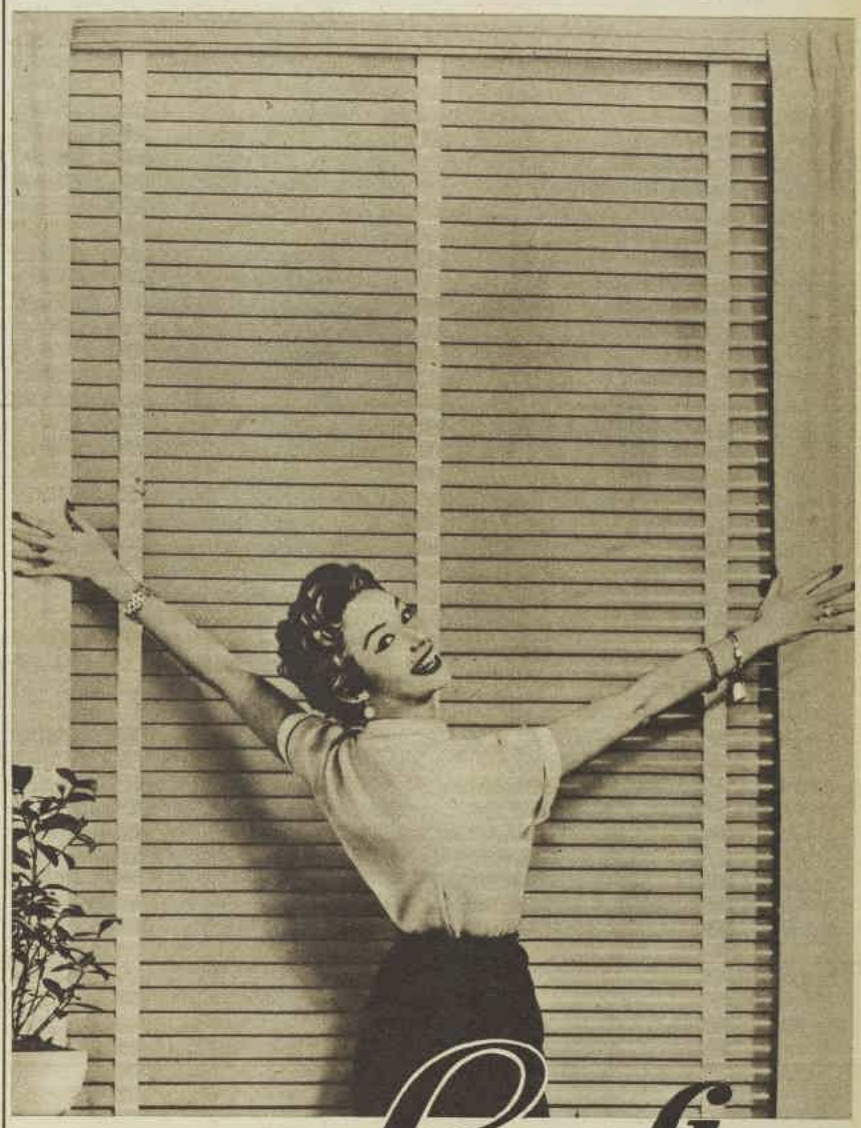
"The book will describe my experiences in Australia," she said. "I'll call it 'Beating About the Bush.'"



OUTSIDE her specially designed studio on wheels, Mrs. Macartney works on a study of Mr. Ross Field on his mount President, begun on the T. A. Field property near Sydney.

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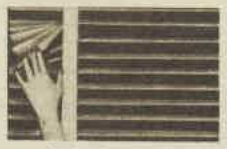
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AT THE CORAL SEA VICTORY BALL are (from left) Mr. Ian Jacoby and Mrs. Jacoby (president of the ball committee) with the guests of honor, Lieut.-General Doolittle and Mrs. Doolittle. Ball was held at Trocadero as part of annual Coral Sea Victory Celebrations.



GALA PREVIEW. Wing-Commander Jack Davenport, who is the Acting-President of the Air Force Association, and Mrs. Davenport (left) with Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere at the preview of "The Dam Busters." The charity preview was held at the Hoyts Theatre, Double Bay.



LEAVING THE CHURCH. Peter Wilkinson and his bride leaving St. Philip's, Church Hill, after their wedding. Bride was formerly Janet Beveridge, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beveridge, of "Billabong North," Gundagai.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



YOUNG GUESTS David McCathie and Dimity Davis at the Old Cranbrookians' annual autumn cocktail party. There were more than 200 guests at the party, held in the dining hall at Cranbrook School.



UNIVERSITY DANCE. Jill Taylor and Terry O'Malley arriving at the Wesley College Formal. Jill's full-skirted dress of spotted organza was tied with velvet ribbon.



REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR. Adalee MacCormack and Michael Lowe at the Kings School Ball held at the Empress Ballroom. Adalee's dress was of embroidered organdie.

AUSTRALIA'S High Commissioner in Canada, Sir Douglas Copland, and Lady Copland will be back in Australia towards the end of the year. Sir Douglas will become the first principal of the new Administrative Staff College at Mt. Eliza, Victoria.

But before they leave Ottawa there will be a wedding in the family, for their younger daughter, Rosemarie, has recently announced her engagement to Canadian Robert MacNeil, and they plan a summer wedding.

Rosemarie and Robert met while they were both doing an Arts course at Carleton College, Ottawa, and after their marriage they will make their home in London.

LIFE is very exciting just now for the Douglass family . . . Lenore and Bill Douglass and their four-weeks-old daughter Corina will shortly be leaving their Darling Point flat and moving into a new home at Point Piper which was formerly owned by Bill's grandmother, the late Mrs. W. S. Douglass. And Mrs. Herbert Douglass, who is thrilled with her first grandchild, has been receiving lots of interesting letters from her younger son, Gordon, who has been in London for more than six months.

• • •

THERE are foreign postmarks — Genoa, Madrid, Monte Carlo—on the letters arriving at the Garrard home at Cremorne. The letters are from Airlie Garrard, who is now travelling through Europe with June Anderson, of Edgecliff. And the two girls have a novel form of transport . . . motor-scooters. Airlie and June have been travelling in England and Europe for more than 14 months and expect to return home in a few months' time.

• • •

THEY'RE engaged . . . Margaret Burton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Burton, of Windsor, to Donald Frost, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Frost, of Windsor . . . Penelope Horn, daughter of Mrs. P. Horn, of Lindfield, and the late Mr. W. T. H. Horn, to Bill Broun, of Mosman.

• • •

I LIKE Mrs. Stanley Wachman's short evening dress of avocado-green silk taffeta . . . the skirt fullness is caught to the back in unpressed pleats.

"WE have a wonderful new address, 'Dartside,' Dittisham, Devon," writes Mrs. Michael Badham to her mother, Mrs. H. A. Sweetapple, of Double Bay. Lieutenant-Commander Badham has been appointed to Dartmouth for two years, and they have only recently moved from their former home in Weymouth, Dorset. Mrs. Sweetapple tells me that her son, Dr. Bill Sweetapple, plans to travel to England in November to do post-graduate work, and he will be the first member of the family to see Miranda—Michael and Annabel's baby daughter. Miranda, who is now three months old, was born on February 4.

• • •

BRIEFLY . . . Judy Capps, of "Boori," Mendooran, is planning a holiday tour of Europe, and leaves in June with Robin Corry and Judy Harbison.

NEWLYWEDS Patricia and Derek Hard will leave by air on May 18 for Fiji . . . they will make their home there in Labasa. Patricia is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Nicholls, of Lindfield, and Derek is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hard, of Perth.

• • •

DIANA JANE are the pretty names that Mr. and Mrs. Ian Willmore have chosen for their baby daughter. Mrs. Willmore was formerly Belinda Parry-Okeden, of Darling Point.

• • •

DATES for your diary . . . May 25, for the White Cross dinner dance, to be held at Prince's . . . May 30, for the Italian National Ball at the Trocadero . . . May 31, for the Grammar Ex-students' Ball, which will be held at the Trocadero.

Anne

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Australia's highest quality household kerosine is SHELL BLUE PENNANT

Shell Blue Pennant household kerosine is coloured blue for two good reasons.

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Shell Blue Pennant is ideal for all other home uses as well. Lighting, cooking **and** cleaning.

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Ask for 'Blue' — you can't mistake it.

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Put your skin on this Health-and-Beauty diet

Where she moves the sun seems to shine more brightly. For the skin of 18-year-old Patricia Owens, of Earlwood, N.S.W., glows with good health and freshness. She guards her natural loveliness, always, with Rexona Soap.



REXONA SOAP helps skin blemishes disappear

No need for a lot of complicated beauty routines: with just one soap, Rexona, and two minutes night and morning, you can cleanse, smooth and help heal your precious skin. You'll be thrilled to see how Rexona gives your complexion a radiant loveliness . . . leaves your skin feeling cool, refreshed, too.

RARE BEAUTY OILS. *Rexona Soap is medicated with Cadyl, an exclusive blend of oils of cade, cassia, cloves, terebinth and bornyl acetate. These rare beauty aids sink deep into the pores where most blemishes start.*





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GROWING OLD



By HAROLD NICOLSON

● Grumblers are bores, says Sir Harold Nicolson, distinguished B.B.C. commentator, former diplomat and politician, so when old age happens to you, make the best of it. This is the basis of his advice on growing old, featured in "London Calling," the overseas journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

I HAVE entered upon my 70th year, which, ever since the death of Methuselah, has been regarded as the normal span of life. It is appropriate, therefore, that I should make a few observations on the solace and compensations of old age.

I should wish from the outset to make it quite clear that old age possesses no advantages and, for a person of my temperament, provides no consolations.

So, when people talk to you about the pleasures of the calm of evening, about the satisfaction of feeling that all passion is spent, you may assume that either they are entering upon their dotage or are not telling the truth.

Self-pity

ON the other hand, I am aware that the man who indulges in self-pity at the outrage imposed upon him by the passage of the years is a tiresome old man.

The only way to approach old age is in a mood of gratitude that it is not more frightful than it is and of deep thankfulness for all the delights that life has given one during the past seventy years. Grumblers are always bores.

There are, however, certain suggestions I might make, and certain tips that I may advocate, which should assist people in resisting the premature advent of old age and enable them, when it does come, to greet its presence with a tolerant if not a welcoming smile.

These suggestions have, of course, nothing to do with ethics or science: in those matters you must consider only the counsel of your spiritual pastor or your family doctor; my suggestions are founded only upon a varied experience of practical life upon this earth.

My first tip, therefore, is not to acquire the habit of thinking yourself older than you are. I agree that those who refuse to get old are ungainly spectacles, that the woman who remains playful when over 65 or the man of the same age who tells ribald stories are each of them objects of compassion rather than of emulation.

I agree that it is possible, if one grows old without effort or too obvious revolt, to reach the age of 70 without rendering oneself unnecessarily absurd or uncongenial, and even (especially if the bone structure of the face be well adapted to senility) to acquire a certain mature distinction, such as that acquired by the azaleas which flame red and orange below my window as I write.

On the other hand, it is an error to assume, as some of my acquaintances have assumed, that on reaching the age of 40 there will be no more active energy, apart from there being no more cakes and ale.

I am positive in my own case that life has been more productive for me between the ages of 40 and 69 than it ever was when I was in my twenties or thirties.

The cold fingers of senility first gripped my heart when I was 18 years of age. I was then an undergraduate at Oxford and had gone over to my old school to watch, although not to take part in, a cricket match between the boys of the school and an eleven composed of men who had recently left.

As I watched the little victims playing in their white clothes upon the green the awful thought occurred to me that already I belonged to the older generation, that no longer could I, as they, enjoy the glorious irresponsibility of youth, but that the weight of years had already descended upon me with its leaden cope.

On my return to Oxford that evening I mastered my despair, but at least the experience taught me that it was a mistake to lament the fading of youth so very long before it had even begun to fade.

Curiosity

MY first rule, therefore, is this: "Do not persuade yourself that you have passed your prime until decrepitude comes to convince your friends, and even yourself, that this passage has in fact been accomplished."

My second rule is this: "Always cherish, nourish, and animate your gift of curiosity."

I have known drab, dull men who, after the age of 40, actually cease to be interested in, and, indeed, complain continually about, events, inventions, and ideas with which they were unfamiliar during their own first youth.

This habit—and it is little more than a mental habit — has a most stultifying effect.

I admit, of course, that after the age of 65 the senses become a bit muffled, and that it is an unfortunate affectation to pretend to love and understand things which in fact one can no longer understand or love.

But there will always remain certain sections of one's fading brain which really do respond spontaneously to modern ideas, and these sections should be kept bright and well nourished.

Thus I am not sure whether I really understand and love modern poetry, and I am quite sure that I do not understand or love modern art.

Yet I am careful not to discuss such matters and even more careful not to denounce as insincere or "preposterous" those poets and painters whose works I am too old to understand.

On the other hand, I remain intensely interested in, and, I flatter myself, still quite alive to, current problems of politics, history, psychology, and social conditions.

By constantly inquiring into such matters, by profiting by every occasion that offers to acquire new information or ideas, one maintains these bits of the brain bright and furbished; in other words, one's curiosity is kept from decay.

No fuss

MY third rule is to establish relations of sense and amity with the state of one's own health. Between the ages of 20 and 30 people incline to fuss too much about their health, and this renders them clouded in the mind and miserable in the heart.

Of course, I know that our health depends upon our natural constitution, and that if you have a naturally unhealthy constitution you must accept it with such fortitude as you can command.

But, if you possess an averagely sound constitution you will only set the nerves jangling if you fuss about it.

There are, however, certain health tips which I have found valuable in my own case.

Excessive eating is not perhaps a temptation to my generation, since our insides shrank during the two wars.

Drink, on the other hand, is a most subtle and destructive enemy. It numbs the affections, it destroys such physical attractiveness as we may possess, it is extremely expensive, and it renders us boring in conversation.

The golden rule about alcohol is that beloved by doctors, namely: "A great deal sometimes; a little always; but never a great deal always."

How is an ordinarily healthy person to judge when he is starting to drink too much?

Once you find yourself making excuses for absorbing alcohol, saying that you will have only half a glass, and that only because you have a difficult interview in front of you or an exhausting day behind, then the demon is already outside the door.

I should myself add to the rule against actually taking to drink the precaution not to "take to" exercise.

Exercise

I HAVE known men who quite seriously believed that if they did not take daily exercise they would become ill.

That was right enough in their younger years, but if the illusion is prolonged into middle life they actually do feel unwell unless they have taken violent exercise during the past 24 hours.

Such sad beliefs destroy one's leisure, complicate one's existence, and all too often leave one with a tired heart.

I am glad, when I look back across this gulf of years, that I never took any exercise unless I really wanted to since the day I left school. I have gained thereby an immense amount of time, lost little pleasure, and have not thereby injured my health.

But if you really believe that your inside will seize up and your arteries cease to function unless you take physical exercise daily, then let me recommend you, when you reach the age of 40, to acquire the hobby of gardening.

Gardening, believe me, is the most rejuvenating of all pursuits.

My last tip is this: "While remaining loyal to your contemporaries, cultivate always the acquaintance of people younger than yourself."

I regard it as among the major blessings of a fortunate life that I have been given the opportunity, or it may be that I have been accorded the temperament, enabling me to make intimate friendships with people who belonged to my son's generation rather than to my own.

Our old friends and contemporaries are calm havens in which we can come to rest; but no living person ought to want to remain in harbor all the time; it is our young friends who take us out to sea and sunshine.

All of which boils down to the motto: "Don't let yourself get stuck."

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Russian bear for Princess Anne



● *Here I am in London Zoo. I must look happy because this is a Russian goodwill mission (although I can't tell you how much I miss my Mummy).*



● *Don't get the wrong idea — the cold war is still on, and, boy! — is London cold, even in spring! But they're putting themselves out for me.*

● The two top Russian leaders, Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin, visited England last month on a ten-day mission.

THE visit of the leaders, "B & K," as they were popularly called, was considered a diplomatic coup for Britain.

Their gifts for the Royal Family included a sable fur wrap for the Queen, a Mongolian stallion for the Duke of Edinburgh, and a Mongolian pony for Prince Charles. Princess Anne's was this baby bear, Nikki, who was taken to London Zoo.

It is unlikely that Princess Anne will ever be allowed to touch Nikki because he has razor-sharp claws. For political reasons she will probably never be photographed with him.



● *This stuff is pretty good. I like it almost as much as vodka.*



● *Left: Oh, golly, nobody told me there would be so many people looking at me!*



● *Peaceful co-existence, that's what it is — he is really quite a nice man, even if he is English.*



● *Yo, ho, off to bed. I am so tired and Russia is such a long way away, but I think I am going to like it here.*

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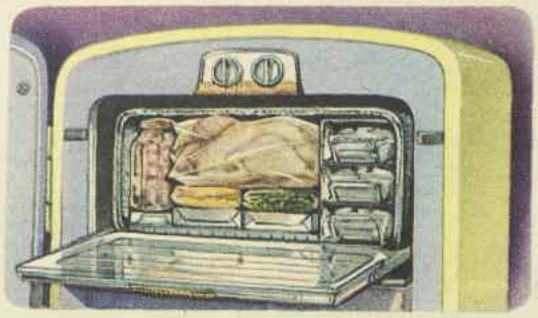
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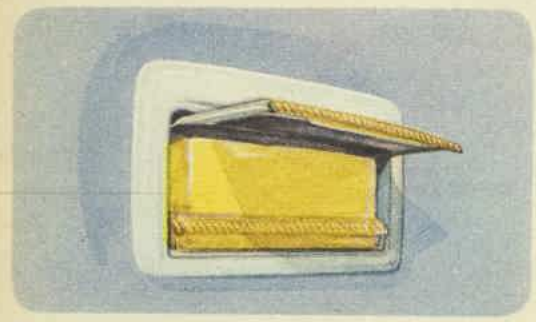
FULL-WIDTH FROZEN FOOD CHEST

Big frozen food space that is refrigerated on five sides to keep meat, fish and packaged frozen foods *fresh* for weeks. Meal planning is easy. Food's on hand, whenever needed.



SPECIAL ICE TRAYS

Easy-release handles free ice trays without tugging or prising with a knife. Ice cubes pop up and can be taken out singly or together. No need to melt trays to release ice cubes.



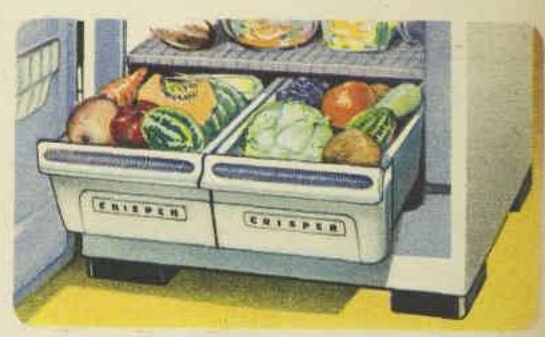
SPECIAL BUTTER CHEST

Butter too hard or too soft? This special chest keeps 1 lb. of butter at a s-p-r-e-a-d-able temperature. Chest is set in door and contains a plastic dish for table use.



3 DOOR SHELVES

Here's handy *extra* storage for items most often used — eggs, jam, dairy produce, small bottles and jars. Also, space provided for tall-size bottles—removable half-shelf for further storage.



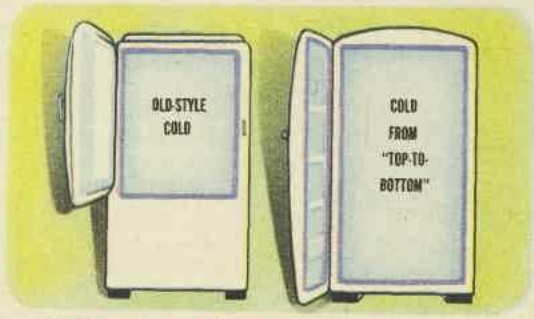
TWIN FRUIT AND VEGETABLE CRISPERS

Extra large sliding crispers give fully refrigerated moist-cold storage for fruit, vegetables and salad greens. Extra deep Crispers mean you can store complete produce, without chopping to size.



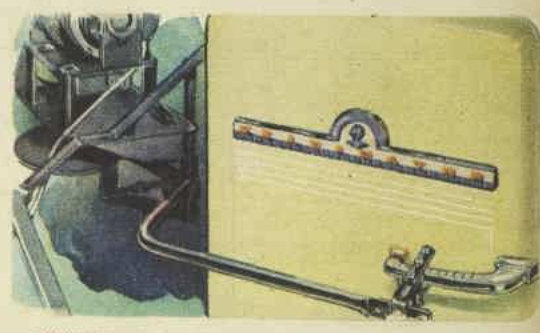
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This space-saving design gives up to *twice* the storage area of old-style refrigerators—*in the same floor space.* Every fraction of space inside every Kelvinator gives true, cold storage.



KELVINATOR QUALITY IS BUILT-IN

This mechanical arm opens and slams a door every 3 seconds for weeks on end. You'd never give your refrigerator this wear in a lifetime, but Kelvinator passes with flying colours.

Plus... "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting



Nothing to turn on or off — with Kelvinator's "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrost! No need to remove food. No defrost water to empty — it is evaporated for you! This is the greatest de-frosting system of all time. There are no electric elements of any kind to go wrong. It's revolutionary! The refrigerant which makes the refrigerator cold is simply reversed—automatically. "Cold-making" refrigerant becomes "Warm-making". "Magic Cycle" acts in a matter of minutes — so that even quick-melting ice-cream stays frozen during defrosting.

Magic Cycle

It means you'll never have to defrost again!

Yes, Kelvinator gives you all the features you've ever wanted. New low prices, too. Here's thrilling value from Australia's most beautiful and biggest-selling refrigerators.

NOW SIX KELVINATORS TO CHOOSE FROM

1. "Space-saver-10 De-luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting. 10 cu. ft. storage. £225.
2. "Space-saver-10" with "Magic Cycle" push-button defrost. 10 cu. ft. capacity. £215.
3. "Space-saver-10" . . . same features as above. Normal defrosting. £195/10/-.
4. "Space-saver-80 De-luxe" with "Magic Cycle" push-button defrosting. 7¼ cu. ft. storage. £182.
5. "Space-saver-80" . . . same size and features as model above. Normal defrosting. £166.
6. "Space-saver-75". Kelvinator's big economy model with 7.5 cu. ft. capacity. Only £146/10/-.

(Prices slightly higher in country areas)

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Our "Gay Look" Contest

Three Hillman cars offered as prizes

● A good eye for color and a flair for fashion will give you an opportunity of winning a de-luxe saloon car in our highly popular "Gay Look" Contest.



SUCCESSFUL competitors can win a Hillman Minx car like this one photographed above in our new "Gay Look" Contest.

THE prizes are three two-tone Hillman Minx cars, each of which when registered and insured for 12 months is valued at £1165/7/9.

The contest, which was launched in our issue dated April 25, 1956, is simple to follow.

First cut out and color the Hillman Minx car drawn below.

Any two colors may be used for the body of the car, and, if desired, a third can be chosen for the upholstery.

Any coloring medium may be used.

If preferred, the drawing may be traced on to other paper and then colored, but the original drawing must be attached to the entry form printed on this page.

In addition, competitors must describe briefly the complete outfits, including accessories, they would choose to wear on each of the following occasions:

(a) The races or a luncheon date in a smart restaurant;

(b) A picnic in the country;

(c) A day at the beach.

The outfits must be selected to harmonise with the color scheme chosen for the car.

Winners will be chosen for the best use of color co-ordination, as well as suitability of clothes for the occasion.

The judges will be The Australian Women's Weekly color and fashion experts.

Closing date for entries is May 25, 1956.

The drawing will be reproduced for the last time in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly to give you an added chance of winning one of the superb prizes.

There is no limit to the number of entries that may be submitted, but each entry must be accompanied by the entry form printed below.

The completed entry should be addressed to "Gay Look" Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Competitors should also write their names and addresses clearly on pages giving descriptions of the outfits.

Our "Gay Look" Contest will appeal to most members of the family.

Almost everyone from the age of six to sixty finds pleasure in the use of color—whether painting the kitchen shelves or planning new office decor.

Love of color is reflected in everything from a gingham dress to an old masterpiece.

The experts have devised new and brighter colors for cars.

Maybe you can think up color schemes equally good, or even better.

You will find the contest a relaxing way of spending an evening, and, if successful, you can take immediate delivery of a Hillman Minx car that will give pleasure for years.

ENTRY FORM "GAY LOOK" CONTEST

Name .....
Mr., Mrs., or Miss
.....
Address .....
.....
.....
State .....

HOW TO ENTER

● Cut out the drawing of the Hillman Minx car below and color it to give a two-tone effect.

A third color may be used, if desired, for the upholstery.

Also, describe briefly the three outfits, including accessories, you would choose to harmonise with your car color scheme for the following occasions: (a) The races or a luncheon date in a smart restaurant; (b) A picnic in the country; (c) A day at the beach.

Write on one side of the paper only and print your name and address clearly.

Send your completed car drawing and description of outfits, together with the entry form, to "Gay Look" Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Entries close on May 25, 1956.

CONTEST RULES

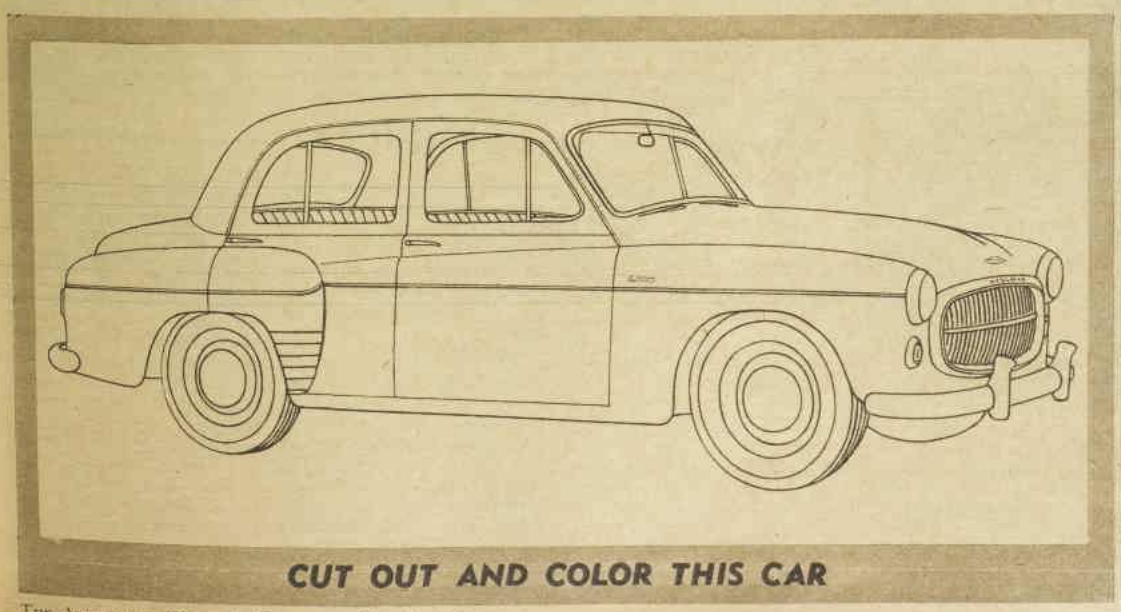
THE prizes for the "Gay Look" Contest will be three of the new two-tone Hillman Minx saloon cars, registered and insured for 12 months and then valued at £1165/7/9 each.

There is no limit to the number of entries competitors may send in, but only one entry can be sent with each official entry form.

No responsibility can be accepted for entries delayed, lost, or mislaid before or after delivery. Mutilated entries may be disqualified.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. or its associated companies and employees of Rootes Group or any of its agents are not eligible to enter the contest; nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Any competitor not observing the rules may be disqualified. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decision. The judges' decision as to the winning entries shall be final. The decision of The Australian Women's Weekly in all other matters shall be final and legally binding.



CUT OUT AND COLOR THIS CAR

THE NEW SHAMPOO
WHITE RAIN tonight—
tomorrow your hair is sunshine bright!



Every shampoo a beauty treatment for your hair . . .

White Rain, the sensational new beauty treatment shampoo, is not just a cream or a liquid or a powder. *White Rain is a lotion* —the first of its kind—satin white, satin smooth.

White Rain is a *soapless* shampoo with many gentle ingredients; it gives your hair the shining look but does not dry it. Preserves the natural oils without dull film. Leaves your hair pliant, soft, easy to manage.



WHITE RAIN
LOTION SHAMPOO
by Toni



New
FLOWER FRAGRANT
MUM

Now stops odour 24 hours a day
American scientists have shown that new MUM with M3—Hexachlorophene—positively stops odour all the day through. Modern women demand this assurance against offending.

Safer for Charm—
Safer for Skin—
Safer for Clothes

New MUM WITH LONG LASTING M3
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS
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L109.HP

KNIT Faster, Easier with NEW Lincoln BUFFALO 6 ply Sports Wool

Beautiful fashion garments simply flow from your needles when you use the new Lincoln Buffalo Sports, the perfect easy-to-knit 6 ply wool. Buffalo Sports is one of the latest additions to the Lincoln range . . . Daphne Crochet, Triple Twist and new Crepetta. All are available in the latest co-ordinating fashion shades, including Jade, Tango — also Pigskin for matching with accessories. Lincoln Merino Baby Wool, Golden Wattle and Permalon complete the new season's range of popular Lincoln wools.



You'll find full instructions for knitting these styles in Lincoln Buffalo Knitting Book, No. 739 and there are lots of Lincoln styles for the whole family in the big new range of Lincoln Knitting Books, available now at your favourite store.

All LINCOLN Wools are now in 1 oz. balls

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Problems with requests for confidential replies with stamped addressed envelopes are still arriving. Please stop it. It is impossible to reply personally and the stamp money is such a waste.

YOU can always disguise your identity so that you will not be recognised by nominating a pen-name and city that can be used.

First out of the mail-box this week is a letter from a Brisbane girl with a strange problem. Here it is:

"I AM a girl of 19 years of age and for the past three years, whilst on holidays, I have kept up a friendly acquaintance with a boy three years my senior. Last holiday our friendship developed, and when I was leaving to return home he asked me if I would write to him occasionally and let him know how I was going. When I agreed, on condition that he also write, he said he was sorry, but because of his lack of education he was unable to write a decent letter and was rather ashamed of the fact, but he asked me to write to him just the same. Well, I have written to him three times—one letter a month, and have had no answers. Do you think I should keep up this one-sided correspondence? Even though I love letter-writing, and like the boy quite a lot, I would not like to create the impression that I was chasing boys."

"Perplexed," Brisbane.

I am a great believer in casting your bread upon the waters, but I feel that in this instance you may have to wait a long, long time for it to come back threefold. Write again to this strong, silent boy-friend of yours and tell him it is the last letter you'll write him unless you have some acknowledgment of it. Uneducated or not, he could write a note. I would need some encouragement to keep on writing, but if you want to, keep it up; it certainly doesn't mean that you are chasing him—you don't know whether he's dead or alive. Personally, I would turn my interest towards someone close at hand and stop thinking about this shadow boy-friend.



A word from Debbie . . .

- Car etiquette is important. A boy never toots the horn outside her home when calling for a girl. He must, of course, go to the front door, then escort her from her door to the car and help her in. Even if she is waiting for him at the gate he must get out and usher her into the car. A boy should be the first to get out of the car and the last to get in. If riding in a taxi, the boy always gives the driver directions. If he pays the driver before getting out, the girl unobtrusively stays in her seat until he has finished.
- Use a damp (not wet) sponge to remove fluff or hair from woollen clothing. Moisten the sponge with water, then squeeze out the water until the sponge is almost dry before you use it.
- Rolls made of slices of devon sausage filled with potato salad and secured with cocktail sticks are always popular party dishes, but are hard to handle. Try cutting the slices smaller with a pastry cutter and they'll make a daintier dish. Dice outside pieces and add to a creamed sauce with green peas and grated onion and fill into pastry cases for an extra dish.
- When covering coathangers, enclose fine moth crystals or flakes inside the covering. These are effective for quite a long time and save spraying inside wardrobes.

"I AM 17 and a boy of 23 has asked me to marry him. Although I like him very much I do not love him. I have told him, but he will not take 'no' for an answer. How can I convince him that I do not love him and am not just trying to keep him on a string?"

"Desperate," Sydney.

Who are you kidding? You don't expect me to believe that you can't convince anyone that you won't marry him, do you? Don't talk to him, don't go out with him, don't see him. And if you still have difficulty, laugh at him. Have you told your parents about it? What do they think about it? After all, you are only 17.

"IS there anything I could do to make my hair grow more quickly? It is naturally wavy and it is very slow to grow. Is there a cream or an oil I could use and do you think brushing is any good?"

J.N.B., Kandos, N.S.W.

I think brushing the hair regularly is the best thing possible for it, and actually it does seem to stretch wavy hair, although, of course, it doesn't. There is no preparation that you can buy that will make your hair grow quickly.

"I AM 14 and have dandruff which is rather severe. I have tried many things, but it does no good. I wash my hair two and three times a week to try to stop the irritation. What shall I do next?"

"Puzzled," Kempsey, N.S.W.

See your doctor. He is the only one who can prescribe for you.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★DISC DIGEST★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THE LP called "Berlin Theatre Songs" introduces an artist of rare distinction—Viennese Lotte Lenya, the widow of composer Kurt Weill, who is best known to us as the man who wrote "September Song" and the scores for "One Touch Of Venus" and "Lady In The Dark." Weill's name is in the news again now that his "Mack The Knife" is hit-parade material. "Moritat," the song's original title, stems from "The Threepenny Opera," which has just finished a two-year revival run in New York, with Lotte Lenya as star. On this disc (KLC.507) she sings it as it should be sung in her disenchanted waif's voice, together with two other fascinating numbers from the show. The record also contains nine other off-beat Weill songs from four other plays which were popular in Berlin during the 'twenties.

The entire record, taped in Hamburg last year, is a connoisseur's treat. Behind Lenya's strange voice you'll hear plink-plank-plunk piano, racketty drums, and muted trumpets, a hauntingly real reconstruction of the music of that period, because all of Weill's original orchestrations are used. All are in German (the English texts of three are on the album cover) except "Show Us The Way To The Next Whiskey Bar," a wonderfully raffish attempt at imitating an American song for German audiences. If it is possible to feel a nostalgia for something one has never known, then it has been captured in this magical record, for this is the essence of a down-at-heel Berlin between the wars, a sort of musical counterpart to the stories of Christopher Isherwood. Remember the name, Lotte Lenya — anyhow, you'll hear Louis Armstrong mention it when he sings his version of that grisly figure, "Mack The Knife." —Bernard Fletcher.

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HAPPY MOTHER Frances Frolich, of Lane Cove, N.S.W., with (from left) Helen, 5½, Katriona, 3½, and Martin and Michele, 21-month-old twins. Mrs. Frolich is a Doctor of Science and was formerly a world authority on the Granny Smith apple.

She forgot fame for a family

The story of Frances Frolich is, perhaps, not so different from that of many a girl who gives up a career for a husband and children. But hers was a brilliant scientific career. And now, as a dyed-in-the-wool housewife, she has developed a talent for drawing by illustrating a book of her own verse.

THE book, "Bread-and-Butter Moon," is for, and about, children. Mrs. Frolich wrote the poems when she was herself a child. The dedication naming her own children, says:

"To Helen, Katriona, Martin, Michele—and The Rest."

The illustrations were taken from the play antics and the sleepy-time hours of the children, Helen, 5½. Katriona, 3½, and Martin and Michele, 21-month-old twins. A fifth child is expected at the end of August.

One illustration was the result of seeing Helen skipping in the garden. Mrs. Frolich ran into the kitchen, grabbed a milk bill, and made the sketch on the spot.

The Frolichs' home is at Lane Cove, on Sydney's north side, not too far out.

On January 26, 1949, the then Frances Hackney donned her scarlet-and-gold gown and "mortar-board" to receive from the Chancellor of Sydney University the degree of Doctor of Science.

She was then the fifth woman in Australia to get the degree. Even now only seven women in Australia have it.

But on that same day she announced her engagement to Walter Frolich, now a manufacturing engineer. They were married seven weeks later.

Mrs. Frolich has never regretted her choice.

If she had not chosen Walter and marriage she could have gone to England on a five-year research scholarship, and worked at Cambridge with some of the world's best scientists.

In fact, Frances says, Walter will probably never know just how close he came to being beaten by a Granny Smith apple.

For that was the research in which she specialised—the problem of how to store apples, and, later, the Granny Smith apple in particular.

Born at Summer Hill, a Sydney suburb, she became dux of Sydney Girls' High School, getting first-class honors in chemistry, botany, physics, and mathematics at the Leaving Certificate examination.

After university came the first of the work on apples.

The first apple problem was a war one. The British Government, alarmed at the prospect of a blockade and desperately trying to store food, ran short of refrigeration space.

Faced with the loss of most of its apple crop, Britain appealed to Australia to discover an alternative method of preserving apples.

The body, then called C.S.I.R. (Council for Scientific and Industrial Research), now the C.S.I.R.O. (Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation), took over the job.

Young Frances Hackney was seconded from the Sydney University Botany Department into the research team.

"We guessed," said Mrs. Frolich, "that the answer lay in coating each apple with something that wouldn't affect its color or taste.

"We tried hundreds of different mixtures—including, believe it or not, face-creams, hand-lotions, and floor-polishes. The one we hit upon finally was a mixture of castor oil and shellac.

"Strangely enough, when we sold sample cases on the Australian market nobody ever suspected their Grannies were coated."

The British Government was delighted with the result, and Frances got her M.Sc. degree for her thesis on the work. She was still intensely interested in apples, and went on with her research to become one of the world's authorities on the Granny Smith.

During these years Mrs. Frolich published eight research papers. This gave her plenty of practice in drawing diagrams and graphs.

"I'm sure that having to draw clear lines of even thickness was of inestimable value when I came to illustrating my book," she said.

"I've loved drawing all my life," she added. "I would have liked to be a commercial artist if science hadn't got me first."

Now, of course, she's mainly a housewife who is up at 7 a.m. to get her husband to work, Helen to school, and Katriona to kindergarten.

"The house gets done quick-smart," she said. "And I've a wonderful husband who loves to cook.

"At night, after we've got the children to bed, we sit down in peace and quiet for a late meal. I can recommend that."

By
BARBARA RICHARDS,
staff reporter



Thrill to New York, city of soaring skyscrapers

See all you want in the USA for less than £89*

Choose your own route across the U.S. on your way to England via Pan American

Surprise! How little it costs to visit in Hawaii

You'll bask on the beach at Waikiki... dance under the stars to dreamy Hawaiian music. And you can stay in a Waikiki hotel for as little as £2.4.7 a night... enjoy a delicious Hawaiian dinner for only £1.13.5.



Surprise! The low-cost tours you can enjoy in California

En route to New York you'll want to visit California's giant redwood groves... ride a cable car up San Francisco's hills, tour Hollywood's motion picture studios. Tours are available for as little as £1.18.4... hotel accommodations as low as £2.4.7 a night.



Surprise! The shows you can see in New York

£1.11.3 gets you a good seat to a smash Broadway show. Dinner in colorful restaurants comes to as little as £1.15.9. Rooms in a good hotel are moderately priced at £2.9.2.



Ready to go? You can! For only 10% down on the Pan Am "Pay-Later" Plan, you'll get your Pan American ticket to England via the U.S.A. It's as easy as that to enjoy that trip you couldn't afford —*until now!* For reservations, just call your travel agent or Pan American.

Your choice of 7 scenic routes across North America. For example, see Central U.S.A.... or the romantic Southwest... or beautiful Canada. See New Orleans, too, or Mexico and Cuba at extra fare. Complete details in Pan American's new free folder: "10 Days in the U.S.A."



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16 oz. family size.
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Have you



ECZEMA
SPOTS
PIMPLES
RASHES
SORES?

TRY THIS NEW DISCOVERY

If you suffer from eczema, spots, pimples, rashes, sores or other common skin troubles there's a new treatment for you.

British science has perfected a new, double-antiseptic skin balm. Valderma, as it is called, contains two powerful antiseptics. These sink quickly under the skin's surface to the germs causing the trouble.

Because Valderma's base is a non-greasy, oil-in-water emulsion, septic matter is able to escape through it. This completes the healing action. Irritation ends. Often, in a few days, your skin is clear and healthy.

Valderma is white, creamy and is invisible on the skin when it is rubbed in. At chemists and stores: Jars 3/6d. Tubes 2/6d.

VALDERMA ANTISEPTIC BALM

Q131



15 hairsets for 4/-

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrated Curlypet for 4/- from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

CN6



JUST TELL THE WIFE
to buy FORD PILLS
in the larger economy
Family size, and
get over twice
the quantity
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EVERYWHERE

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HEENZO
for Coughs & Colds

Worth Reporting

FROM a small Swedish town to a tropical fruit market garden near Cairns, Qld., would be a big step for most people, but to young Birgit Nilsson (she calls herself Ann because she finds Australians have trouble with her name) distances are only a challenge.

Ten years ago Birgit was so ill at her home town of Halsingborg, suffering from so many complaints, that doctors said they could do no more for her.

"But I saved my life," she said, "by going on a health diet of raw fruit and vegetables.

"Then I heard about Australia, where I was told there was a good, warm climate and plenty of fruit. So I left home. That was five years ago.

"I looked round and finally got a job looking after a market garden near Redlands, out of Cairns."

Birgit learned and earned enough in the next three years to get her own farm—a six-acre property at Little Mulgrave, via Gordonvale, where she grows bananas, papaws, pineapples, mangoes, custard apples, granadillas, passion-fruit, and watermelons, as well as vegetables.

"Other people," she said, "spray their plants with D.D.T. and so on. That is bad. I never use sprays except for an occasional compound of herbs. And I believe in organic fertilisers, too. That's why I let the grass grow high, then plough it in."

Birgit sells most of her fruit and vegetables from an old utility round the district, and often to shops and homes all over the Atherton Tableland.

During the wet season she goes walkabout. Mostly her trips have been hitch-hiking ones that have taken her as far as Port Pirie, in South Australia.

But this year she paid a three months' visit to America and Canada, working her passage each way as a stewardess on a Swedish ship.

★ ★ ★

AT a recent country race meeting in Victoria our Melbourne colleague commented on a friend's attractive hat.

The country cousin said calmly that when she had taken the hat down from a shelf she had found a moth hole in the front of it.

"So I caught one of the household turkeys," she added, "plucked a tail feather, and managed to camouflage the hole in time for the meeting."



"Stop wiggling."

THE Girl Guides Association of New South Wales has just finished its "Willing Shilling" drive with members doing domestic jobs for pay of not less than 1/-.

Householders had their brass and silver cleaned, their socks darned, shoes cleaned, dogs exercised, and babies minded for whatever they considered the job was worth.

During the last "Willing Shilling" drive one of the Guides of the Strathfield, N.S.W., company proved she had earned her nursing badge by removing a tick from the scalp of one of the children she was minding.

Book News

By HELEN FRIZELL

FRANCES GRAY PATTON, known to most readers for her "Good Morning, Miss Dove," now presents a selection of short stories under the appropriate title "A Piece of Luck."

A joy to read, because they are written in the clearest of English and without sentimentality, the stories capture the atmosphere of places and of childhood.

One, on the side of fantasy, tells of a newborn child (son of an aviator) who came into the world wearing forget-me-not blue wings, and who, on his christening day, "whizzed straight up the chancel and came to roost upon the railing of the choir stall above the altar."

Frances Gray Patton is not solely concerned with juvenilia. But even when writing about adults she has them looking backwards to childhood, seeing it clearly with a mixture of irony and love.

Published by Victor Gollancz. (Our copy from the publishers.)

China fit for a Queen

GUESTS at a dinner-party given by some wealthy Australian hostess this year may find themselves eating from china "fit for a Queen."

An 84-piece dinner-set, which is an exact replica of one used by the late Queen Mary, richly ornamented and worth 650 guineas, will be brought to Australia shortly.

It will be displayed, together with £10,000 worth of china, early in June in one of Sydney's largest stores.

Later the china will be exhibited in all Australian States, and some larger country centres in N.S.W., and will be on sale to the public.

The collection comes direct from the Stoke-on-Trent kilns of the company, which has held the Seal of the Royal Potter since 1908.

China made for the Royal Family is kept a close secret. A Royal pattern is never released to the public until after the Royal death.

The fragile consignment, which will arrive in Sydney by ship, has been insured for thousands of pounds to cover breakages that may occur in showrooms.

Touch wood for luck

TOUCHING wood has meant luck for 24-year-old Mary Michelmore, of Glenunga, South Australia.

Mary spends much of her time haunting carpenters' yards for wood "leavings," searching for pieces of timber with unusual colors and attractive grainings to make into costume jewellery, which she turns on her own 4in. lathe.

Her favorite wood is "meranti," a timber from the Northern Territory, which has an unusual grain and a silvery color.

Mary started on her woodworking career just a year ago by teaching herself to use the lathe, and picking up ideas for novel jewellery effects by studying window displays of wines and perfumes.

"I thought the shapes of some of the bottles were good," Mary said, "so I copied them in miniature in wood."

Some of her necklaces feature miniature bottles, together with tiny goblets, sherry, liqueur, and champagne glasses, which are also made into matching earrings.

Before she turned to wood, Mary Michelmore specialised in making icing cake decorations.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





In the wonder of its perfume breathes the soul of Paris ...

L'Aimant . . . the Magnet . . . tender . . compelling . . . heart-quickening . . . with its own unique note, its own inimitable personality, the strange excitement of a perfume created in France . . . the élan which only one country seems able to achieve. Its disturbing quality can be yours. Ten and sixpence to five guineas.

L'AIMANT DE COTY

LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • SYDNEY

Compounded in Australia to Coty, France, ingredients and formula.

CL12

Give "Tooth Decay Demon" the BRUSH-OFF



"Tooth Decay Demon" is a nasty piece of work. Brush him off with IPANA. Ipana contains WD-9, the active bacteria destroyer and anti-enzyme. Tests have shown that brushing with Ipana can prevent up to 60% of tooth decay.

Have a dental check-up every six months. Brush with Ipana ALL the time. See your dentist for the check, your chemist for Ipana.

★ 8 out of 10 dentists recommend

★ Independent surveys show that, of all dentists recommending a toothpaste, 8 out of 10 recommended Ipana above any other single brand.

Ipana

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JEWELLED ART MILLIONAIRES CAN'T BUY

● The Zirnkilton Brothers, custom jewellers of Philadelphia, U.S.A., carry on a family business creating delicate, hand-wrought trinkets which only millionaires can afford to buy. But even a millionaire could not buy the three pieces pictured on these pages — the Neptune Cup, the Coconut Cup, and the Mermaid Statuette. These articles are priceless, and strictly not for sale.

They are the last work of the founder of the Zirnkilton firm, Franz Xavier Zirnkilton, father of Carl and Franz, Jun., who now carry on the business.

Wealthy collectors have offered the Zirnkiltons any sum they care to name for the trinkets, but the brothers turn down all offers, preferring to keep them in the family as a memorial of their father's craftsmanship.

BELOW: Neptune Cup, created by Franz Xavier Zirnkilton, stands 10¾ inches high. He worked lovingly over it, executing each microscopic detail with perfect skill, despite failing eyesight, in his 81st year.

RIGHT: Coconut Cup, surmounted by a golden cupid, is 11½ inches high. The Zirnkilton brothers have refused dozens of offers for this and the other pieces. Photographs on these pages by Ivan Dmitri.





BY all modern success standards, the firm of F. X. Zirnkilton, a 75-year-old, custom-jewellery-making establishment, ought to be a spectacular failure.

Founded in 1880 by Franz Xavier Zirnkilton, a gifted Bavarian goldsmith, who concerned himself more with fine craftsmanship than profit-making, the firm is now operated by his sons—64-year-old Franz, Jun., and 58-year-old Carl—in much the same way as their father ran it in the firm's early days.

For example, the father never advertised, and so the sons do not. "If people want us, they can find us," Franz, Jun., says. The Zirnkiltons' pieces bear no identifying hallmark.

"Our work is its own identification," says Carl.

Compared to most manufacturing jewellers, the firm is small, consisting only of the brothers, a secretary-bookkeeper, and five craftsmen.

"We can't find workers to turn out our kind of work," the brothers explain.

Although their pieces have been bought by the finest jewellery stores, the wealthiest families, and by kings and maharajahs, the Zirnkiltons have always kept their customers' names secret.

"We don't boast," Franz, Jun., says.

Finally, the brothers appear totally uninterested in making high profits. "Money has always been secondary to us," Carl states. "We are mainly concerned with doing the finest work of which we're capable."

In keeping with this attitude, the firm's best work is not for sale, and never will be.

It is a series of three pieces—the mermaid statuette, and the seashell and coconut cups shown in the accompanying photographs—which Zirnkilton, Sen., made in his waning years.

The old gentleman had warmed up for these master-works by creating a statuette of Hercules and a miniature replica of a statue called The Lion Fighter, by Albert Wolff, which stands outside the Philadelphia Art Museum.

These pieces were not ambitious enough for him; he wanted to fashion something that would rival everything else of its kind. And there was another reason.

"All my life," he told his sons, "I have worked for other people. At last I do something to please myself." He referred to these last creations as his "amusements."

The brothers Zirnkilton guard the two preliminary works and the three final pieces as though they were holy relics, keeping them locked in their office safe and taking

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***MERMAID STATUETTE** was completed shortly before Zirnkilton died at the age of 83. The Mermaid is made of 14-carat gold, and sits in a shell eight inches across. The gold, platinum, and precious stones in the three articles are valued at less than £A5000, but the craftsmanship is priceless. Zirnkilton spent more than two years on each piece.*

them out only to show properly appreciative friends and customers.

"I don't care what you do with my 'amusements'," the old man said before his death, "but whenever you feel that you're at the top of the ladder in your craft, get one of them out and look at it."

Franz Xavier Zirnkilton, Sen., was born in Passau, Bavaria, in 1851, son of the village wood carver. He was apprenticed at the age of 12 to a jeweller and goldsmith of Passau.

He spent ten years learning his craft and then went to Vienna to join the famous firm of Rothe and Neffe, crown jewellers to the Austrian Royal Family, the House of Hapsburg.

He created a sensation with his first piece of jewellery for the palace. It was a brooch consisting of a rose-gold ivy leaf with platinum veins, over which was spread a fine platinum spider web. An emerald-eyed fly, with diamond wings, golden legs and body was caught in the web, and an opal-bodied, gold-legged spider menaced the fly.

A diamond dewdrop, unfaceted and perfectly round, rested on the leaf next to the web.

Zirnkilton's employers offered him a lifetime job, but he remained in Vienna for only two years.

In 1875, hearing of the forthcoming Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, he asked for leave and went to America. At the Exposition he met Paul Rosenthal, a jewellery craftsman who was about to open his own business.

Rosenthal offered him a job and he accepted.

In a short time the shops that sold Zirnkilton's work won nationwide reputations. He was a pioneer in the use of platinum for settings, and many of his designs and methods of mounting stones were widely copied.

At the slightest sign of carelessness among the men who worked under him, he lost his temper.

Once a workman took him a finished brooch in which there was a small flaw and asked if he thought the customer would notice.

"We can improve upon this brooch," Zirnkilton said.

He put it down on an anvil, picked up a hammer and smashed it. As the pieces flew, he turned on the frightened workman and roared, "You shouldn't have been a jeweller! You should have been a shoemaker!"

Zirnkilton's sons have the same desire for perfection. No workman who cannot meet their standards remains with them for long.

In 1880, Franz Zirnkilton, Sen., struck out on his own. He opened a small shop in Philadelphia, married eight years later when his business had become modestly thriving.

Franz, Jun., was born in 1891, Carl in 1897.

There was never any doubt in the minds of the young Zirnkiltons which profession they would follow. Franz, Jun., started working in his father's shop during his school holidays when he was 12, and left school to work in the shop permanently when he was 15. Carl joined the firm at the same age, six years later.

Franz, Jun., later became business manager of the firm.

He is now such an authority on precious stones that his advice is sought by insurance companies, banks, estate brokers, and other jewellers from all over the country.

He is proud of his extensive collection. It ranges from 400-to-the-carat diamonds, no bigger than grains of sand, up to an extremely rare Kashmir sapphire which weighs 12.52 carats.

While Franz, Jun., met the public, Carl continued developing as a craftsman. Some of the jobs he undertook were the talk of the jewellery world.

Something went out of the shop at the old man's death in 1934, his sons say. They feel they can never make jewellery that equals his in workmanship and detail.

Their chief regret is that there is no heir to carry on. Carl is childless, and Franz III, son of Franz, Jun., has chosen another profession.

Not long ago, while showing his father's exquisite cups to a friend and discussing their work, Franz, Jun., said, "Ours is truly a dying art. It died with Cellini, and Pop revived it. But there's nobody to do it now. Our last apprentice came in around 1928, and we haven't had one since."

"That's right," Carl added. "Sometimes I'm glad we're as old as we are. Someday in the not too distant future people who can do this work will be gone. I'd hate to be alive to see that day. We're among the last of our kind."

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SNOW-WHITE FOR GLAMOR

Here are a trio of beautiful new deep-set-on-the-head hats in frosty white. The hats show that the new shapes can be tall or wide, or may "bulk" in both directions. Veils are new again.



● *High toque a la Queen Mary (left) is made in superb white mousse, the new long-haired beaver. The veil is honey-beige. The design is by Tatiana of New York.*



● *Wide coolie-type hat (above) tilted alluringly towards the eyebrows. The mesh face veil is taupe. Design by Tatiana.*

● *Decorative deep-on-the-head bonnet-type hat (right), made in white fur, has a matching handbag. The coiffure is sleek.*



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[Advertisement]

Australian girl wins "Star of Tomorrow" Award



Victoria Shaw

The Hollywood Foreign Press Association recently made its Annual Awards at a banquet held at the Coconut Grove in Hollywood.

Victoria Shaw (the former Australian model Jeanette Elphick) received the "Golden Globe" as the most promising "Star of Tomorrow" for her role in Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story" in which she co-stars with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak.

Gives hair care secret.

Victoria Shaw is learning many new beauty secrets. But when it comes to hair care, she still follows the golden rule. Victoria says: "I never wash my hair with soap—I shampoo with 'Vaseline' Brand Liquid Shampoo".

Why no soap . . . Soap bubbles go flat—cling to each hair—leave a dulling veil. 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo's foam is soapless—rinses out quickly, completely. Your hair looks shining clean—alive with fascinating highlights.

The super-soft lather of 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo works *naturally* on the oils of your scalp—will not dry them out, but frees them of the dust and clogging dirt they harbour. Leaves your hair feeling gloriously fresh.

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My doctor recommends BOURN-VITA to help me sleep well

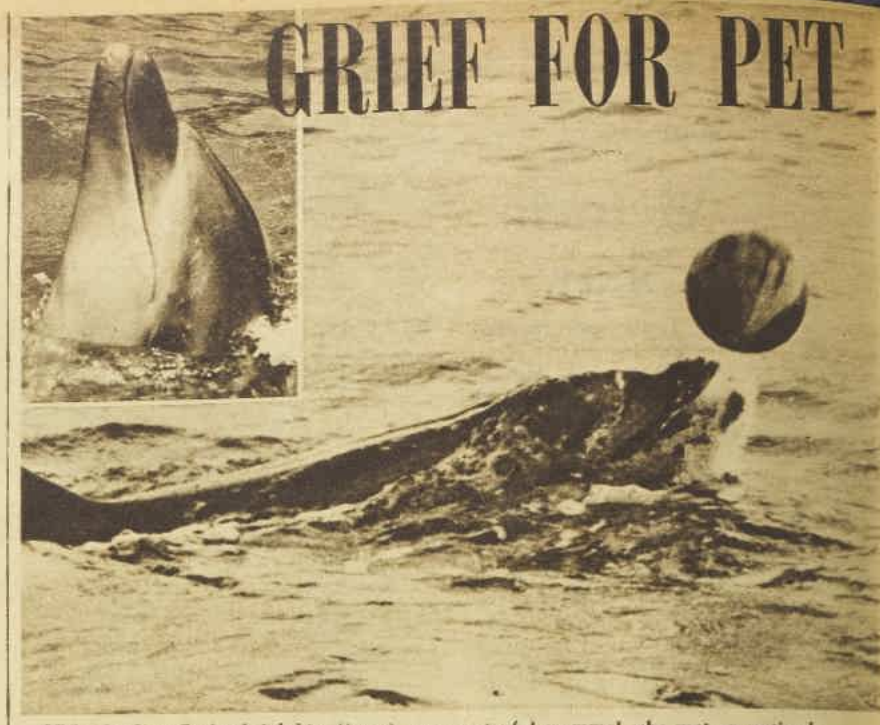


Doctors agree that deep, restful sleep is the natural way to overcome that tired, on-edge feeling. And one sure way to help promote this necessary restorative sleep is to drink a hot cup of delicious Bourn-vita at bedtime *every night*. Made from malt, eggs, milk and chocolate, Bourn-vita is a tonic food drink suitable for all the family. You'll find they will enjoy its delicious flavour.

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GRIEF FOR PET



OPO, the New Zealand dolphin (inset), was a playful mammal who met an untimely end. Her skill with a beach ball . . .

Children cried when Opo died

By EDWARD CAMBRIDGE

If you should go holidaying in New Zealand this year be sure to pack a black armband. Cultivate an air of sympathy and memorise a few suitable words of comfort. For you will be visiting a country plunged in mourning—for a dolphin.

THEY used to call the friendly, playful creature Opo George, but they dropped the George when it was learned posthumously that the "he" was really a "she".

On the shores of the harbor where Opo played and gambolled such a short time ago they are erecting a monument. It is to be a memorial to a "merry mammal from the sea" who gave pleasure to many thousands of people.

When Opo died and was buried in front of Opononi's War Memorial Hall, the little fishing village gathered round and wept.

The hotel bar closed for the morning. The Union Jack flew at half-mast.

Funeral orations stirred the feelings of the mourners. At the invitation of the undertaker they threw shovelfuls of sand into the six-foot grave and when the last rites were over, men, women, and children heaped wreaths of flowers waist high upon the mound.

Cabinet Ministers sent telegrams of condolence . . . "Please convey to residents my sincere regret" . . . "Such an untimely end" . . . "Opo was a national institution."

A national institution! That was it.

It happened one sunny day last January. Into the great landlocked Hokianga Harbor swam a cheeky, bottle-nose dolphin from the Tasman Sea. First she made friends with fishermen and boatmen, following them round the harbor and scratching her chin on their oars.

Then she ventured into shallower waters and brushed her nose softly against the shins of bathers. The locals were amused. But it was nothing to write home about.

But on February 7 a newspaper printed a photograph which made people sit up and take notice. It was a picture of the local schoolmistress, Mrs. Goodson, holding Opo in her arms.

That started it. A fish that allowed you to nurse it! What would it do next?

The great trek began. Every weekend 2000 excited sightseers travelled 100 miles northward, craned their necks over Opononi's little wooden wharf, and cheered and rocked with laughter as Opo jauntily did her stuff.

First she would scratch her chin on a boatman's oar. Then she would leap into somebody's wildly clutching arms.

She would balance a beach ball on the tip of her nose.

She let children ride on her back.

The more the crowds applauded, the more ingenuity Opo displayed in thinking up new tricks.

Not content with balancing a ball on her nose, she began to toss it 20ft. into the air and flick it with her fin as it fell.

She would turn on her back, balance the ball on her nose, and swim backward very fast.

Then she would roll the ball along under her tummy until it reached her tail, when she would dive deep and send it flying out of the water.

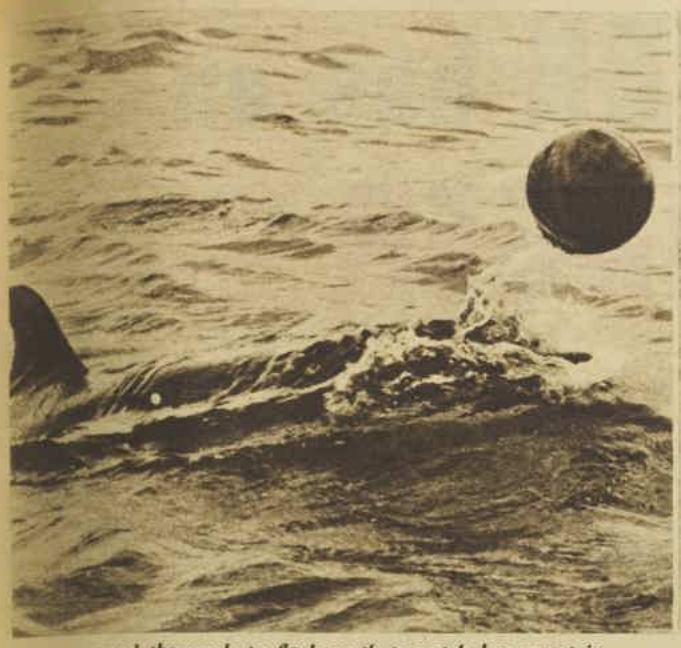
There was also the trick of



ALAN WELLS, of Wellington, came to Opononi to see Opo and stayed to have a ride on her back.

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IN THE WAKE OF A DOLPHIN



. . . caused thousands to flock north to watch her cavort in the harbor, and the local shops . . .



. . . to say nothing of the hotel, did well out of her short but memorable stay in Opononi.

scooping up discarded beer bottles from the sea bed, steering them in circles round the wharf, and giving them a flip into the air at the end of each circuit.

Moving pictures were taken of her. American travelogue expert James Fitzpatrick bustled up with a team of cameramen to catch her in the act. She was photographed for television in London and New York.

She inspired a booklet, a dance, a song, "I'm Opo the Crazy Dolphin."

News about the sporting dolphin spread through the land like a bushfire. Everyone with a free weekend jumped into a car and sped north to see the fun.



CROWDS (especially children) seemed to stimulate the playful dolphin to bigger and better tricks. It seemed that Opo had a sense of humor.

Traffic jams

THERE were traffic jams on the winding country road, the bar of the local hotel was packed to suffocation, and the solitary general store and milk bar did a roaring trade. The sleepy village woke up with a jolt and business boomed overnight.

Soon there were whispers that rival business interests along the coast were out to kidnap the dolphin and put her on show. Someone spread the alarming story that an American syndicate was trying to buy her. Local indignation was intense.

An Opo Protection Society grew up. Local citizens took to wearing official-looking white armbands as they patrolled the beach where Opo played.

Notices appeared: "Please Don't Shoot Our Gay Dolphin."

"Opo says: 'Please do not ride on me. Do not pull my fins. Do not pull my tail. Give me a fair go and I will try to amuse you. Don't brass me off.' "

The parliamentary member for the district, inspired by an epic of the American Civil War, proclaimed: "Who touches a hair of your whiskers dies like a dog."

Spurred by the force of public opinion, the Government on March 7 gazetted an Order-in-Council proclaiming Opo a protected mammal on pain of a £50 fine.

But the precaution was to no avail. No human vandal was responsible for Opo's death, only a rare accident of nature.

On the evening of Friday, March 9, radio listeners were shocked to hear that their beloved dolphin, searching for food along the shores of Hokianga Harbor, had become jammed fore and aft between two jagged rocks, and that before her frantic struggles could free her, the receding tide had left her high and dry and strangled her.

And there, three miles from the scene of her frolics with the children of Opononi, a farmer found her body while he was looking for shellfish.

If Opo had been big news in her lifetime she was just as newsworthy after her death. The locals recited part of the burial service from the Prayer Book at her funeral, and erected a wooden cross over her grave, bringing down upon themselves an embarrassing charge of blasphemy.

It was claimed in self-defence that there was often more nobility in animals than in human beings, and there was a great deal of talk in the correspondence columns of the newspapers about Christ having been born in a manger.

But when tempers evaporated the wooden cross was quietly removed and a sorrowful peace descended once more upon the harbor.

Popular film

BUT Opo's grinning image lives brightly on in the dolphin-at-play sequences of the most popular film New Zealand has known in a year, "The Amazing Dolphin of Opononi," which film producer Rudall Hayward managed to film during a children's picnic on Opononi beach last February.

Thousands of people from one end of the country to the other emerge from the theatres in which this film is being shown, mopping their eyes with their handkerchiefs.

Opo got millions of words in the newspapers during her tragically brief lifetime. Fish or no fish, in her death she is getting even more.

"Opo goes down to history as the children's friend," the newspapers proclaimed.

Said one: "When Opo decided to make friends with the human race she chose children. She did not seem to have any ulterior motive for her approach to our world."

Said another: "Opo will be remembered as the brightest mammal of her day. An odd fish, no doubt, but a lovable one."

And again: "For most of those who had the pleasure of knowing Opo, the most vivid recollection must surely be of a wild animal that overcame its suspicion of humankind and was determined to be friendly and one of them."





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Are *you* the washing machine in your house? Is *your* precious energy being drained away doing the job a Hoover Washer could do for you . . . for a few modest weekly payments? Then take your husband along to see a demonstration of the new Hoover Washer with the electric wringer! You know Hoover has always given the cleanest, fastest wash . . . now it does the hard part of the rinsing and wringing as well. Hoover is the washing machine that *husbands* prefer to buy because it's a name they know and trust. See a demonstration this week.





The Hoover even RINSES right in the tub—just as thoroughly as the expensive automatic machines. In only half a minute all the soap is rinsed out of your clothes — with no effort . . . no heavy lifting or dragging from you.



The "stop" button on the control panel is conveniently placed. When you have finished feeding the clothes through the wringer, a touch with your knee can stop the rollers in an instant.



Rollers adjust themselves to buttons, buckles and double thicknesses. There's an automatic release to separate the rollers if necessary. With only one wringing your clothes are perfectly damp-dried.

Why more women buy Hoover than any other washer

It does big washes FASTER: Washes 6 lb. of clothing in 4 minutes. A full week's wash is over in an hour or so. Rolls away into a corner after use.

It's easily filled and empties itself — The new Hoover is filled direct from the water tap — empties itself quickly by automatic built-in pump.

It washes CLEANER than you can by hand: Without pre-soaking or rubbing, Hoover gets even deeply-soiled articles, like overalls, thoroughly clean. The exclusive Pulsator set in the side loosens the dirt with an action just like boiling.

You can use it for sheerest fabrics because it's so GENTLE: Instead of the usual metal paddle, Hoover has a Pulsator set in the side of the tub which never touches the clothes but sends soapy water surging through them.

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A PARTY COMPLEXION

By
MARGARET MERRIL

There are times when you want to look your special best, for a dance or perhaps a wedding or a day at the races.

For such special occasions, treat yourself to this complexion preparation, which will close the pores a little, help soothe the crow's-feet, give the skin a radiance and bleach any unwanted facial hairs. In short, make you prettier.

First of all, start with this simple face pack.

Mix fullers earth to a paste in equal parts of witch hazel, peroxide and oil of ulan (about one teaspoonful of each). Apply immediately, allow to dry and rinse off with tepid water a few minutes after the pack sets. The pack deals with blackheads, the witch hazel is a pore-closing astringent, and the oil of ulan conditions the skin. Finish by dabbing the face with iced water from the fridge and then gently massage pure oil of ulan into the skin before applying your make-up. This treatment imparts the bloom of youthful radiance to the complexion.

Ingredients are all available from chemists.

(Copyright: Margaret Merril Beauty School.)



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If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

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THE WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● A loose-fitting pinafore-type jacket is a fresh idea for maternity separates.

IN answer to a reader's query, I show one of these jackets at right. Here is her letter and my reply.

"I WONDER if you could help me with a paper pattern for a sleeveless maternity jacket. I say 'sleeveless' as I don't feel the cold; in fact, if I wear a coat over a jacket I am much too hot."

My suggestion — and it is very new in American-styled maternity clothes—is a pinafore-jacket suit. There it is illustrated at right, and it can be worn with or without a blouse. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. See the lines under the sketch for further details and how to order.

"COULD you tell me, please, what type of outfit would be suitable for a middle-aged woman to wear during a holiday at a resort hotel?"

A well-groomed-spectator look is the classic sweater set and a slim flannel skirt. The severity of the ensemble can be relieved by flat, colored shoes and a large novelty bag.

"I AM being married in a beautiful street-length tulle and lace frock. As it is my second marriage, I do not wish to wear a veil. What type of hat would you suggest? I am only in my early twenties, and I want to look glamorous on my wedding day."

Why not wear one of the new "heady" tulle hats that Paris is sponsoring for late-day and evening? French designer Balenciaga is showing wonderful, flattened, drum-shaped hats made entirely of misty-white swathed tulle. The hat has no trimming except a little satin bow or a single pink or red rose.

"COULD you suggest a practical and fashionable outfit for me for winter? My size is S.S.W."

I like the idea of a slim-skirted suit in tweed, with a single-breasted jacket made unbelted and almost knee-length. You could wear both the jacket and skirt separately, and different accessories can give the ensemble a different look from day to day.



D.S.192 — Maternity separates in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Require 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I WOULD like to know, please, the newest silhouette for winter clothes."

A narrow silhouette is the most currently popular line. However, there are other lines being worn, including empire, bloused jacket, semi-fitted, and boxy. A half-belt is very much in fashion, slung low either at back or front.

"IS it true that the new fashions call for a flattened bustline, achieved by a special bra?"

No, it is quite untrue. In Paris there is no question of flattening the bosom, or, for that matter, of returning to pointed effects for bras. Shapes are returning to just "normal."

"WOULD you be so kind as to suggest some type of trimming for a soft wool frock, please?"

Fur, velvet, hand-knit bands, and inset and narrow braid are the newest trims for wool.

"I WAS wondering if you could suggest a color for a winter suit and for accessories. I particularly want to know what shape hat to wear, and would also like advice about a set of costume jewellery."

The burnt-sugar-into-beige color range is more popular for winter than either navy or grey. If you decide on the former, the smartest color for accessories would be brown. Gold costume jewellery and a cloche or tambourine-shaped hat would look chic and new to complete the ensemble.

"I HAVE some tweed in black and white for a frock and jacket, but now find it is too thick for such an ensemble. What would you suggest as an alternative? I want it for a double-duty outfit."

My suggestion is a finger-tip - length, single - breasted jacket and matching skirt. The jacket can double as a coat, and the choice of sweater or blouse and accessories can make the ensemble formal or casual. Have the jacket single-breasted, slender, and finished with a martingale belt slung low at the back, and the skirt straight and slender.

Beauty in brief:

PLAN A NEW PERM

By CAROLYN EARLE

● There is only one "must" when it comes to having a new permanent wave. Postpone the perm for the time being if your hair is out of condition.

USUALLY a couple of weeks of concentrated care is enough to put a normal head of hair back in "permable" shape.

The first step in the "cure" is to have your hairdresser cut off all the broken and splitting ends from your hair. Then set to work with sessions of brushing, scalp massage, and shampooing. Because it is easy to handle at home, the warm-oil treatment followed by a suitable shampoo is a popular standby on these occasions.

If it should happen that your hair is very dry and the perm date quite near, it's a good idea to repeat the warm-oil treatment twice a week.

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"Yes, it's rub proof,
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Thirty times longer*
to serve your need."



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Features all the important advancements of American 1957 models: New top-front tuning with lighted dial. New Giant 21-in. Aluminized Picture Tube with expanded picture, twice as bright with twice the contrast. The New Super Cascode 27-Valve Chassis gives unprecedented reception power despite signal-blocking buildings and hills. Other special features include permanent automatic picture focussing, automatic suppression of interference effects and fading, built-in "Omni-Scope" Antenna, etc.
The built-in, long-distance Radio, with Push-Pull output gives more power for its size than any other radio ever built, plus twin speakers for High Fidelity.
The Phonogram, with auto record changer, plays all 4 speeds—including the new 16⅔ R.P.M. records.



Admiral "Tampa" 21-in. T.V.-RADIO-PHONO

Is identical with American ADMIRAL 1957 model. Featuring the new, advanced 27-Valve Cascode Chassis. Major improvements include greater-than-ever power; clearer, sharper images even with weak signals; automatic picture focussing; automatic rejection of fading and interference effects. Built-in "Omni-Scope" Antenna. Long-Distance Radio gives greatest-ever power, combined with added fidelity and tone.
High-Fidelity Phonogram plays all 4 speeds, including the latest 16⅔ R.P.M. records, changes all sizes from 7-12 in. and mixes 10 and 12-in. records of the same speed.



Admiral "Canada" 24-in. T.V.

One of the highlights of the American 1957 [illegible] 24-in. Aluminized Picture Tube which gives the [illegible] and contrast. New Super Cascode Chassis with [illegible] power and interference-free reception. Other [illegible] include easy, top-front tuning; convenient "Lazy [illegible] turn set in any direction; automatic picture [illegible] of "fast fading," flutter, etc., and built-in "Omni

SOME FEATURES THAT MAKE



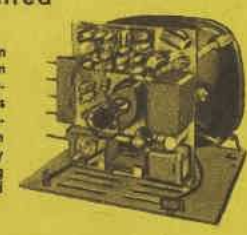
Admiral Giant T.V. Picture

ADMIRAL'S new Giant Picture Tubes actually give you a full 20% larger screen than other tubes. ADMIRAL Tubes are bigger from top-to-bottom, bigger from side-to-side. Moreover, ADMIRAL'S advanced engineering gives the picture added brightness, sharpness and contrast.



First with "Printed" Robot T.V.

An amazing advance in T.V. assembly. More than half the circuits in the powerful ADMIRAL Chassis are "printed" by automatic machines. Chance of human error is virtually eliminated, guaranteeing uniform quality and dependability.



New Top-Front Tuning

ADMIRAL has developed Television's most convenient tuning system. Controls are *up top*, at the *front* of the cabinet. You tune from a standing position. Channel numbers on the inclined dial light up individually as they are tuned in.



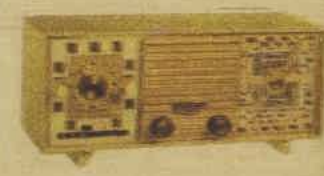
Admiral 4-SPEED HI-FI PHONOGRAM



Exemplifying the very latest trend in American design, this brilliant ADMIRAL 7-Valve Chairside Phonogram revolutionises all previous conceptions of high-fidelity reproduction. Outstanding features include two infinitely variable, completely independent, Bass and Treble Tone Controls, 4-Position Record Compensator to compensate for the individual "recording characteristics" of different-type records. This 4-Speed Professional-type Phonogram plays 33⅓, 45 or 78 R.P.M. records, as well as the new 16⅔ R.P.M. "Talking Books." Changes 7-in., 10-in. or 12-in. records, or intermixes 10-in. and 12-in. sizes. High-Fidelity Barium Titanate "Turnabout" Pick-up Cartridges for easy change to 78 R.P.M. or L.P. High-Fidelity Twin-Speaker System with "ear-level" inclined mounting. Vented Sound Chamber with six sound outlets, including three at the rear for brilliant three-dimensional high-fidelity sound. All these features at a price that pleases.
Price 89 Gns.

Admiral 5-VALVE R

***Ultra-modern American-style* 5-VALVE MANTEL**
Printed Automatic Circuit gives a sharply improved performance; extreme sensitivity with razor-edge selectivity. ADMIRAL'S Aeroscope Antenna "reaches out" for distant stations. In new-style three-dimension plastic cabinet. *Price 23 Gns.*



New, Advan
CLOCK RA
With outstanding feature[s] formance of Mantel a[t] Automatic Electric Cloc[k] accurate time even when Sleep-Switch shuts off R[adio] minutes after switch [is] Buzz Alarm operates 10[-] automatic Radio turn-on[s] Set Control reminds you ments, etc. *21 Gns.*

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alia

YEARS AHEAD!



Here you see the world's most brilliant range of Television Receivers, Phonograms and Radios

Styled identically with 1957 ADMIRAL American models, each possesses the same "years ahead" advancement, the same exclusive electronic advances that have won for ADMIRAL in America, and throughout the world, undisputed leadership in the Television and Electronic Fields.

The entire ADMIRAL series is outstanding. There is nothing experimental about them. They are produced by identical machines and by the self-same proved electronic process as the American models. Each one has the accumulated experience that gained for ADMIRAL world-wide supremacy over the last ten years. Giant 90° deflection gives widest possible viewing angle.

So be *sure* of the world's best when you buy your Television receiver or your next Radio—*be sure it's an ADMIRAL.*

ALL ADMIRAL T.V. MODELS ARE AVAILABLE IN MAPLE, WALNUT OR ROSEWOOD TONINGS



CONSOLE

s. Featuring the giant atest brilliance, clarity a tubes for unparalleled portant advancements Susan" swivel base to g; automatic exclusion Scope" Antenna.



Admiral **"Miami" 21-in. T.V. CONSOLE**

Another advanced ADMIRAL Console, styled with top-front tuning and "Lazy Susan" swivel base, which permits it to be turned in any direction for your convenience. The Giant 21-in. Picture Tube has ADMIRAL'S exclusive "Magic Mirror" of aluminium to give a brighter, sharper image. Super Cascode Chassis with full complement of 20 valves provides amazing range with automatic suppression of interference. Other important features are built-in "Omni-Scope" Antenna, new automatic picture focussing, *range-finding* tubes, etc.



Admiral **"Belvedere"**

GIANT 21-in. TABLE T.V.

Television's most compact 21-in. Table Model. Attached golden metal legs provide for conversion to Console at no extra cost. Advanced 1957 ADMIRAL features include Giant Aluminized Picture Tube; extra valves and circuits for increased signal-pulling power and interference rejection; top-front tuning; automatic picture focussing; automatic range-finder tube; built-in "Omni-Scope" Antenna, etc.



Admiral **"Delray" 24-in. TABLE T.V.**

The very latest word in 24-in. T.V. Table Receivers. It can be converted to an ultra-modern Console by the addition of gracefully tapered, modern legs, at no extra cost. This superb model has every advanced ADMIRAL feature, including top-front tuning, Aluminized Picture Tube, Super Cascode Chassis, automatic range-finder tube and special extra circuits to suppress interference.

ADMIRAL T.V. YEARS AHEAD



Brighter, Clearer Pictures

A "Magic Mirror" of aluminium inside ADMIRAL'S Giant Picture Tubes beams *all* the picture to you—a perfect picture. ADMIRAL'S Optical Filter Screen prevents glare, adds contrast. These advanced ADMIRAL features combine to give you Television's *finest picture.*

More Compact Cabinet

As far back as 1948, ADMIRAL created a sensation in America by introducing smaller, more compact T.V. receivers. To-day, ADMIRAL is still ahead. ADMIRAL'S Picture Tubes, though bigger in picture area, are shorter in length, showing a full 3 inches less cabinet depth.



New, Improved Sound System

ADMIRAL'S Infinitely Variable Tone Control provides a wider range of tonal shadings—whereas ordinary tone controls have only two or three positions. In addition, ADMIRAL'S High-Fidelity Speaker is scientifically slanted to direct sound to ear-level.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION

All ADMIRAL T.V. Receivers are guaranteed by the T.V. Installation & Service Department of Admiral of Australia (Pty.) Limited.

ADIO

MODEL

ombining exclusive two-tone,

ad IO

s and per- ve plus an which keeps Radio is off. dio 1 to 60 ct. Sleeper minutes after ime. Alarm of appoint-



Colour range for both Mantel and Clock Radios is as follows:

CREAM cabinet	— GOLD trim
BURGUNDY cabinet	— GOLD trim
BEIGE cabinet	— GOLD trim
TAN cabinet	— CANTON COPPER trim
GREY cabinet	— OPAL GREY trim
PRIMROSE cabinet	— BLACK trim

● *Admiral* PORTABLES . . . 1957 MODELS *NOW*

Lightweight, handbag sized, streamlined Portable, styled in lustrous polystyrene in five modern shades. Super-sensitive Ferroscope Antenna, entirely concealed; has tremendous power with three times the sensitivity and selectivity of ordinary aerials. Filters out static for superior reception. Available AC/Battery or Battery only. Over-shoulder carrying case also available. *Prices from 25 Gns., complete.*





. . . A brilliant 6-Valve Model in lustrous polystyrene. Triple-powered for long-distance reception, it gives razor-edge selectivity and suppresses interference. New 3-way Aeroscope Antenna—flush with set for normal reception, tilted out for long-distance reception or detached and fastened by rubber suction cap to windows of homes, automobiles, etc. *Price 37 Gns. complete.*

5 Colour arrangements for *PORTABLE RADIOS:*

BURGUNDY cabinet	— GOLD trim
BEIGE cabinet	— GOLD trim
FOREST GREEN cabinet	— GOLD trim
LIGHT GREY cabinet	— GOLD trim
TAN cabinet	— GOLD trim

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This is your opportunity to SEE and HEAR these ADMIRAL products. Write your Name and Address on this coupon and post to:

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning May 14

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck lies in a bargain.	★ Your business judgment is now reaching a new peak. All of you are likely to enjoy a little burst of prosperity. You speed up on routine to tackle what is new.	★ Important investments for the home may be debated at length. Some greatly desired article could improve the appearance of your place of residence.	★ Should you decide that you have fallen romantically in love with a boy who works where you do, beware of showing your feelings until he himself has shown his.	★ Meet obligations of a social nature on demand, then dismiss them from your agenda. Don't expect too much of friends and fellow workers.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck will come through a door.	★ A pleasant individual coming into your life may cause you to change your working methods, your outlook in practical matters, or your attitude towards your job.	★ You are bound to run your home as you see fit, and you'll do an excellent job if too many people are not attempting to impose their ideas on you.	★ In your desire to attract a certain person, an exaggerated pose of sophistication and high style may scare him, or her, away. Be your natural self.	★ Everything's on your side. Plan your biggest party, link up with important people, demonstrate your social talents, and take charge if called upon to do so.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck lies in a parcel.	★ Don't drop your bundle just because you happen to be dissatisfied with certain aspects of your work. A certain amount of drudgery is associated with any occupation.	★ Feeling like a fish out of water and that your real gifts are being wasted in a dreary round of manual labor? There will soon be a shaft of sunshine.	★ If that love affair has petered out, give yourself a tonic of new interests. Seeing you are having a good time, he or she, may come back at a gallop.	★ You're your own worst enemy if you let petty considerations interfere with enjoyable activities. Everyone at some time has difficulties to cope with.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck on the sports ground.	★ The chief, the boss, whether at home or at the office, shop, or factory, may be gruff because of worries. Criticism may not be directed at you personally.	★ You are trying to be the perfect social light, the perfect housekeeper. That's a tall order. Never mind if you are caught in a housefrock or doing the washing.	★ An old friend may suddenly develop into a potential lover. Since you may not take him, or her, seriously at first, you stand in danger of crushing a budding love affair.	★ You can call the turn and write your own ticket. Get on a bandwaggon. Cash in on some popular trend in your little world. Acquire a new skill.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck lies on top of a hill.	★ You may be put in temporary charge of an enterprise with several helpers and discover that the responsibilities of management are heavier than you thought.	★ Confusion creates extra work. It is worth while rising a little early. You may be rushing off for the day. Arrange, the night before, shopping lists, clothes, etc.	★ Your beloved may receive a promotion or an honor which makes you very proud. Organise a celebration and give praise. Should he be busy, don't sulk.	★ An unexpected change of direction, a new plan may prove rich in social opportunity. Turn on the charm, modulate your voice. There may be much at stake.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky colors for love, black, white. Gambling colors, black, white, purple Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck on the open road.	★ If a homemaker, find out why certain methods are sound. If in paid employment, learn more about the goods you sell or the interests of the firm for which you work.	★ Pushing a project along, fired with enthusiasm, you may be surprised to realise that you are influencing others. You may offer your home for a meeting-place.	★ Maybe you have recently met an attractive member of the opposite sex, either at school or in a spare-time class. Include him, or her, in a group for further study.	★ You've a tendency to see things a trifle out of proportion; social prospects romantically rosy, or the odds stacked against you. Your friends see you about as usual.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, three combined. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck on the financial side.	★ If you are asked to do something under the lap, the answer is, don't. There is danger of being associated with one or two people who are not what they appear to be.	★ If you are a self-helper, you can go a long way this week on very little cash and lots of elbow grease, but an amateur job can give out a professional appearance.	★ Storm warnings are flying. Keep your temper at all costs. The calm, cheerful person can weather any gale by using a sense of humor. Avoid emotional outbursts.	★ Take a good look at your personal relationships—friends, relatives, neighbors. Sort out the obstructive or prickly individuals and keep them at a distance.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck is social and romantic.	★ The social element may be mixed with business. If there is a staff club where you work, it will be unusually active. Otherwise, you finish an effort.	★ Perhaps you turn your home inside out to give pleasure to others. You know how to combine guests who will be happy together and impart a flavor of novelty.	★ Some of you may defend the absent boy or girl friend with blind loyalty. Criticisms, accusations should be made in the presence of the person concerned.	★ Bold planning opens the way to social accomplishment. Follow up any unusual opportunity for friendship or service to the community. You will find a new endeavor.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in grasping opportunity.	★ Picking up someone else's burden with almost no preparation is never easy, but with right goodwill on your part you can make a fine record under difficulties.	★ Why not give yourself and your surroundings fresh glamor? Whether it is fashion or decorating it brings a new note and is well worth striving for.	★ You and your best beloved engage on a joint project. This could be raising funds for the tennis club, acting in a play, or singing in a chorus, but it will be fun.	★ One of those efforts which calls for all you've got may result in a job well done, genuine satisfaction and pleasure in its accomplishment with recognition and reward.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck lies where you look.	★ This week brings an exciting challenge. You may be working against time to complete an important task, but you'll be active and love every minute of it.	★ Any small mix-ups can be smoothed over in the household. Don't fight for the sheer joy of having a battle or you may hurt one who is fond of you.	★ If you have met the one, come to an understanding this week. There will not be such favorable influences for another year. Otherwise, you meet him, or her, now.	★ The competitive spirit is fine as long as you don't antagonise friendly rivals. Remember that luck and skill are not always constant. Be a good loser.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, orange. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck from an unexpected quarter.	★ It would be pleasant enough to just drift along, but a revolution in a small way seems indicated, whether domestic or occupational, and you're the centre of it.	★ Perhaps you have a wish fulfilled or a domestic matter is settled as you had hoped it would be. Otherwise, you shed a minor worry or discover a lost article.	★ Plans for your future together with your best beloved should be rosy at present. Make dreams come true. Help from parents or older people may be a decisive factor.	★ Sentimental good intentions are little protection against involvements best avoided. Dragged into some undertaking which has slight appeal, you may be criticised.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck lies among strangers.	★ If you go on a shopping expedition, take samples and colors. Look around carefully before choosing, or you may see later something better suited to your purpose.	★ Talk may be inexpensive, but there are times when it is worth a mint of money. Some of your remarks may earn dividends, if backed with ambition.	★ There may be a conflict between love and duty. A hasty marriage when one, or both, have an education to complete is not fair, so think carefully.	★ Obtain expert advice or consult with experienced people before launching out into a new activity. This could save you worry and disappointment.

New Hope for every Man and Woman who Suffers the Crippling Pains and Tortures of

RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS

FIBROSITIS, SCIATICA OR LUMBAGO

NO RUBBING. NO MASSAGE. SAFE, SIMPLE, NATURAL. JUST A FEW DROPS IN WATER AS DIRECTED.
SENSATIONAL LANTIGEN "C" ORAL VACCINE TREATS ACHES AND PAINS THROUGH BLOODSTREAM ACTION.



World-wide reports tell of sore, stiff muscles and aching joints freed from pain and discomfort.

"I was bad with rheumatics in my hands, shoulders and legs. My feet were swollen three times their normal size. I had to shuffle round almost crying with the terrible pain. I have nearly finished my second bottle of Lantigen 'C' and can only say there is no swelling and not a pain or ache anywhere."

• • •

"I could not sleep from pain in my joints. *Before I finished the second bottle of Lantigen 'C,' I did not have a pain. That was two years ago and I have not had a recurrence since." Mr. C.C., Cowra, N.S.W.*



• • •

Aches and pains all gone. "I had rheumatism bad in my back about six years ago and was confined to my bed for weeks and could hardly move at times. After taking Lantigen 'C,' I was able to do all my work and all my aches and pains were gone."

• • •

(Original letters on our files.)

Science Approves Basis of Oral Vaccine Treatment

Dr. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal as follows: "In my experience, the oral antigens (oral vaccines) have been mostly employed in cases of catarrhal infections, **rheumatic conditions** and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

IF you are racked with the agony of germ-caused Rheumatism, Neuritis, Fibrositis, Sciatica or Lumbago, then you will want to know about the Lantigen "C" Oral Vaccine treatment. This treatment has given thousands like you wonderful relief from pain and then assisted to promote immunity against the rheumatic germs so that pain and stiffness in the muscles are kept away—sometimes for years on end.

What Causes Rheumatic Pain?

A leading authority on rheumatic disorders has written in a special text book, "We are convinced in every case of rheumatism and neuritis there is an infective factor." Germs release poisons in the system. These poisons cause inflammation to the tissues and nerves. Pain, swelling and stiffness result in various muscles and joints, depending on the area most affected by the poisons. Nervous irritability follows the poisoning of the nerve tissues and is often succeeded by digestive upsets, general ill-health and sleeplessness. You may get relief from drugs or rubs, but the infection continues and the toxins remain in the system until you are able to neutralise their effects.

Prepared by Skilled Bacteriologists

Lantigen "C" is prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical supervision for the sole purpose of combating the germs that have affected you and neutralising their poisons by stimulating the natural antibodies or antidotes in the system. ***No other treatment but a vaccine works in this way and no other vaccine is so convenient to take as Lantigen "C," of which you just take a few drops in water.***

Wonderful Two-Way Action

Lantigen "C" not only treats the disorder but in many cases promotes long-lasting immunity against its return. Ex-sufferers say no other treatment has given such safe, sure relief from pain and stiffness, as well as long-lasting freedom from it.

Economical!

No expensive injections. The cost of the recommended treatment is only a few pence per day.

You can take Lantigen "C" with Confidence!

Lantigen is safe, non-toxic, harmless to the heart and the other organs. Never habit-forming. Lantigen contains no drugs. You can buy Lantigen "C" at any chemist's without a prescription and simple instructions come with every bottle.

FREE BOOKLET about Lantigen. *Write to Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd., 103 York Street, Sydney.*

GO TO YOUR CHEMIST FOR Lantigen "C" THE ORAL VACCINE



that's taken like an ordinary medicine for Rheumatic Disorders of a germ-born origin.

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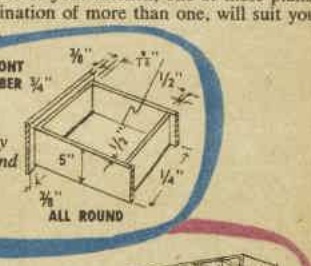
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The book that will solve all your built-in furniture problems



Contains plans for 8 kitchens
Masonite's book of built-in furniture shows you eight different ways to make a kitchen lovelier to look at, easier to work in. No matter what the shape or size of your kitchen, one of these plans, or a combination of more than one, will suit you admirably.





Complete details of every section are clearly shown and easy to follow.



. . . A built-in Wardrobe for the bedroom, with shelf areas, drawers and ample hanging space.



A modern, highly attractive Room Divider with shelf and cupboard space—room, too, for your radio and the TV set of the future.



Every woman's wish: a Powder Bar with a fold-up mirror top, a cupboard and plenty of drawers.



. . . A Combination Bed with built-in drawers and a modern head piece.

40 pages, over 250 detailed drawings

3/-

Mail this Coupon for your copy TODAY!

40 close-packed pages of details for home craftsmen

Every home and every housewife need built-in furniture — for appearance sake, to save precious space and for sheer *convenience*. With the aid of this new Masonite book your handyman can build-in furniture for you. It contains everything he'll need to know to do the job in a thoroughly professional fashion—using, of course, the famous Masonite Presdwoods to provide a fine, flawless finish. Make the first move yourself: send the coupon and three shillings for your copy of Masonite's "Built-in Furniture."

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Continuing . . . .

Sprig Muslin

from page 5

become. She betrayed nothing to Sheen, however, merely desiring him to tell Trotton, when he should see him, that she wished him to wait on her in Mount Street.

Nor would anyone have guessed, watching her as she sat chatting to Captain Kendal, that at least half her mind was occupied in turning over and over the problem of Sir Gareth's disappearance.

Captain Kendal was a rather stocky young man, with sandy hair and brows, a square, purposeful countenance, and a pair of very direct blue eyes. His varied career—for he had seen service in South America before joining Sir John Moore's expedition to Spain—had given him an assurance which made him appear older than his twenty-four years; and his manner, which, although perfectly unassuming, was very decided, indicated that he was accustomed to command.

His private fortune was small, but there seemed to be little doubt that he would succeed in his profession. Young as he was, when he had been wounded he had been Acting Brigade-Major. He was not very talkative, but this seemed to arise from a natural taciturnity rather than from shyness; and from having been with the Army abroad ever since he had left school, he had none of the social graces that characterise the young man of fashion.

He had not been acquainted with Major Ludlow, but in spite of this Beatrix liked him, and took pains to make him feel at home. The only fault she had to find with him was that his mind was cast in rather too serious a mould for her taste.

It was not easy to draw him out on his personal affairs, but he was ready enough to talk of military matters, or of any interesting things he had seen on his travels. Beatrix, inquiring about billeting arrangements in Spain, won far more from him than Warren, asking questions about his family, or his ambitions.

"It's several years since I had the pleasure of meeting your mother," said Warren. "I hope she's well?"

"Very well, thank you, sir," responded Captain Kendal.

"Does she still live in Northamptonshire?"

"Yes, sir."

"And—— Now, let me see! How many brothers is it that you have?"

"Only one, sir."

"Only one, eh? But you have several sisters, I fancy."

"I have three sisters, sir."

"Three, is it?" said Warren, persevering. "And your brother — he was married not so long ago, wasn't he?"

"Two years ago," said Captain Kendal.

"Is it as much as that? I remember seeing the notice of it. Well, well! I suppose he must have been a schoolboy when I saw him last. I used frequently to visit your father, you know, and was once pretty familiar with your part of the country. Lately, I don't know how it may be, but I have very seldom been in Northamptonshire. I daresay, however, that we have several acquaintances in common. The Birchingtons, for instance, and Sir Harry Bramber?"

Captain Kendal bowed.

"Yes, I was sure you must know them. Yes, and I'll tell you who is in town, who is quite a near neighbor of yours! Old Summercourt! But I daresay you knew that."

"I didn't know it, sir. I am, of course, acquainted with General Summercourt."

"Friend of my father's," said Warren. "I met him today at White's. Breaking up a trifle, I thought. Not like himself. But I only had a couple of words or so with him: he was in the devil of a hurry—only dropped into the club to see if there were any letters for him. Said he couldn't stay, because he must call at Bow Street. Seemed an odd start to me. Not getting to be a trifle queer in his attic, is he?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Captain Kendal, staring rather fixedly at him. "Bow Street, did you say?"

"Yes. I couldn't help wondering what took him there. He was looking a trifle haggard, too. Nothing wrong, is there?"

"To my knowledge, nothing whatsoever," replied Captain Kendal, a crease between his brows.

Warren began to talk of something else, but after a few minutes the Captain said abruptly: "I beg pardon, sir, but can you furnish me with General Summercourt's direction?"

"I didn't ask him where he was staying, but I fancy he usually puts up at Grillon's when he's in town," replied Warren, looking an inquiry.

The Captain colored slightly. "Thank you. If he is in some trouble—I am pretty well acquainted with him—it would be civil to call upon him!"

Nothing more was said on the subject, but Beatrix received the impression that the casual piece of information let fall by her husband had arrested Captain Kendal's attention more than anything else that had been said to him.

Not long after dinner, when the gentlemen had joined Beatrix in the drawing-room, the butler came in, and, after hesitating for a moment, went to where his master was sitting and bent to say, in an apologetic and lowered tone: "I beg your pardon, sir, but Sir Gareth's head groom is below. I said you was engaged, but he seems very anxious to speak to you."

The words were intended only for Mr. Wetherby's ears, but Beatrix's hearing was sharp and she heard them. She broke off in the middle of what she was saying to her guest and demanded: "Did you say Sir Gareth's head groom? I will come at once." She nodded to her husband and got up.

"I left a message in Berkeley Square that I wished Trotton to come here. Captain Kendal will excuse me, I am sure, if I run away for a few minutes."

"I beg pardon, ma'am, but it is the master Trotton has come to see," interposed the butler, catching Mr. Wetherby's eye, and exchanging with him a meaning look.

"Nonsense! It is I who want to see Trotton, not your master!" said Beatrix, not blind to this byplay.

"Stay where you are, my dear," said Warren, going to the door. "I'll find out what Trotton wants. There's no occasion for you to put yourself out."

She was vexed, but to engage in a dispute with him in the presence of a guest did not suit her notions of propriety. She resumed her seat and said, with rather a forced smile: "Pray forgive us! The thing is that I am in some anxiety about my brother, whose groom it is who has just come here."

"I am excessively sorry!" he said. "I collect he is ill? Would you like me to go away? You must be wishing me to the devil!"

"Indeed I am not! I beg you won't think of running away! My brother is not ill—at least, I don't think so."

She stopped and then said, with a little laugh: "It is very likely nothing at all, and I am refining too much upon the event. The fact is that my brother went into the country on a visit more than a fortnight ago and, although his servants were in the expectation of his returning four days later, he didn't return or send any word, so that I cannot help indulging a great many foolish fancies. But you were telling me about the fiestas in Madrid. Do continue! How pretty the candles set on all the window-sills must have looked! Were you quartered in the town, Captain Kendal?"

He answered her, and she led him on to describe such features of the Spanish scene as he had thought memorable, an expression on her face of absorbed interest, suitable comments rising mechanically to her lips, and her mind almost wholly divorced from anything he was saying.

The circumstance of Trotton's asking particularly to speak with Warren rather than with herself was not reassuring; chilling fear that some dreadful news was presently to be broken gently to her by her husband began to creep into her heart; and only her good breeding kept her from jumping up and following Warren.

He was gone for what seemed to her to be an ominously long time, and when he at last came back into the room he was wearing the expression of a man who did not wish his wife to suspect that anything was wrong. It was too much; she exclaimed: "What is it? Has some accident befallen Gary?"

"No, no; nothing of the sort! I'll tell you about it presently, but there's no need for you to worry your head over it."

"Where is Gary?" she demanded.

"Well, I can't tell you that, but you may depend upon it he's perfectly well and safe wherever he is. Trotton parted from him at Kimbolton, so I daresay he may have gone off to stay with Staplehurst."

"Kimbolton?" she repeated, astonished. "What in the world took him there, pray?"

"Oh, well, that's a long story, and of no interest to Kendal, my love!"

"If you'll allow me, sir, I'll take my leave," said the Captain. "Mrs. Wetherby must be very anxious to learn more. I would have gone before, only that she wouldn't suffer me to!"

"I should rather think not, and nor will I! Sit down, my boy!"

"Oh, yes, pray do!" Beatrix said. "Is Trotton still in the house, Warren?"

"Having a heavy wet in the pantry, I expect."

"Then, if Captain Kendal will excuse me, I will go down and speak to him myself!" she said. "I don't stand on ceremony with you, sir, but I am persuaded you will not care for that."

"I should rather think not, ma'am!"

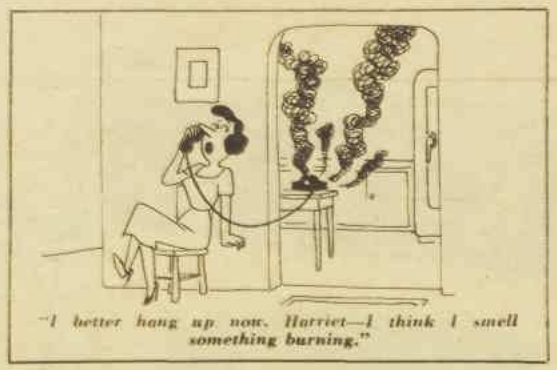
She smiled and hurried out of the room. The Captain looked at his host and said bluntly: "Bad news, sir?"

"No!" said Warren, with a chuckle. "But it ain't the sort of news to blab to his sister! The groom's a silly clunch, but he had that much sense! From what I can make out, my brother-in-law has picked up a very prime article, and has made off with her the Lord knows where! He's never been much in the petticoat-line, so his groom don't know what to make of it. Told me he was sure Ludlow had gone out of his mind!"

"Oh, I see!" said the Captain with a laugh. "No, that's not a story for Mrs. Wetherby, certainly!"

"Trust Trotton to turn her

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"I better hang up now, Harriet—I think I smell something burning."

DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET—USE KLEENEX

CLEO HAD NO KLEENEX

CLEOPATRA USED JUST ABOUT THE HEAVIEST MAKE-UP IN HISTORY. SHE'D HAVE GIVEN HER FAVOURITE PYRAMID FOR KLEENEX TISSUES. BLESSINGS ON ABSORBENT KLEENEX FOR TAKING OFF LIPSTICK, ROUGE, MASCARA SO GENTLY AND THOROUGHLY! KLEENEX SAVES TOWELS. SAVES MESSY COTTON-WOOL.

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KEEP KLEENEX IN THE GLOVE BOX TO WIPE GREASE OFF HANDS AFTER TINKERING WITH THE CAR. KLEENEX KEEPS WINDSHIELD CLEAR, AND STEERING WHEEL CLEAN, TOO.

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Continuing . . . .

Sprig Muslin

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up sweet!" said Warren confidently. "Catch him giving his master's secrets away! Devoted to him, you know; been with him since Gareth was a lad. The only wonder is he told me. Don't suppose he would have if my wife hadn't summoned him to come here. The silly fellow's in the deuce of a pucker: thinks his master's heading for trouble! Funny thing about these old servants: Never can be brought to believe one ain't still in short coats!"

"No, by Jupiter!" agreed the Captain. "Like my old nurse, who is persuaded I got hit because she wasn't there to tell me not to get in the way of the nasty guns!"

"Exactly so!" said Warren, laughing heartily. "I told Trotton I never knew a man more able to take care of himself than Ludlow, but I might as well have spared my breath. I shall have to discover what tale he's fobbed my wife off with, or I shall be bowled out."

But when Mrs. Wetherby came back into the room he soon found that this would be unnecessary. She was looking so amused that he was surprised into exclaiming: "What the deuce did Trotton tell you to set you off laughing?"

She threw him a saucy look. "The truth, of course! Did you think I couldn't get him to tell me the whole? How could you be so nonsensical as to suppose I should be shocked, as though I were a schoolroom miss? I was never more enchanted! When I had despaired of ever seeing the old Gary again, doing such daring things and being so gay and adventurous! How I wish I could have seen him snatching up this beautiful girl in his curricle and driving off with her! Of all the absurd starts! Depend upon it, he sent Trotton home because he was off to the Border with his Amanda! Did Trotton tell you that was her name? Isn't it pretty?"

"What?" ejaculated Captain Kendal.

She was surprised, for he had fairly shot the word at her, but before she could answer Warren intervened, saying in a displeased voice: "You are talking nonsense, my dear, and allowing your romantic notions to run away with you. The Border, indeed! You may be sure there is no question of that!"

"Oh, you are thinking of her trying to escape from him, and his chasing after her and finding her in a cow-byre, or some such thing!" she said, laughing. "My dear Warren, how can you be so green? No female in her senses would wish to escape from Gary, least of all a girl who was found in a common inn, entirely unattended!"

"You will be giving Kendal a very odd idea of your brother if you lead him to suppose that Gary would for a moment contemplate marriage with such a girl," Warren said repressively.

She was aware that her natural liveliness, exaggerated as it was by relief, had betrayed her into raillery that was beyond the line of being pleasing, and she colored.

"I was only funning, of course! It cannot be more than a—well, a charmingly romantic interlude! — but it will do Gary a great deal of good, so you must not expect me to pull down my mouth and preach propriety, if you please!"

After his one startled exclamation Captain Kendal had not again unclosed his lips. They were indeed tightly gripped together, in a way that suggested to his hostess that he was tiresomely prudish. There was a stern look in his face, and an expression in his eyes which quite startled her. He might disapprove of her vivacity, but why he should look murderous she was at a loss to understand.

She stared at him; he lowered his eyes; seemed to make an effort to suppress whatever emotion it was that had him in its clutch; and said curtly that it was time he took his leave. He would not stay for tea, but he said everything that was proper before shaking hands briefly with his hostess. Warren accompanied him to the front door.

"My wife, when she is in funning humor, talks a great deal of flummery," he said. "I need not ask you not to repeat her nonsense, I know."

"You need have no fear of that, sir!" said Captain Kendal emphatically. "Goodnight! And thank you for a—very pleasant evening!"

A bow, and he was gone. Warren went upstairs again to scold his wife for having shocked her guest, and to read her a homily on the evils of a long tongue, but he was himself a little puzzled by the Captain's behaviour.

Captain Kendal, meanwhile, hailed the first hackney he saw and bade the jarvey drive him to Grillon's Hotel. While this aged vehicle lumbered on its way to Albemarle Street, he sat rigidly upright, clenching and unclenching one fist, and frowning straight ahead. Arrived at Grillon's, he demanded General Summercourt in a voice grim enough to make the porter look rather narrowly at him.

The General was discovered seated at a desk in a small writing-room. There was no one else in the room. The General looked up, and when he saw who had come in his face hardened.

"You, eh? And just what do you want, young man?" he demanded.

"I want to know what took you to Bow Street today, sir!" the Captain replied.

"Oh, you do, do you?" snapped the General, exploding into the wrath of a much harassed man. "Then I will tell you, you infernal, encroaching jackanapes! Thanks to you, my granddaughter has been missing from her home for more than a fortnight. Read that!"

Captain Kendal almost snatched the sheet of writing-paper that was being thrust at him, and rapidly read the lines written in Amanda's childish hand. When he came to the end he looked up and said fiercely: "Thanks to me? Do you imagine, sir, that Amanda took this step with my knowledge? That I would permit her—— Why, if that is the opinion you hold of my character I do not wonder at your refusing your consent to our marriage!"

The General glared at him for a moment.

"No, I don't!" he said shortly. "If I had, I should have come to you and choked her whereabouts out of you! But if you hadn't come making up to her, putting ideas into her head, egging her on to defy me——"

"So far from egging her on to defy you, I have told her that I will not, while she is so young, marry her without your consent, sir! And she knows I mean what I say!"

"Yes! And this is the outcome! I am to be forced to consent! Well, you may be sure of this, Neil Kendal: I will not! Damme, I will not!"

"I collect, then, that you haven't put a notice in the 'Morning Post,' sir?"

"No! I have put the matter in the hands of the Runners. They have been searching for her now for a sennight!"

"And she has been missing above a fortnight!" the Captain flung at him. "Taking it mighty coolly, are you not, sir?"

"Confound your impudence! I made sure she was hiding in the woods! She did so once before, when she couldn't get her own way, the little puss!"

"Call off the Runners!" said the Captain. "I can tell you more than they appear to have discovered, and pretty hearing it is! Where Amanda is I don't know, but whom she is with I do know!"

"Neil, what do you mean?" demanded the General, turning pale. "Out with it!"

"She is with a fellow called Ludlow—Gareth Ludlow—who came upon her in a common inn—where I know not—and bore her off to Kimbolton. I have been dining tonight with Ludlow's sister, a Mrs. Wetherby, and what I heard in that house — I don't know how I contrived to hold my tongue still!"

"Ludlow?" the General said numbly. "Bore her off? My little Amanda? No, no; it

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ADAM AND EVE

● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

I WAS recently driving along a busy street during a heavy rain shower. Without the slightest warning the car in front of me came to an abrupt stop and I was forced to brake violently to avoid a collision.

Then the woman driver of the car in front wound down her window and, putting out her hand, gave the stop signal.

"A bit late, aren't you?" I asked.

"Sorry," she said, "but I suddenly saw Mother caught in the rain. And she's wearing her new hat!"

£2/2/- to Arthur Walker, 17 Durham St., Ballarat, Vic.

****

Address your entries "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

JUST LIKE A MAN

I HAD gone to a great deal of trouble over the weekend baking. "Cake, dear?" I asked my husband.

He looked, sniffed, and refused. "I don't like chocolate cake."

Two weeks later he had a birthday, and a well-meaning office friend baked a cake for the usual ceremonial office afternoon tea. The few slices that remained found their way home to me. I looked, sniffed, and then laughed. "Chocolate cake! What a joke!"

Instantly my husband bridled. "Joke nothing!" he said. "Best cake I've ever tasted."

£2/2/- to Mrs. L. Stevens, Jellicoe Ave., King's Park, S.A.

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However, many people have nothing seriously wrong with their hair, but wisely wish to keep it in perfect condition. For this purpose the Silvikrin Laboratories have developed — for the use of women as well as men — two special hairdressings, each containing a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin — the hair's natural food.

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INSERTED BY THE GLASS INDUSTRY OF AUSTRALIA
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 16, 1956

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isn't possible! Tell me the whole!"

He listened in silence to Captain Kendal's succinct recital, but it seemed as though he had hardly taken it in, for he sat looking blankly at the Captain, repeating uncomprehendingly: "Abducted her — trying to escape from him — found in a cow-byre?"

He managed to pull himself together, and said in a firmer voice: "It isn't possible! She's nothing but a child! Did you discover from the Wetherbys ——"

"Exactly what I have told you! They knew no more, and you may be sure I asked no questions! They suppose Amanda to belong to the muslin company. 'A very prime article' was the term used by Wetherby! Upon no account would I have said one word that might lead them to the truth!"

"It isn't possible!" the General said again. "A man of Ludlow's quality—in whatever case he met her he must have recognised at a glance that she was a child—a gently bred child, and as innocent—why the devil didn't he restore her to me? Or, if she wouldn't tell him what her name was, place her in the care of a respectable woman?"

"Yes, why?" said the Captain harshly. "That is a question he will answer to me before he is much older! What kind of a man is he?"

The General made a hopeless gesture.

"How should I know? I'm not acquainted with him. A man of fashion: he belongs to the Corinthian set. Handsome fellow, with a fine figure, rich enough to be able to buy an Abbey. He's not married—I fancy there was some sort of tragedy, years ago. I've never heard any ill of him; on the contrary, I believe him to be very well liked. But what's that to the purpose? If she has been all this time with him, he shall marry her! He has compromised her—my granddaughter!—and if he——"

"He marry her—! We'll see about that!" interrupted the Captain grimly. "Now, sir! The first thing you must do is to call off the Runners, so that we may get through this business with as little noise as possible. I'm off to Kimbolton in the morning, and if I can get no news of Ludlow there I'll try a cast or two. But something I must learn: he cannot have passed unnoticed in so small a place. If you like to leave it in my hands, very well! If you prefer to accompany me, better!"

"Accompany you, you insubordinate, insolent young dog?" exploded the General. "What right have you to meddle in my affairs? Don't think I'll consent to let you marry Amanda, for I won't! My granddaughter to throw herself away on a penniless cub in a Line regiment? Never! I am going to Kimbolton, and I desire neither your aid nor your company!"

"As you please!" shrugged Captain Kendal. "I shall be leaving at first light, and no doubt that would not suit you. I beg you will not neglect to send a letter to Bow Street. We shall meet in Kimbolton! Good-night!"

. . . . .

At very much the same time as these stirring events were taking place in London, Lord Widmore received letters from his two youngest sisters, and learned from them that with neither had Lady Hester sought shelter.

As he had by then argued himself into a belief that she could have gone nowhere else, the tidings came as a severe shock to him, and caused him to exclaim unguardedly: "Gertrude and Constance have not

Continuing . . . . Sprig Muslin

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seen Hester since we left London!"

Until that moment, Mr. Whyteleafe had been left in ignorance of the true state of affairs, Lord Widmore being very much more circumspect than his sire. But Mr. Whyteleafe was present when the letters were brought up from the receiving-office, and this involuntary outburst not only arrested his attention but caused



him to demand from his lordship an explanation.

He got the explanation from Lady Widmore. Her ladyship's disregard for appearances made her much inclined to treat the escapade as a very good joke, an attitude of mind which so much revolted her lord that it was with relief that he unburdened himself to the chaplain. Mr. Whyteleafe's reactions were all that they should have been. He changed color.

"Not at Lady Ennerdale's! Not with Mrs. Nutley, or Lady Cleeve! Sir, this is terrible!"

Lord Widmore, looking upon him with approval, decided to admit him into his confidence. As a result, he learned for the first time of the existence of Hildebrand Ross.

Until that moment no one had told him that the person supposedly sent by Lady Ennerdale to escort her sister on the journey had been other than a servant. He now discovered that Hester had gone away with an unknown young gentleman of undoubted gentility but suspicious aspect, and exclaimed: "She has eloped!"

But Mr. Whyteleafe did not think that Hester had eloped. Mr. Ross, although sufficiently depraved to utter unblushing lies to a man whose cloth should have commanded his respect, was scarcely of an age to contemplate marriage with a lady approaching her thirtieth year. Mr. Ross, he feared, was no more than a go-between.

Lady Widmore, laughing in a very vulgar way, asked who the deuce was there for Mr. Ross to go between, but she was not attended to. By rapid stages Mr. Ross became an infernal agent, employed either by a secret and obviously ineligible lover or by a daring kidnapper. Lady Widmore, declaring that she was in stitches, said that any kidnapper who thought to wring a groat out of a family that had not a feather to fly with must be so bottleheaded that even such a goosecap as Hester would be able to escape from his clutches.

In her opinion, Hester herself, more sly than any of them had suspected, had employed Mr. Ross to assist her to slip away from Brancaster without exciting surprise or opposition. She recommended her husband to subject his butler to a rigorous inquisition. If anyone knew what kind of an undergame Hester was engaged in, she said, he might lay his life that one was Cliffe, whose maudlin affection for Hester had often put her ladyship out of all patience.

Lady Widmore failed to elicit any information from Cliffe, but Mr. Whyteleafe was more successful. Cliffe, already anxious and more than a little doubtful of the wisdom of his having abetted Hester, crumbled under the powerful exhortations of the chaplain. He was brought to realise that his mistress' reputation, nay, even her life, perhaps, was at stake, and, weeping, he gave up the only piece of information he had.

He told Mr. Whyteleafe that he had recognised the postboy in charge of the chaise that had borne Lady Hester away as one of the lads employed at the Crown Inn at St. Ives.

From then onward Mr. Whyteleafe assumed command. In a manner calculated to convince the trembling butler that he had aided Lady Hester to commit an indiscretion which must plunge her entire family into a ruinous scandal, he laid a strict charge of silence upon Cliffe. Almost as impressively he pointed out to Lord Widmore that no whisper of the affair must be allowed to reach the ears of any but themselves.

Together he and his lordship would discover, at St. Ives, the destination of that post-chaise; together they would track down the fugitive. No coachman or postilion should go with them; they would set forth alone, and in the curricle which the Earl kept at Brancaster for his use when in Cambridgeshire.

"And I," added Mr. Whyteleafe, recollecting that Lord Widmore was a very indifferent whip, "will drive it!"

Meanwhile, in happy ignorance of the hostile forces converging upon him, Sir Gareth was making a recovery upon which his medical attendant never ceased to congratulate himself. It would be some time before his wound would cease to trouble him (a circumstance due, Lady Hester had no hesitation in asserting, to the shockingly rough and ready methods employed in the extraction of the bullet), and still longer before he could hope to regain his full strength; but the progress he made was steady; and it was not long before he was able to persuade his several nurses to let him leave his bed, and try what the beneficial effects of fresh air would do for him.

A small orchard lay behind the inn, and, as the weather continued to be sultry, one golden day succeeding the last, it was here that he spent his days, in an idyllic existence which not even the ill-humor of Mrs. Chicklade could mar.

That stern moralist had never been convinced of the respectability of the party she was called upon to serve; and when she saw the parlor chairs carried into the orchard, together with a table, and all the cushions the inn could yield, and further discovered that her misguided spouse had consented to carry meals out to the orchard, she knew that her worst suspicions had fallen short of the truth. A set of heathen gipsies, that's what Chicklade's precious ladies and gentlemen of quality were, and let no one dare tell her different!

But Chicklade said that he knew the Quality when he saw it, and while the dibs were in tune the visitors might eat their dinner on the roof, if that was their fancy. As for the morals of the party, it was not for him to criticise an out-and-outer who dropped his blunt as freely as did Sir Gareth.

So Mrs. Chicklade, appeased by the thought of the gold that was flowing into her husband's coffers, continued to cook three handsome meals a day for her disreputable guests, and startled her neighbors by appearing suddenly in a new and impressive bonnet and a gown of rich purple hue.

As for the disreputable

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guests; only Amanda was not entirely content to remain at Little Staughton. Sir Gareth had his own reasons for not wishing to bring his stay to an end; Lady Hester, tending him, sitting in comfortable companionship beside him under the laden fruit trees, valued as she had never been before, was putting on a new bloom; and Hildebrand, inspired by the rural solitude, had made a promising start to his tragic drama, and was not at all anxious to return to a more exacting world.

He had got his horse back, too, yielding at last to a command from his adopted uncle to stop being a gudgeon and to retrieve the noble animal without more ado. He still slept on a camp-bed set up in Sir Gareth's room; not because his services were any longer needed during the night watches, but because there were only two guest-chambers in the inn. Sir Gareth was thus kept fully abreast of the drama's progress, the day's literary output being read to him each night, and his criticisms and suggestions invited.

No qualms were suffered by Hildebrand. He blithely assured Sir Gareth that his parents, believing him to be on a walking tour of Wales, would not expect any letters from him; and, as for the friends he should have joined, they would think only that he had changed his plans or had been delayed and would doubtless overtake them.

"Well, wouldn't you like to?" Sir Gareth asked him. "You know, I am really very well able to manage for myself now, and I don't want you to feel yourself obliged to remain here on my account. Chicklade can do all I need."

"Chicklade?" said Hildebrand, revolted. "What, let him tie your cravats with his great clumsy hands? I should rather think not! Just as you have taught me how to tie a Waterfall, too! Besides, Aunt Hester and I have decided that when you are well enough to travel to London I am to go with you, to take care of you on the journey. What's more, if Amanda should take it into her head to run away again you cannot chase after her, Uncle Gary! And while I am in the vein I do think that it would be a pity to break the thread of my play. Should you object to it if I just read you the second scene again, now that I have rewritten it?"

So Hildebrand was allowed to remain, although Sir Gareth did not think that Amanda had any intention of running away. Amanda, for once, was at a stand. It had never occurred to her that her grandfather would fail to obey her directions, and how to bring added pressure to bear on him was a problem to which there seemed to be no solution.

Time was slipping by, and it might well be that already Neil was under orders to rejoin his brigade. She had not quite reached the stage of capitulation, and still exhaustively scanned the "Morning Post," which Mr. Vinehall obligingly sent to The Bull each day; but Sir Gareth was hopeful that by the time he was adjudged to be well enough to travel he would have little difficulty in persuading her to accompany him to London.

Nothing would prevail upon her to disclose her grandfather's identity, but she had begun to toy with a scheme whereby not her grandfather's hand but Neil's might be forced. Did not Uncle Gary think that if he believed her reputation to be lost, Neil would marry her out of hand?

"It seems most unlikely," he replied. "Why should he?"

She was sitting on the ground, a half-made cowslip ball in her hands, looking so absurdly youthful as she propounded her outrageous scheme that he was hard put to it to maintain his gravity.

"To save my good name," she said glibly.

"But he wouldn't be doing anything of the sort," he objected. "He would be giving you quite a different name."

"Yes, but if you lose your reputation you have to be married in a hurry," she argued. "I know that, because

Continuing . . . . Sprig Muslin

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when Theresa—when someone I know lost hers, which she did, though I am not perfectly sure how, someone else I know said to my aunt that there was nothing for it but to get her married immediately, to save her good name. Well, if you stay all alone with a gentleman you lose your reputation at once, so if I pretended Aunt Hester and Hildebrand weren't here, wouldn't Neil feel that it was his duty to marry me, whatever Grandpapa says?"

"No. He would be more



"We did have it in a smaller size, but they were sold to women with small feet."

likely to feel that I must marry you, and you wouldn't like that, you know."

"No, of course I shouldn't, but you could refuse to marry me, couldn't you? That would put Neil in a fix!"

"Yes, indeed!" agreed Hester with unruffled calm. "But I believe that he would think it his duty to challenge Uncle Gary to a duel, and, although Uncle Gary is much better, he isn't strong enough to fight a duel. You wouldn't wish him to overtax himself."

"No," Amanda said reluctantly. "Well, Hildebrand must be the one to do it. Hildebrand! Hildebrand!"

Hildebrand, lying on his stomach at some little distance from them, his fingers writhing among his disordered locks as he wrestled with literary composition, vouchsafed only an absent grunt.

"Hildebrand, would you be so obliging as to pretend to compromise me, and then refuse to marry me?" said Amanda cajolingly.

"No. Can't you see I'm busy? Ask Uncle Gary!" said Hildebrand.

This was not encouraging, nor, when he was brought to attend what was being said to him, did he return any more satisfactory answer. He recommended her not to be silly, and added that she didn't know what she was talking about.

"I think you are uncivil and disobliging!" said Amanda roundly.

"Oh, no, I'm sure he doesn't mean to be!" said Hester, looking round for her scissors. "I expect—oh, there they are! However did they come to get over there? I expect he did not quite understand. Really, Hildebrand, you will only have to refuse to marry Amanda, and surely that is not much to ask?"

"Oh, I don't mind doing that," he said, grinning.

"You are an unprincipled woman, Hester," Sir Gareth told her at the earliest opportunity.

"Yes, I think I am," she agreed reflectively.

"There can be no doubt of it. Are you really proposing to allow Amanda to regale her Brigade-Major with this abominable story she has concocted?"

"But I can see no harm in that, Gareth!" she said, vaguely surprised. "It will make her wish to go to London, besides giving her something to do in planning it all, which she needs, you know, because since the calf at the farm was sent off to the market it is really very dull for her here. And the Brigade-Major cannot possibly be foolish enough to believe the story. Anyone must see that she hasn't the least notion of what it means to be compromised."

"And, having said that, do you still maintain that she should be permitted to marry the fellow?" he asked.

"It depends on what he is like," she replied thoughtfully. "I should wish to see him before I made up my mind."

Her wish was granted on the following afternoon. Sir Gareth, half asleep under a big apple tree, with Joseph wholly asleep on his knee, became drowsily aware of a menacing presence and opened his eyes. They fell upon a sandy haired, stockily built young gentleman who was standing a few feet away, grimly surveying him. Contempt and wrath flamed in his blue eyes as they took in the splendor of the frogged dressing-gown, which, since his coats fitted him far too well to be eased on over his heavily bandaged shoulder, Sir Gareth was obliged to wear.

Interested, and mildly surprised, Sir Gareth sought his quizzing-glass, and through it inspected his unknown visitor.

Captain Kendal drew an audible breath and pronounced in a voice of awful and resolute civility: "Am I correct, sir, in thinking that I address Sir Gareth Ludlow?"

"Sir," responded Sir Gareth gravely, but with a twitching lip, "you are!"

Captain Kendal appeared to struggle with himself. His fists clenched and his teeth ground together; he drew another painful breath, and said in measured accents: "I am sorry, sir—extremely sorry! — to see that you have your arm in a sling!"

"Your solicitude, sir," said Sir Gareth, entering into the spirit of this, "moves me deeply! To own the truth, I am sorry to see it there myself."

"Because," said Captain Kendal, through his shut teeth, "your disabled condition renders it impossible for me to deal with you as you deserve! My heartfelt wish is that you may recover the use of your arm before I am obliged to leave England!"

"Well!" exclaimed Sir Gareth, enlightenment dawning on him. He lifted his quizzing-glass again. "Do you know, I had quite a different picture in my mind? I wish you will tell me what your name is!"

"That, sir, you will know in good time. You will allow me to tell you that what I learned at Kimbolton brought me here with two overmastering desires: the first to bring you to book, and the second to shake the hand of the boy who tried to rescue from your clutches a girl whose youth and innocence must have protected her from any but an unprincipled villain!"

"Well, I am afraid you can't realise the first of these very proper ambitions," said Sir Gareth apologetically, "but there's nothing easier to accomplish than the second." He sat up, and looked round, disturbing Joseph, who stood up, sneezed, and sprang off his knee. "When I last saw him he was in the throes of dramatic composition, over there. Yes, there he is, but not, I perceive, still wrestling with his Muse."

"What?" said Captain Kendal, taken aback. "Are you trying to hoax me, sir?"

"Not at all! Wake up, Hildebrand. We have a visitor!"

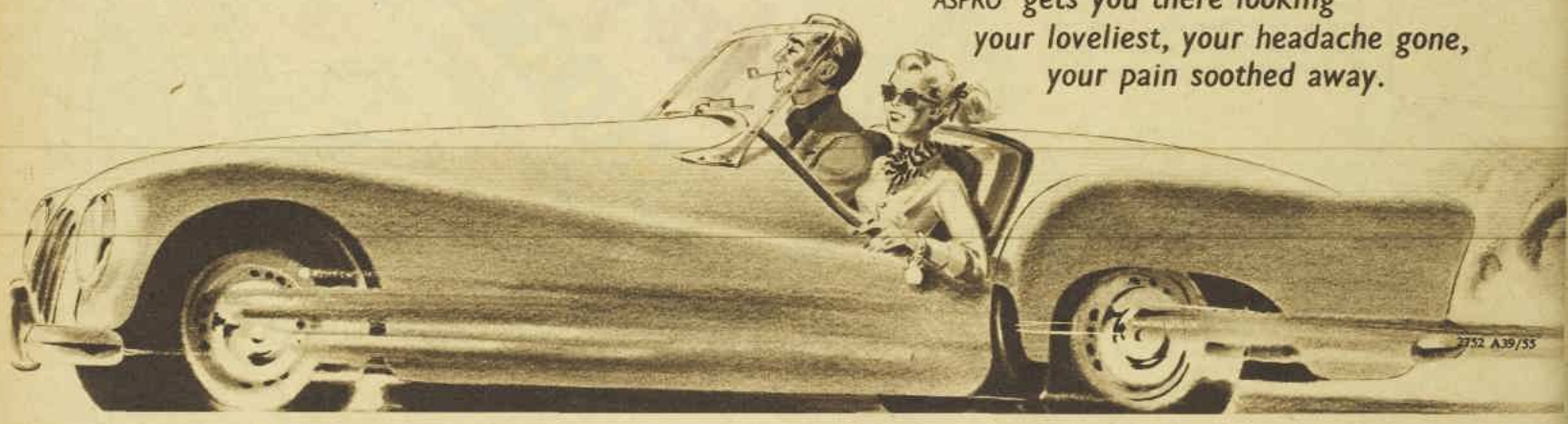
"Do you imagine," demanded the captain, "that I am the man to be taken-in by your shams?"

"I am sure you are not," replied Sir Gareth soothingly.

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LOVELY LILIUMS GIVE COLOR AND FRAGRANCE

● Hybrid liliums give you fragrant flowers in gorgeous colors. They are good for cutting and indoor decoration and their assorted heights make them valuable for landscape gardening.

GARDENING

NEW colors and forms of enchanting beauty have been produced recently in strong strains that are disease-resistant.

Experts in Canada, the United States, England, and Australia have, in the past decade, produced hybrids including Mid-Century, Aurelians, Golden-Chalice, Havemeyers, Parkmanii, and Stenographer.

Prominent among these lovely flowers is Jillian Wallace, obtained when a Victorian gardener crossed lilium speciosum and auratum. This lovely lily has flowers 8 to 10in across.

Many of these beauties as well as Enchantment (a new Van De Graaff hybrid) have been introduced into Australia in the last year or so and, when sufficient bulbs have been raised, will be released to gardeners who specialise in lilium culture.

June-July is usually the time when lilium bulbs are planted out in the open. Many of them require semi-shady positions and moist, rather acid soil, but they can be grown in pots or tins to perfection

The pictures on this page were taken at the home of Mr. Clifford Smith, Winston Avenue, North Earlwood, N.S.W., who is a leading *lilium* expert.

Mr. Smith's neat garden, bush-houses, and glass-houses are packed with over 400 hybrid liliums, all grown in drums and large tins, lined with stringybark.



L. CANADENSE, the Canadian Meadow Lily, bears up to 20 blooms on a 4ft. to 5ft. stem.

His collection includes Jillian Wallace, Auratum Crimson Queen, Auratum Virginale, Auratum Rubrovitt, Auratum pictum, and Auratums platyphyllum, Pauline Tuffery, and rubrum, most of which have won championships when shown.

A recent visit to his garden showed that he uses gardenias, mostly tall-growing types, for cover when the liliums, which thrive in company, are small.

He raises liliums in drums and tins under thin cover.

The roof of his bush-house is about 10ft. high, is wire-netted, strung with palm fronds and stems of tea-tree, and affords just sufficient cover to break the fierce rays of the summer sun.

His plants are strong and vigorous and show no virus or other disease. He attributes this largely to the aeration afforded by the thick slabs of stringybark with which he lines his pots and tins, and to the acid nature of the bush scrapings, sand, and coke he uses for compost.

This mixture consists roughly of one-third fine coke, one-third virgin soil, and one-third bush scrapings, with just enough sand to keep it open and friable. This is supplemented at times by careful additions of blood and bone, grow-plus, superphosphate, potash, and sulphate of ammonia, with 11 trace elements.

Although he raises a considerable quantity of lilium seedlings every year, he also raises thousands of scales (sections of bulbs) in glass jars in a mixture of moist sphagnum moss, peat, and sand. The jars are covered over with sheets of thin plastic, which admit enough air to permit the scales to root.

Mr. Smith started lilium-raising about seven years ago with no previous experience, importing his first bulbs and seeds from New Zealand.

To those who buy lilium seeds, he says "be patient," for most of them take about a year to germinate and some of them take two years before they peep through the earth.

Mr. Smith repots his lilium bulbs every second year and grows only one big bulb in each drum or tin. He says not to dig green bulbs, but to let them ripen thoroughly before disturbing them. He finds few pests other than aphis attack liliums, but agrees that nicotine sulphate and dilute D.D.T. are quick controls for this pest.



L. AURATUM "Crimson Queen" is a parent of Australia's own hybrid "Jillian Wallace."



L. CROESUS, new hybrid lilium, was raised in Oregon, U.S.A. The blooms are clear yellow, four inches wide.



L. AMABILE, or red lilium (shown at right), and L. Amabile Luteum, yellow lilium, are from Korea.



L. BURBANKII, top and bottom blooms, and L. Pardalinum Giganteum, centre, are California hybrids.



L. MARILYN ROSS, one of the upright lilium varieties, is raised in New Zealand, but is originally from Asia.

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Good Reward

People lose money every day—in one month there were 47 advertisements in one morning daily newspaper offering rewards for the return of money lost in wallets, purses, and hand-bags. The amounts lost varied from "a large sum" and "five-pound notes" to "four weeks' holiday-pay", and the rewards offered ranged from "good" to "generous".

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Midwinter Publicity Dept. A.W.W.2., Pottery Agencies Ltd., 187 Queen St., Melbourne C.1, Victoria.

Continuing . . . .

Sprig Muslin

from page 54

"You do seem to leap a little hurriedly to conclusions—but then I don't yet know precisely what it was you learned at Kimbolton."

"Why," the Captain shot at him, "did the chambermaid find your ward's door locked? Why did your ward think it necessary to lock her door?"

"She didn't. I locked the door, so that she shouldn't escape a second time. Yes, come over here, Hildebrand. Our visitor wishes to shake you by the hand. Let me present Mr. Ross to you, sir. This, Hildebrand, unless I much mistake the matter, is the Brigade-Major."

"What, Amanda's Brigade-Major?" exclaimed Hildebrand. "Well, of all things! However did you find us out, sir?"

"Have I strayed into a madhouse?" thundered the Captain. "Where is Amanda?"

"Well, I don't know," said Hildebrand, looking startled. "I daresay she has gone down the road to the farm, though. Shall I go and see if I can find her? Oh, I say, sir, I wish you will tell me!—will she be obliged to wring chickens' necks if she goes to Spain?"

"Wring—No!" said the Captain, thrown by this time quite off balance.

"I knew it was all nonsense!" said Hildebrand triumphantly. "I told her it was, but she always thinks she knows everything!"

"Neil!"

The Captain spun round. Amanda had just entered the orchard, bearing a glass of milk and a plate of fruit on a small tray. As the shriek broke from her she dropped the tray and came flying across the grass, to hurl herself on to the Captain's broad chest.

"Neil! Neil!" she cried, both arms flung round his neck. "Oh, Neil, have you come to rescue me? Oh, how splendid! I didn't know what to do, and I was almost in despair, but now everything will be right!"

The Captain, holding her in a crushing hug, said thickly: "Yes, everything! I'll see to that!" He disengaged himself and held her off, his hands gripping her shoulders. "Amanda, what has happened to you? The truth, now, and no playing off any tricks!"

"Oh, you wouldn't believe the adventures I have had!" she said earnestly. "First there was a horrid woman, who wouldn't have me for a governess, and then there was Sir Gareth Ludlow, who abducted me, and next there was Mr. Theale, who said he would rescue me from Sir Gareth, only he was so odious that I was obliged to escape from him, and after that there was Joe, who was most kind and gave me my dear little kitten."

Her tone became a trifle regretful. "I wanted to stay with Joe, though his mother didn't seem to wish me to, but Sir Gareth found me and told the most shocking untruths, which the Ninfields believed, and went on abducting me, and locking me in my room, and behaving in the most abominable way, in spite of my begging him to let me go, so that, though I truthfully never meant Hildebrand to shoot him, it quite served him right—— Oh, Neil, this is Sir Gareth! Uncle Gary, this is Neil! And that's Hildebrand Ross, Neil. Oh, Uncle Gary, I am excessively sorry, but I threw your glass of milk away! Hildebrand, would you be so obliging as to fetch another one?"

"Yes, very well; but you needn't think I'm going to let you stand there telling bouncers about Uncle Gary!" said Hildebrand indignantly. "He did not abduct you, and, as for telling lies about you—well, yes, but you told much worse ones about him! Why, you told me he was forcing you to marry him because you were a great heiress!"

"Yes, but I had to do that, or you wouldn't have helped me to escape from him!"

The Captain, a trifle stunned, released his betrothed and turned to Sir Gareth.

"I don't understand yet what happened, sir, but I believe I have been doing you an injustice. If that's so, I beg your pardon! But why you should not have restored Amanda immediately to General Summercourt, or at the very least have written to inform him——"

"He couldn't!" said Amanda proudly. "He spoiled all my plan of campaign and he carried me off by force, but he couldn't make me tell him who I was, or Grandpa, or you, Neil! I did think he would win even over that, because he meant to carry me off to his sister, in London, and discover your name at the Horse Guards, only he wasn't able to, because, by the greatest stroke of good fortune, we met Hildebrand, and Hildebrand shot him — though that wasn't what he meant to do, of course."

"There is a great deal about this business I don't understand, but one thing at least is plain!" said the Captain, sternly eyeing his beloved. "You have been behaving very badly, Amanda!"

"Yes, but I had to, Neil!" she pleaded, hanging her head. "I was afraid you would be a little vexed, but——"

"You knew that I should be very angry, indeed! Don't think you can cajole me, my girl! You may reserve that for your grandfather! He will be here at any moment now, let me tell you, for he was following me from London, and I left a message for him at Kimbolton. Do you know that he has had to call in the Bow Street Runners to find you?"

> **Most of our suspicions of others are aroused by what we know of ourselves.**
>
> — *Anon.*

"No!" cried Amanda, reviving as if by magic. "Uncle Gary, did you hear that? The Runners are after me!"

"I did, and it confirms my worst fears," said Sir Gareth. "What a pity, though, that you have only just learnt that you are being hunted! You could have made up an even more splendid story if only you had thought of it."

"Yes, I could," she said regretfully. "Still, it would have been much better if Grandpa had done what I told him to."

"No, it would not!" said the Captain forcefully. "And, if you imagine, Amanda, that I would have married you had the General been weak enough to have yielded to such a disgraceful trick, you much mistake the matter!"

"Neil!" she cried, her eyes flying to his face and widening in dismay. "Don't—don't you wish to marry me?"

"That," said the Captain, "is another matter! Now, you come into the house and make a clean breast of the whole, without any more excuses or any of your make-believe nonsense."

"I wouldn't! You know I wouldn't!" Amanda stammered, flushing. "Not to you, Neil! You know I wouldn't!"

"It will be as well for you if you don't," said the Captain, inexorably marching her off.

Hildebrand, watching with dropped jaw, turned his eyes towards Sir Gareth.

"Well!" he gasped. "She—she went with him as meek as a nun's hen! Amanda!"

It was some time before Captain Kendal emerged again from the house, and when at last he came striding through the orchard he was alone. Lady Hester, who had been sitting with Sir Gareth for some little while, blinked at him and said: "Good gracious, Gareth, how very odd of Amanda! I quite thought he would be a heroic-looking young man, did not you?"

Captain Kendal, reaching them, bowed slightly to Hester, but addressed himself to Sir Gareth.

"I hope you will accept my apologies, sir. I don't know how to thank you enough. I got the whole story out of her, and you may be sure I've given her a rare dressing. You must have had the devil of a time with her!"

"Nonsense!" Sir Gareth said, holding out his hand.

The Captain gripped it painfully.

"You didn't handle her right, you know," he said. "She's as good as gold if you don't give her her head. The mischief is that the General and Miss Summercourt have spoilt her to death, and, as though that wasn't enough, she's been allowed to stuff her head with a lot of trashy novels. I can tell you, it fairly made my hair stand on end when I heard the stories she's been making up! But the thing is that she hasn't a ghost of a notion what they really mean. I daresay you know that. I hope you do!"

"Of course I know it! My favorite is the one about the amorous widower—though I must own that the latest gem, in which Hildebrand is to play the leading role, has rare charm. Now you must let me introduce you to my natural sister, Lady Hester Theale!"

The Captain shook hands with Hester, saying seriously: "I am excessively sorry, ma'am, and I beg you will forgive her! I was never more shocked! I shall break her of these tricks, you may be sure, but in some ways she's no more than a baby, which makes it devilish hard to explain to her why she mustn't make up farradiddles about being compromised, and the rest of it."

Lady Hester cast a look of mild triumph at Sir Gareth.

"I told you it would depend on what he was like," she said, "and I could see you didn't believe me, only you perceive now that I was right! Captain Kendal, don't listen to anything that anybody may say to you, but just marry Amanda and take her to Spain with you. It would be too bad if you did not, because she has been to a great deal of trouble over it, besides learning to wring chickens' necks, and being exactly the sort of wife you ought to have, if you should happen to be wounded again."

"Well, I don't want her to wring chickens' necks — in fact, I won't have her doing such things! — and I'd as lief not have her by, if I were to be hit again — though I'm glad she'd the sense to stop you bleeding to death, sir!—but, by Jupiter, ma'am, if you think that's what I should do, I will do it!" said the Captain, once more shaking her by the hand.

"I'm very much obliged to you," he added. "It isn't that I don't know she'd do much better with me than with her grandfather, but she is very young, and I don't want to take advantage of her. However, if you think it right, the General may go hang! Hallo! That sounds like his voice! Ay, here he comes—but who the devil has he got with him?"

Lady Hester, gazing in a petrified way at the three figures advancing towards her, said faintly: "Widmore and Mr. Whyteleafe! Just when we were so comfortable!"

It was immediately apparent that, although the three gentlemen bearing down upon the group under the apple tree had arrived together at the Bull, this had not been through any choice of theirs. All were looking heated, and Lord Widmore was glaring so hard at Summercourt that it was not until Mr. Whyteleafe ejaculated: "Sir Gareth Ludlow! Here — and with Lady Hester?" that he became aware of the identity of the figure in the brocade dressing-gown.

Since not even his wildest imaginings had pictured Hester in Sir Gareth's company, he was so dumbfounded that he could only goggle at him. This gave the General an opportunity to step into the lead, and he was quick to pounce on it. Brushing past his lordship and annihilating Mr. Whyteleafe with the stare which had in earlier days turned the bones of his subordinates to water, he strode up to Sir Gareth's chair.

"You will be good enough, sir," he said, in a sort of bark, "to grant me the favor of a private interview with you! When I tell you that my name is Summercourt—yes, Summercourt, sir!—I rather fancy that you will not think it marvellous that I have come all the way from London for the express purpose of seeking you out! I do not know—nor, I may add, do I wish to know—who these persons may be," he said, casting an eye of loathing over Lord Widmore and the chaplain, "but I might have supposed that upon my informing them that I had urgent business here, common civility would have prompted them to postpone whatever may be their errand to you until my business was despatched! Let me say that these modern manners do not commend themselves to me — though I should have known how it would be from a couple of cowhand whipsters as little able to control a worn-out donkey as a pair of carriage-horses!"

Lord Widmore, whose fretful nerves had by no means recovered from the shock of finding his curricle involved at the crossroad in a very minor collision with a post-chaise and four, began at once to prove to the General that no blame attached to his chaplain. As irritation always rendered him shrill, and the General's voice retained much of its fine carrying quality, the ensuing altercation became noisy enough to cause Lady Hester to stiffen imperceptibly, and to lay one hand on the arm of Sir Gareth's chair, as though for support.

He was aware of her sudden tension and covered her hand with his own, closing his fingers reassuringly round her wrist. "Don't be afraid! This is all sound and fury," he said quietly. "I must own, however, that I find this encounter excessively diverting. Kendal, do you care to wager any blunt on which of my engaging visitors first has private speech with me?"

The Captain, who had been to catch these words, grinned and said: "Oh, old Summercourt will bluster himself out, never fear! But who is the other fellow?"

"Lady Hester's brother," replied Sir Gareth.

Hester murmured: "Isn't it

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odd that they should forget everything else and quarrel about such a trifle?" She seemed to become aware of the clasp on her wrist and tried to draw her hand away. The clasp tightened, and she abandoned the attempt, coloring faintly.

Mr. Whyteleafe, who had been staring at Hester with an expression on his face clearly indicative of the feelings of shock, dismay, and horror which had assailed him on seeing her thus, living, apparently, with her rejected suitor in a discreetly secluded spot, now took a step forward.

"Unhand her ladyship, sir!" he demanded sternly.

Hester blinked at him in surprise. Sir Gareth said, quite amiably: "Go to the devil!"

The chaplain's words, which had been spoken in a sharpened voice, recalled the heated disputants to matters of more moment than a grazed panel. The quarrel ceased abruptly, and the General, turning to glare at Sir Gareth, seemed suddenly to become aware of the lady standing beside his chair. His brows twitched together in a quelling frown.

"Who is this lady?" he demanded.

"Never mind that!" said Lord Widmore, directing at Sir Gareth a look of mingled prohibition and entreaty.

Sir Gareth met it blandly and turned his head towards the General. "This lady, sir, is the Lady Hester Theale. She has the extreme misfortune to be Lord Widmore's sister."

His lordship's angry but incoherent protest was overborne by the General's more powerful voice.

"Have I been led here on a fool's errand?" he thundered. He rounded on Captain Kendal. "You young jackass, I told you to keep out of my affairs! I might have known you would lead me on a wild goose chase!"

Captain Kendal, quite undismayed by this ferocious attack, replied: "Yes, sir, in a way that's what I have done. But all's right, as I will explain to you, if you care to come into the house for a few minutes."

A look of relief shot into the General's eyes; in a far milder tone he asked: "Neil, where is she?"

"Here, sir. I sent her upstairs to wash her face," said the Captain."

"Here? With this — this — And you tell me all's right?"

"I do, sir. You are very much obliged to Sir Gareth, as I shall show you!"

Before the General could reply an interruption occurred. Amanda and Hildebrand, attracted by the sounds of the late altercation, had come out of the house and had paused, surprised to find so many persons gathered around Sir Gareth. Amanda had washed away her tear stains, but she was looking unwontedly subdued. Hildebrand was carefully carrying a brimming glass of milk.

The General saw his granddaughter and abandoned the rest of the company, going towards her with his hands held out. "Amanda, my pet! How could you do such a thing?"

She flew into his arms, crying that she was sorry and would never, never do it again. The Captain, observing with satisfaction that his stern instructions were being obeyed, transferred his dispassionate gaze to the chaplain, who, upon recognising Hildebrand, had flung out his arm, pointing a finger of doom at that astonished young gentleman.

"That," he ejaculated, "is the rascal who lured Lady Hester to this place, my lord! Unhappy boy, you are found out! Do not seek to excuse yourself with lies, for they will not serve you!"

Hildebrand, who had been gazing at him with his mouth at half-cock, looked for guidance towards Sir Gareth, but before Sir Gareth could speak Mr. Whyteleafe warned him that it was useless to try to shelter behind his employer.

"Oh, Hildebrand, is that Uncle Gary's milk?" said Hester. "What a good, remembering boy you are! But I quite thought I had given the glass to Amanda, which just shows what a dreadful memory I have!"

"Oh, you did, but she threw it away!" replied Hildebrand. "Here you are, Sir; I'm sorry I have been such an age, but it went out of my head."

"The only fault I have to find is that it ever entered your head," said Sir Gareth. "Is this a moment for glasses of milk? Take it away!"

"No, pray don't! Gareth, Dr. Chantry said that you were to drink a great deal of milk, and I won't have you throw it away merely because all these absurd people are teasing you!" said Hester, taking the glass from Hildebrand. "And Sir Gareth is not Mr. Ross' employer!" she informed the chaplain.

"Lady Hester, I am appalled! What arts — I shall not say threats — have been used to compel your apparent complaisance today I may perhaps guess! But let me assure you —"

"That will do!" interrupted Sir Gareth, with an edge to his voice.

"Yes, but this is nothing but humdudgeon!" said Hildebrand. "I didn't lure her! I just brought her here because Uncle Gary—Sir Gareth, I mean—needed her! She came to look after him, and we pretended she was his sister, so you may stop looking censoriously, which, though I don't mean to be uncivil to a clergyman, is a great piece of impertinence! And, as for threatening her, I should just like to see anyone try it, that's all!"

"Oh, Hildebrand!" sighed Hester, overcome. "How very kind you are!"

"Good boy!" Sir Gareth said approvingly, handing him the empty glass. "Widmore, if you can contrive to come out of a state of what would appear to be catalepsy, assemble the few wits God gave you, and attend to me. I trust I may be able to allay your brotherly anxiety!"

Lord Widmore, who, from the moment of Amanda's arrival on the scene, had been standing in a spellbound condition, gave a start and stammered: "How is this? Upon my soul! I do not know what to think! This goes beyond all bounds! That is the girl you had the effrontery to bring to Brancaster! So it was to take her to those relations of hers at Oundle, was it, that you went chasing after my uncle? Not that I believed it! I hope I am not such a gull!"

"That girl, sir," said Captain Kendal, dropping a restraining hand on Sir Gareth's shoulder and keeping his penetrating eyes on Lord Widmore's face, "is Miss Summercourt. She is shortly to become my wife, so if you have any further observations to make on this head, you may address them to me!"

"Widmore, do try not to be so silly!" begged Hester. "I can't think how you can have so little commonsense! It is quite true that I came here to nurse Gareth, for he had had a very serious accident, and nearly died; but also I came to be a chaperon for Amanda—not that there was the least need of such a thing, when she was in Gareth's charge, but, although I have not a great deal of sense myself, I do know that persons like you would think so. And I must say, Widmore, that it is very lowering to be so closely related to anyone with such a dreadfully commonplace mind as you have."

He was so much taken aback by this unprecedented assault that he could find nothing to say. Amanda, who had poured the tale of her odyssey into her grandsire's ears, seized the opportunity to address him.

"Oh, Lord Widmore, pray excuse me for having been so uncivil as to run away with your uncle without taking leave of you and Lady Widmore and Lord Brancaster, or

To page 59

Sprig Muslin

Continuing . . . from page 56

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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saying thank you for a very pleasant visit! And, please, Uncle Gary, forgive me for having been troublesome, and uncivil, and telling people you were abducting me, which Neil says you didn't, though I must say it is abducting when you force people to go with you. However, I am truly grateful to you for having been so kind, and letting me have Joseph. And Aunt Hester, too. And now I have begged everybody's pardon, except Hildebrand's," she continued, without the smallest pause, "so, please, Neil, don't be vexed with me any more!"

"That's a good girl!" said her betrothed, putting his arm round her and giving her a slight hug.

"Amanda!" said the General sharply, as she rubbed her cheek against Captain Kendal's arm. "*Come* here, child!"

The Captain released her, and her grandfather bade her run away and pack her boxes. She looked mutinous, but Captain Kendal endorsed the command, upon which she sighed, and went with lagging steps into the house.

"Now, sir!" said the General, turning to Sir Gareth. "I am satisfied that you have behaved like a man of honor to my granddaughter, and I will add that I am grateful to you for your care of her. But, although I do not say that you are to blame for it, this has been a bad business—a very bad business! Should it become known that my granddaughter has been for nearly three weeks living under your protection, as I cannot doubt it will, since so many persons are aware of this circumstance, the damage to her reputation would be such as to——"

"Dear me, didn't she tell you that I have been here all the time?" inquired Lady Hester.

"Ma'am," said the General, "you were not with *her* at Kimbolton!"

"I beg pardon, sir," put in Hildebrand diffidently, "but nobody saw her but me, except the servants, of course, and they didn't think anything but that she was Uncle Gary's ward. Well, I thought she was, too!"

"What you thought, young man," said the General crushingly, "is of no value! Be good enough not to interrupt me again! Ludlow, I am persuaded that I shall not find it necessary to urge you to adopt the only course open to a man of honor! You know the world: it has been impossible to keep my granddaughter's disappearance from her home a secret from my neighbors. I am not so simple as to suppose that conjecture is not rife among them! Or, let me add, that your zeal in pursuing her sprang merely from altruistic motives! She is young, and I do not deny that she has some foolish fancies in her head, but I don't doubt that a man of your address would very speedily succeed in engaging her affections."

"Believe me, sir, you flatter me!" said Sir Gareth dryly.

"Ludlow, am I to demand that you do the only thing that lies in your power to protect my granddaughter's reputation?"

"I begin to see that in blaming the circulating libraries for the extremely lurid nature of Amanda's imagination I have been unjust," remarked Sir Gareth. "You will permit me to tell you, sir, that you are being absurd."

"Not absurd!" struck in Captain Kendal. "Ambitious!"

Lord Widmore, who had been standing wrapped in hurried and constructive thought, suddenly made his presence felt.

"Quite absurd! Laughable, indeed! Miss Summercourt—pooh, a schoolgirl! I venture to say that her youth is protection enough! You may be easy, General; I give you leave to inform your acquaintance that she has been visiting Lady Widmore at Brancaster, should you think it necessary to put out some story to satisfy the curiosity of the vulgar. But my unfortunate sister's predicament is a different matter!" His voice took on a deeply dramatic note.

"She is not a child!" he continued. "I do not say that the blame for her having been mad enough to come here is to be laid at your door, Ludlow, but I must deem you grossly to blame for her continued presence here! I would not have believed that you could have been so careless of her reputation had I not been aware of what passed between you at Brancaster. I cannot do other than censure the means you have thought proper to employ to induce my sister to give you another answer than the one you received from her not so long since, but no other course is open to me than to tell her that she has no choice but to become your wife!"

"Kendal," said Sir Gareth, "be so good to act as my deputy and kick Widmore out! Try if you can find a *midden*."

Continuing . . . Sprig Muslin

from page 57

damaged anyone's reputation. It would be hard to imagine how I could have done so during the time I have been in this inn, and, as for the one night at Kimbolton, your granddaughter, General, passed as my ward, as Hildebrand has already told you.

"Let me add," he continued, "that in no other light have I at any time during my acquaintance with her regarded her. So far from having, as you seem to think, any infatuation for her, I can think of few worse fates than to be married to a girl who is not only young enough to be my daughter, but who has what I suspect to be an ineradicable habit of flinging herself into the arms of the military. I suggest, if you feel her fair name to have been smirched in the eyes of your neighbors, that you lose no time in getting her out of the country. No doubt Captain Kendal will be happy to assist you in achieving this object!"

"Thank you! I will!" said the Captain briskly.

"Nothing will induce me—" began the General.

"Just let me say what I have to, sir, if you please?" said the Captain. "I have hitherto acquiesced in your resolve not to allow Amanda to become my wife while she is still so young. Our attachment is of pretty long standing, but the force of your objections was fully realised by me. I shall not expatiate on that head, because this prank she has played has made me change my mind. It is quite obvious to me, sir, that neither you nor Miss Summercourt has the smallest control over her, and if I don't take her in hand now she will be utterly ruined!"

He added, with obvious truth, "She doesn't play these tricks on me, so you needn't be afraid she'll get into mischief when I have her in Spain. I'll see to that! And you needn't be afraid, either, that she won't be happy, because I'll see to that, too!; I should wish to marry her by special licence, with your consent. If you continue to withhold your consent, I shall be obliged to postpone the ceremony until we reach Lisbon. That's all I have to say, sir." He perceived his betrothed coming through the trees, and called: "Here, Amanda, I want you!"

"You know, General, I am quite, quite sure that Captain Kendal is just the man for her," said Hester persuasively.

He groaned. "To be throwing herself away on Neil Kendal! It is not what I wish for her!"

"Throwing herself away?" said Sir Gareth. "My dear sir, that young man is clearly destined to become a Marshal!"

"Young Neil?" said the General, as though such a notion was new to him.

"Certainly! If I were you, I would give in with a good grace. If you could incarcerate her until Kendal has left the country, I should be astonished if I did not hear next that she had stowed away on a vessel bound for Spain."

The General shuddered. His granddaughter, having been informed, very kindly, by her strongminded lover that if she was a good girl, and did as she was told, he would marry her after all and take her to Spain, first embraced him fervently, then flung her arms round the General's neck, and ended by hugging both Lady Hester and Sir Gareth for good measure.

It was fully an hour before the Bull Inn sank back into its accustomed quiet. The General's party was the first to leave, and if he was by no means reconciled to his granddaughter's engagement, a suggestion made by his prospective son-in-law that he should accompany the bridal pair to Lisbon had undoubtedly found favor with him.

Lord Widmore lingered, alternately commanding and beseeching his sister to return immediately to her home. In these exhortations he was joined by the chaplain. Lady Hester listened to them with patience, and, although she said she was sorry to vex her brother, she remained gently determined not to desert her patient. Lord Widmore then declared that, since she was of age, she might please herself, but that for his part he washed his hands of her.

"Oh, do you?" she said. "I am so glad, for it is what I have longed for you to do for such a time! Pray, give my love to Almeria! I must take Gareth his medicine now. Excuse me, please!"

Sir Gareth, left alone in the orchard to recover from the exhausting effect of his guests, watched her come towards him, carrying his medicine.

"I am glad you haven't left me to my fate," he remarked.

"Oh, no! Such nonsense! Here is the evil-smelling dose which Dr. Chantry says is what you should take."

"Thank you," he said, taking the glass from her, and pouring its contents on to the grass.

"Gareth!"

"I have had enough of Dr. Chantry's potions. Believe me, they taste worse than they smell! Hester, that brother of yours is a sapskull."

"Oh, yes; I know he is!" she agreed.

"I meant what I said, you know. I don't think myself bound to offer you the protection of my name—did you ever listen to so much fustian? I'll swear I never did! Because the suggestion that I have compromised you is as ludicrous as it is nauseating."

"Of course it is. Don't let us talk about it! It was so stupid!"

"We will never mention it again, if you will give me your assurance that you have no qualms. Look at me!"

She obeyed, with a tiny smile. "Gareth, it is too foolish! How can you ask me such a question?"

"I couldn't bear to think, love, that you might consent to marry me for such a reason as that," he said quietly.

"No," she answered. "Or I that you might ask me for such a reason as that."

"You may be very sure I would not. This is not the first time I have asked you to marry me, Hester."

"Not the first time, but this is different—I think!" she said shyly.

"Quite different. When I asked you at Brancaster I held you in affection and esteem, but I believed I could never be in love again. I was wrong. Will you marry me, my dear and last love?"

She took his face between her hands and looked into his eyes. A sigh, as though she were rid of a burden, escaped her. "Yes, Gareth," she said. "Oh, yes, indeed I will!"

(Copyright)

APPEALING NEW SERIAL

● Our new serial, opening instalment of which will appear next week, is "An Episode of Sparrows," by the noted English writer Rumer Godden.

Further details about this delightful and unusual story and its author will be found elsewhere in this issue.

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Youngsters love to splash around together in the bath. But remember, bath-time can do more than clean . . . a little Dettol in the bath-water is most refreshing. Children spark up at once—and so will you. Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



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TOP STARS IN NEW FILM SPECTACLE



★ A widescreen spectacle of the 12th century, "The Conqueror" (R.K.O.), has as its theme the early conquests of Temujin, the power-happy Mongol warrior who later became Genghis Khan, ruler of half of the known world.

"THE CONQUEROR," which took two years to make and cost something like six million dollars, stars John Wayne in the title role.

Wayne, who makes a specialty of rugged he-man roles on the screen, seems to be a good choice for the part of the mighty warrior. And, judging by the picture at the right, the make-up department has done a fair job of making the dead-pan star look like a reasonable facsimile of the colorful title character.

Susan Hayward, the feminine star, brings a large helping of vixen spirit as well as the atmosphere of Hollywood to the film as the unwilling bride who captures the Conqueror in a romantic way.

Michael Woulfe designed the collection of eye-catching gowns that she wears throughout the story with an eye to box-office as well as period. The picture below shows Susan performing her debut screen dance in typical attire.

Mexican actor Pedro Armendariz, Agnes Moorehead, and Thomas Gomez head the supporting cast.

Film Fan-Fare CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON



JOHN WAYNE (above) in the battle-dress of the brave Mongol warrior Temujin, whose deeds of conquest caused him to be given the title of Genghis Khan, which means "perfect warrior."

SUSAN HAYWARD (above), in tranquil mood, has a stormy film role as Bortai, the daughter of a Tartar ruler. She is captured and wed perforce by Temujin.



DANCE by Princess Bortai (centre) is Susan Hayward's debut screen dance. In the story it is a prelude to an attempt by Bortai to kill Temujin (Wayne).

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Are you nice to come home to? Do Hubby and "the nips" come home happy and bright? In eight cases out of ten the answer is "No". Why? More likely than not the real cause is that "vitamin free" breakfast you give them. Hubby gets that "three o'clock fatigue", the nips are worn out and depressed by the day's study. Mother is off the beam too—what a domestic set up—all because the whole family lacks essential natural vitamins.
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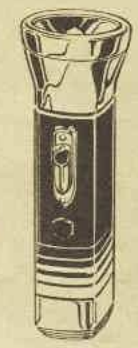
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YOUNG STAR Janette Scott and her first leading man, handsome Vernon Gray, in a scene from "Now and Forever," a gay and sparkling romance from Associated British in which Janette plays her first grown-up role.

CHILD ACTRESS IS STAR BET

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

● The years from 14 to 17 are usually the years to hide a child film star, especially a girl, from the public and nurse her through a scrawny adolescence in the wings.

BUT it's been astonishing in Britain to watch the transformation from childhood to glowing womanhood of one of the loveliest youngsters gracing British films.

Her name is Janette Scott, She has just finished playing her first grown-up screen role in "Now and Forever." It provides her with her first screen kiss, her first romance.

She glides through it with grace, passion, and sureness.

Suddenly she is 17, beautiful, and in love.

Suddenly, also, she is a major British star, with a brilliant future beckoning, seven major screen roles behind her, and television stations devoting whole programmes to the story of her rise to stardom.

The thing that is breathtaking about little Janette Scott is not only her spring charm but the dazzling poise with which she has high-stepped her way through all the pitfalls of show business.

It's been a triumph not only for her own emergence from child actress to star but a feat of tub-thumping by her studio.

They have Janette Scott under contract for ten years. That is considered to more than cover the starring life of any actress, though I doubt very much whether it will stretch to cover Janette Scott's.

At the age of 13 she won praise from critics as the child star of "No Place For Jennifer."

For child actresses to steal the thunder from grown-ups is no longer a phenomenon. What is phenomenal is if the child progresses beyond one or two stellar roles, through the pains of growing up, into full-fledged stardom.

It was more certain that, right from the start, little Janette Scott was here to stay.

Her mother, actress Thora Hird, told me: "Jan is the third generation on both sides of the family who has been in show business.

"She didn't have much chance of being anything else, did she?"

Her mother is one of the character stalwarts of the theatre and films. She has a strong northern accent. Thorough dramatic schooling has ironed that out of her daughter's speech.

Janette herself didn't need any prodding to follow the family into the theatre.

She smiled and said with a slight characteristic breathlessness, "It was my first ambition. At four I was billing myself as Rosey Smith. Mummy and Daddy and my dolls were my audience."

At ten she was away from school, ostensibly with measles, but actually appearing before film cameras on a set closed for visitors in "No Place For Jennifer" with Leo Genn.

By the time she was 11 she had already made her curtsy to the King and the Queen at a Royal Film Performance, and at 12 had made her television debut.

Now that Charles Chaplin is back in town to make "The King In New York," remember the other film he didn't make? It was to star Janette Scott, then only 14.

Chaplin had seen her play the daughter of James Stewart in "No Highway." He had said to the director, Henry Koster, "She is the best child actress I've ever seen."

When Chaplin came to Britain three years ago to plan a picture with a religious theme and an Irish background he sent for Janette Scott. She went to his Savoy Hotel suite.

"Almost before I knew what was happening, he and I were acting out all the parts in the script," Janette said.

When it was over Chaplin took Janette Scott's face in his hands and said, "If I ever make this film, I will have nobody but you."

Chaplin never made the film. He won't say why, nor if he ever will.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Richard III," color VistaVision Shakespearian melodrama, starring Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Claire Bloom.
ESQUIRE.—★★★ "Marty," comedy-drama, starring Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair. Plus featurettes.
LIBERTY.—★★ "The Tender Trap," color CinemaScope comedy, starring Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, Debbie Reynolds, David Wayne. Plus featurettes.
LYRIC.—★★ "To Catch a Thief," color VistaVision romantic comedy, starring Grace Kelly, Cary Grant. Plus ★ "Chicago Deadline," crime melodrama, starring Alan Ladd, Donna Reed. (Both re-releases.)
MAYFAIR.—★ "The Left Hand of God," color CinemaScope drama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Gene Tierney, Lee J. Cobb. Plus "Headline Hunters," melodrama, starring Rod Cameron, Julie Bishop.
PALACE.—"Shield For Murder," thriller, starring Edmond O'Brien, John Agar, Mala English. (See review this page.) Plus "Gog," science-fiction thriller, starring Richard Egan, Constance Dowling, Herbert Marshall.
PALLADIUM.—Day Sessions: ★★★ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Walt Disney full-length technicolor cartoon feature. Plus featurettes. Night Sessions: ★★★ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," plus ★★ "Rancho Notorious," technicolor period Western, starring Marlene Dietrich, Mel Ferrer, Arthur Kennedy. (Both re-releases.)
PARIS.—★ "Lucretia Borgia," technicolor historical drama, starring Martine Carol, Pedro Armendariz. Plus featurettes.
PLAZA.—★ "The Sea Chase," Warner Color wartime adventure, starring John Wayne, Lana Turner, Lyle Bettger. Plus featurettes.
PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "The Court Jester," color VistaVision period comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns, Basil Rathbone. Plus featurettes.
REGENT.—★★★ "A Star Is Born," technicolor CinemaScope musical drama, starring Judy Garland, James Mason.
ST. JAMES.—★★ "The Swan," color CinemaScope period romance, starring Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness, Louis Jourdan. Plus featurettes.
STATE.—★★★ "The Night My Number Came Up," suspense drama, starring Michael Redgrave, Alexander Knox, Sheila Sim. Plus featurettes.
VICTORY.—★★ "The Rose Tattoo," VistaVision drama, starring Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster. Plus featurettes.

Not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"The Last Frontier," technicolor CinemaScope adventure-drama, starring Victor Mature, Guy Madison, Anne Bancroft. Plus "Battle Stations," World War II drama, starring John Lund, William Bendix, Keefe Brasselle.
CENTURY.—"The Deep Blue Sea," color CinemaScope drama, starring Vivien Leigh, Kenneth More, Emlyn Williams. Plus featurettes.
LYCEUM.—"Albert, R.N.," wartime drama, starring Anthony Steel, Jack Warner, Robert Beatty. Plus "Love in Pawn," domestic comedy, starring Jean Carson, Bernard Braden.
SAVOY.—"Madame Butterfly," Puccini opera in technicolor, starring Kaoru Yachigusa, Nicola Filacuridi, and with the singing voices of Orietta Moscucci, Giuseppe Campora. (Dialogue and songs in Italian with English sub-titles.) Plus featurettes.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

Shield For Murder

ACTOR Edmond O'Brien makes a comeback to crime in this shoddy thriller of a crooked detective who turns to murder and theft in the mistaken belief that his policeman's badge will shield him from the consequences.

O'Brien, who looks far too fat these days, deserves better material than the stereotyped thuggery of "Shield for Murder" (United Artists).

In the opening sequence murder stalks a back alleyway in what seems to be a suburb of Los Angeles when Lieutenant O'Brien callously — and foolishly for a cop with a bad record — shoots down a petty crook and robs him of 25,000 dollars which belongs to a big-time gangster.

His motives for the crime are as mixed as his scrambled emotions.

It goes without saying that the lieutenant soon has plenty of trouble on his hands, what with a gang of thugs hot on his trail and the whole police department in action.

Also there is the inevitable witness to be disposed of before too long.

John Agar has the role of the honest policeman who finally closes the case.

Young Mala English provides conventional glamor.

In Sydney—Palace.

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

CONSTANCE SMITH, the Irish colleen discovered by Britain and stolen by Hollywood, is now having a big vogue in Italian films. She has also turned painter in her spare time and is to have an exhibition soon at a Rome gallery.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4914836



1 *POKER WIN enables Prudence Webb (Claudette Colbert) to pay off a debt of honor and even an old score with gambler Chris Mooney (Barry Sullivan). Prudence tells him she is soon to leave for Texas.*



2 *IN TEXAS Prudence claims and runs the "Clarion" with the help of Cass Gower (James Bell), a lawyer now on the skids. She plans to fight land barons named Ralston and Sturdy, who are blocking the town railroad.*



3 *ATTRACTED to Jess Foley (Greg Walcott), centre, the deputy marshal and hired gun of the big faction, Prudence attends a dance with him. Foley is livid when Chris turns up, says he's there to stay, and cuts in. Foley threatens violence unless Chris leaves town.*

Romantic Western



4 *MEETING with Ralston (Ray Collins), right, and Sturdy (Walter Sande) ends on a fighting note. The men try to buy the "Clarion" for several times its worth and are refused. Both say they will oppose her.*

★ Actress Claudette Colbert resumes her Hollywood career in the title role of "Texas Lady," R.K.O.'s widescreen technicolor adventure of the early West. It is her first Western film. The story combines the sweep of outdoor spectacle with the romantic love story of a well-educated woman and a smooth-talking gambling man played by Barry Sullivan. "Texas Lady" introduces a new film menace in husky Gregory Walcott, who is 24 years old and stands six feet four inches in his socks.



5 *COURT ORDER to pay back taxes on the paper causes Prudence and Chris to pool their funds. Later, Chris bests Foley in gun duel.*



6 *ARREST of Chris sets up a chain reaction in which Foley is killed. The townsfolk raise the tax money, and a new election makes Gower the judge and Chris the town mayor. Then Ralston and company sweep into town and blockade it.*



7 *BESIEGED, the locals are unable to get in or out of town until the mailman calls the Texas Rangers, who quell the trouble and order the blockaders back to the range. Prudence and Chris go ahead with their delayed wedding plans.*

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Continuing . . .

A Corsage Of Elegance

and they're right. No fuss. Flowers hate to be fussed and mussed.

"There! It's half-past, Judy. Open the shop door, dear."

Judy went to open the door, and almost immediately customers began to come in. At first they were all women, lured from their household shopping by the enticing window display; they all knew exactly what they wanted.

Then a few men drifted in for "a bunch of flowers, please," indicating their choice with a pointing thumb; some asked Judy's advice.

Then there were husbands and wives together.

"You choose, dear."

"No, you choose. I'll just pay."

Judy enjoyed herself. Often, working at the nursery on the timeless routine of gardeners, she saw no one but her silent, preoccupied father for days on end, save for her brief early-morning trips to deliver to Breeze's. It was fun to meet so many friendly strangers. And was it her imagination, or was there something about the flower shop that invited friendliness?

Judy had always been shy of strangers—especially city people—but she found herself entering into conversations and discussing the merits and lasting qualities of the various blooms as if she had served in Breeze's all her life.

"You are an expert!" one woman exclaimed, and Judy flushed with pleasure. No one had ever called her an expert before.

She turned, smiling confidently, to the next customer. And was suddenly acutely conscious that her nose was shiny, her hair still ruffled from her drive to town, that the blue jeans, creased and stained with chemicals, were ridiculous beneath the sm k.

The waiting customer was a very tall young man, fair, and deeply tanned, with amused grey eyes; he smiled down at Judy, and Judy's heart burst into a flowering as beautiful as a newly opened magnolia bud.

She was conscious that her hands were rather grubby, so she shook back her hair defiantly and said: "Can I help you?"

"Sure. I want one of those spray things. No, I don't mean a spray. It's for an evening dress. For a girl," added the young man helpfully.

"A corsage?" prompted Judy, envying the unknown girl with all her strength.

"That's the word. A corsage." He felt in his jacket pocket, and an almost comical expression of dismay replaced the smile. "Oh, crikey! I've lost it!"

Mrs. Breeze came out of the workroom. "Lost what?" she inquired.

"The piece of paper. It had to be a very special corsage—the right color for the dress, and the right flowers for the girl. She wrote it all down. And now I've been and gone and lost it!" He dug frantically into all his pockets.

"Never mind the paper. Describe the girl, and the dress, and Breeze's will prescribe," said Mrs. Breeze.

"It's very kind of you," said the young man mournfully, "but she—Cheryl—said she never wears flowers unless they're specially matched to her dress, and chosen by herself. She's very particular."

"H—m. Cheryl?" Mrs. Breeze's eyebrows rose. "The Cheryl who detests pink carnations? What's her other name? Challace?"

"Why, yes. How did you know?"

"There's only one girl in town who questions my choice of flowers," said Mrs. Breeze grimly, and shut the door of the workroom with a slam.

"Cheryl Challace!" breathed Judy. She had seen countless pictures of the red-headed model, whose temperament was rumored to be as flamboyant as her looks. She had heard Cheryl's sultry voice over the radio, too—for she was always in the news; she was going to marry—she was not going to marry—she was piloting an aircraft round Australia—she was aquaplaning on the Yarra, wearing a bikini on a Melbourne beach, breeding miniature poodles, going on the stage. Whatever Cheryl Challace did was news.

"What am I to do?" asked the young man, looking at Judy as if he expected her to produce the missing paper out of the air.

"Could you phone her?"

"No. She said she'd be out shopping all the morning."

"Well, I'm certain orchids would be her flowers. If you could only remember the color of the dress—"

He interrupted her: "Not a hope. I didn't even glance at the paper. I guess I was too busy looking at Cheryl. I just shoved it into my pocket."

"Are you sure? Wouldn't you put anything as precious as that in a safer place? Your wallet, perhaps?"

"My wallet!" He took it out with a huge, relieved grin, extracted a sheet of blue, scented notepaper. "Presto! I apologise for being such a dope. Cheryl," he said ruefully, "has an addling effect on male craniums."

"It must be wonderful to be so glamorous," said Judy.

"For Cheryl, yes. For her escorts, no. She leads them a dance. In fact, she is leading me to dance. Tonight. And my dancing's of the walk, walk, chassis type. Now, let's see." He studied the flyaway scrawl. "'Lilac.' She wouldn't want to be festooned with branches of lilac, would she?"

"No, I don't think so!" Judy laughed. "That's the color of her dress, I expect."

"How right you are. 'Mauve orchids.' Simple, isn't it? But what's this? 'Elegance, please'? Is it a command or a qualification?"

"Neither. It's an orchid." Judy looked round the shop doubtfully. "I don't think we have any. I'll ask Mrs. Breeze."

She took the paper into the workroom.

"Elegance?" Mrs. Breeze scowled. "They're scarce just now. It's late for them. Purple cymbidiums would be better with a lilac dress, too. But they aren't as expensive. Cheryl Challace would choose Elegance, wouldn't she?"

She picked up a finished corsage of the cymbidiums and marched into the shop. "How about these?" She thrust them at the young man. "They're not Elegance, but they'd be more elegant with a lilac dress."

"I don't know one orchid from another," he said. "They look good to me. But if they're not what Cheryl wants they'd be less use than chickweed."

"I daresay the orchid nursery might have a few Elegance," she said. "If you could go and fetch them."

"Of course I could," he said eagerly. "Where is it?"

"Judy will go with you and show you the way. Glender's, Judy. You know."

Judy began to protest that she couldn't leave Mrs. Breeze to cope with the shop as well as the orders, but Mrs. Breeze said she could manage.

"You'll be back in time for the last-minute rush. You might get six Elegance, Judy — three for the corsage and three for Mrs. Armstrong's wedding-anniversary centrepiece. She's another that likes everything as expensive as possible."

"Come along." The young man steered the bemused Judy out into the crowded street. "By the way, Judy's a pretty name. It suits you. My name's Daggers — not because I look them, but because I had the misfortune to be christened 'Dagenham' — Dagenham Jones. My grandfather's home town, and nothing whatever to do with girl pipers."

"I used to hate my name at school," Judy remembered. "The kids used to call me 'Punchin'.'"

"Stupid. You aren't the Punchin' Judy type at all. Here's the car. I'll unlock her."

Daggers, busy with the key, said: "You're rather like a carnation in that smock thing. Carnations are my favorite flowers—when I get to thinking about flowers. Mostly I don't. Hop in."

"I hope you didn't tell Cheryl. Mrs. Breeze said she hated them."

"I know. I don't tell Cheryl everything." Daggers, negotiating traffic, shot her a sidelong grin. "About my farm, for instance. She thinks its one of those glamor ones with a few pretty cows and a super-sterile milking machine. There are cows, but they're only to provide milk for the pigs."

"I like pigs," Judy told him. "Daddy bought a sucker once to fatten for bacon. But she's such a pet we've never been able to part with her. As for eating her—" Judy shuddered.

"I know exactly how you feel." Daggers enlarged on the virtues of pigs, their intelligence, innate cleanliness, their sensibility. "Sometimes," he said with an engaging wistfulness, "I wish Cheryl would understand how I feel about pigs. But she never would. But I'm boring you, my poor Judy. Tell me about yourself."

> Nothing is impossible to the man who does not have to do it himself.
>
> — *Earl Wilson*

Judy told him about the nursery, and how they'd had two bad years with red spider and rust, and the failure of their water supply, and how this year, they hoped, would bring great things.

"Daddy's like all horticulturalists—he wants to begin raising new varieties and colors. And he's particularly interested in trying for disease-resisting species."

"And you?"

"Flowers," said Judy simply, "are my life."

Daggers didn't answer. But he looked very thoughtful.

Glender's were able to provide six Elegance orchids — almost the last, they said.

Judy nursed the moss-lined carton carefully on her knee; Daggers eyed the almost wickedly lovely flowers with their mauve petals and sharp, yellow centres.

"They're odd-looking, aren't they? Would you choose them for a corsage?"

Judy giggled.

"Oh, no. They wouldn't suit me. I'm not glamorous."

"No," agreed Daggers. "You're not glamorous." But he said it so nicely that it sounded like a compliment.

Back at the shop, Daggers wrote a card, paid for the corsage, and gave Mrs. Breeze the address of Cheryl's flat.

There were several customers waiting, and Mrs. Breeze's hair was almost perpendicular; she shot Judy one of her sharp glances.

from page 3

"Take over, will you, dear?"

Judy heard Daggers thanking Mrs. Breeze, and, as she wrapped bunches of flowers, took money, and gave change, he came through the shop and smiled at her.

"Goodbye. And thanks."

"Goodbye," whispered Judy through an armful of irises, and, watching his tall figure stride past the window, she felt the happiness stride out of her heart.

During the last, rushed half hour, Judy quoted wrong prices, fetched hyacinths when asked for violets, fumbled with change, and finally knocked over a pail of poppies, ruining the frail flowers, and causing an indignant toddler to yell at his involuntary paddle.

Scarlet, she apologised to an annoyed mother, mopped and comforted the child, taking herself to task meanwhile.

"You're a dumb little idiot, Judy Farne! You're behaving like a schoolgirl with a crush on the footie captain! A fine chance you'd have with Daggers Jones when he's crazy about Cheryl Challace!"

She was glad when, at last, it was half-past twelve, and went to lock the shop door.

Then she saw a small, mousy-looking man peering hopefully in the window.

"I just wanted some flowers for my wife," he said. "If I'm not too late, that is."

Judy hadn't the heart to shut the door in his face.

"What would you like?" She stood aside for him to enter; he glanced round uneasily.

"Anything. You choose, Miss."

"Is it for an anniversary? Or a birthday?" queried Judy.

"No. It's—well, it's for a kind of a peace-offering. Something tied up pretty with ribbons and in a box, I'd thought. Something showy. Not too expensive, mind."

He settled for a corsage of pink carnations, and counted out the money slowly, penny by penny, shilling by shilling; yes, he'd like them sent.

Judy took the name and address and shut the door firmly behind the little man.

She took the order to Mrs. Breeze.

"Mrs. Dibbin, Green Street? Are you telling me that miserable skinflint of a husband of hers is actually sending her flowers?" Mrs. Breeze pursed her lips. "He must have been up to something. And not for the first time."

Judy wasn't listening; she was looking at the corsage of Elegance orchids, now ready in its cellophane box. Daggers' card beside it. She couldn't help seeing what he had written so boldly: "Cheryl. You already have Elegance. But perhaps these will enhance it. Daggers." She put the corsage for Mrs. Dibbin on the table and turned away, fighting back the tears.

Then Ted, the boy who drove Mrs. Breeze's van, arrived, creating a welcome diversion for Judy, who helped him to fill in his order-book, while Mrs. Breeze finished the orchid centrepiece.

"Mrs. Armstrong will like that," declared Mrs. Breeze. "It's going to cost her all of five guineas. That's all for the first lot, Ted. You'll be back at one-thirty for the wedding flowers, won't you? Three there are today. And the corsages and anniversaries and birthday parties can go at four.

"Judy, you're looking tired, dear. You'd better get home."

Judy, taking off the smock, thought that it had been such a wonderful morning. And it had flown by as quickly as a startled bird.

The gay, exciting rush of the flower-shop would go on, week after week, without her. Rosemary was engaged, and would soon be married. Other girls would come and go. And Mrs. Breeze would make bridal bouquets for them all.

And she, Judy, would be at home among the serried rows of flowers, watering, thinning, planting out, budding, spraying, gathering—but never seeing Daggers Jones again.

"That was a nice young man," remarked Mrs. Breeze astonishingly. "But no need to destroy one of my precious Tzars over him."

The flower Judy had unknowingly pulled to pieces fell to the floor.

"I'm so sorry," gulped Judy, her cheeks the color of the maltreated camellia. "I don't know what I was thinking of —!"

"Mr. Dagenham Jones, of course," said Mrs. Breeze. "You know, Judy, your father's a dear, but he's tied up in yards of blue ribbons—the ones he's going to win in all the big flower shows. It's time he realised he can't keep a pretty daughter tied up in them, too. You're wasted clodhopping about in jeans all day. While highfalutin little hoity-toities like Miss Challace have nothing to do but make themselves alluring.

"Now you go home and tell him what I said. And leave me to get on with my work. Where did I put that order now?" She got down a grimy notebook from a shelf piled with oddments, handleless cups, coils of fine wire, bundles of raffia, and a teapot.

"No system," murmured Mrs. Breeze. "But it works. Let's see now. Lilies-of-the-valley, silver horseshoe, and white ribbons for the bride . . ."

At home, Judy showered and changed into a clean cotton frock; she was brushing her hair when her father's voice called, "Hi, Judy! Come on out! Liming!"

This year the carnations were so good. And they sold well. And carnations must be limed. Lime got in your nose and eyes, powdered your hair and clothes with white stickiness.

Somehow, all through the long weekend she never got around to telling her father what Mrs. Breeze had said. It didn't seem necessary, Judy thought sadly.

The Monday delivery to Breeze's was always a comparatively small one; Judy found Mrs. Breeze having a cup of tea in the workroom.

"Only a few birthdays today," she said comfortably. "A nice change from Saturday. My, that's a beautiful mignonette, Judy."

"Is Rosemary coming?" she asked, half-hoping that Mrs. Breeze might ask her to stay and help again.

"Yes. She'll be along." Mrs. Breeze grimaced as someone knocked timidly at the shop door. "Go and tell whoever it is I don't open for another hour, dear."

Judy, surprised, found Mr. Dibbin on the doorstep; he had quite lost his depressed air.

"I wanted to thank you, Miss," he said eagerly. "It worked lovely."

Judy smiled. "Did your wife like the flowers?"

"Too right. Well—you know how it is, Miss. We'd had a row. And I'd said a heap of things I didn't mean. And I was sorry. And those orchids did the trick—"

"But you didn't —" began Judy, and he interrupted hurriedly: "I've gotta catch my train. I just wanted to thank you for changing them. I should've remembered she liked orchids best. Thanks again."

Judy was left standing in the doorway, and the sound of the approaching train drowned Mr. Dibbin's running footsteps.

"But he ordered carnations," said Judy, bewildered.

"But Mrs. Dibbin is such a nice woman," said Mrs. Breeze behind her. "No one had ever sent her orchids before. Especially," said Mrs. Breeze, "Elegance orchids."

"Elegance orchids! You mean you sent her Cheryl Challace's corsage?"

"She and Mr. Dibbin are going to make a new start," went on Mrs. Breeze, as if she hadn't heard. "Nice little Mrs. Dibbin is so happy about it. She telephoned me yesterday."

"Mrs. Breeze! Then what did you send Cheryl? Not—!" Judy paused, too appalled to say the words.

"Pink carnations, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Breeze, and winked. "No system, you know."

Judy tried to picture the coral-pink carnations with Cheryl's flaming hair and crimson lipstick, her lilac dress. She couldn't.

The telephone rang angrily.

"That will be Miss Challace, I expect," said Mrs. Breeze. "Or Mr. Jones."

Judy flushed, feeling Mrs. Breeze's amused eye on her.

"Yes," she heard Mrs. Breeze say. "Oh, no! . . . Impossible! . . . Really . . . I'm sorry, Mr. Jones. Of course, my assistant was away. And I had a rush of orders. Still, it was stupid. I hope Miss Challace didn't mind . . . She did? . . . Dear me . . . Well, yes, she is, as a matter of fact . . . Certainly."

"Judy!" called Mrs. Breeze. "Mr. Jones would like to speak to you. I don't know why," said Mrs. Breeze, handing the receiver to Judy. "He knows the — mistake wasn't your fault." She walked out of the workroom and shut the door.

Judy said into the receiver: "Daggers? I'm terribly sorry."

"What about, Judy?"

"The pink carnations. I've just heard. Oh, Daggers, was she very angry?"

"She was—very angry. Only that's rather like describing an atom bomb as a fourpenny firecracker. But it taught me something, Judy. That a girl who flies into a white-hot tantrum because she gets the wrong flowers is not my kind of girl. I told her so.

"And I told her all about my model piggery. I said I wasn't going to masquerade any longer as a dairy farmer, and, well, I expect you can guess the rest. I and my pigs just don't exist for Cheryl Challace. And," ended Daggers cheerfully, "I couldn't be less unhappy about it."

Judy's heart was blossoming again, and the dim, cluttered workroom was all at once as sunlit as a garden.

"Hallo? Are you still there, Judy?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm here," said Judy absurdly.

"I just wondered if you'd like — there's a pretty good litter of piglets—and I've just had all the sties repainted—I wondered if you'd be interested enough to come over one evening? This evening, perhaps?"

Judy said she would be interested enough.

"Then I'll pick you up—I'd like to meet your father, Judy. And, of course, the pet sow."

"She'd love to meet you—I mean, he would. Daddy." Judy had no idea what she was saying. When she put down the receiver she was dancing on air through a haze of gold. Mrs. Breeze was standing by the shop-window, surveying the empty street with absorbed interest.

"You did it on purpose. You know you did," accused Judy, eyes aglow.

"I never make mistakes," said Mrs. Breeze. "And there's something about a flower-shop. Romantic."

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Food with a French accent



● *Luncheon setting by Madame Jacques Playoust against a French kitchen background. (Menu and recipes below.)*

● **The luncheon and dinner menus on these pages were demonstrated recently in Sydney.**

The cookery demonstrations were given for four days by Margaret Fulton. Each day a well-known French hostess, resident in Sydney, planned a menu, contributed the recipes, helped with the cooking, and arranged the table setting.

The hostesses were Madame Jacques Playoust, Madame J. Thevenet, Madame Daniele La Grave, Madame A. H. Brenac, and Mrs. "Deke" Coleman.



● *Madame Thevenet's luncheon table features plain china on a blue cloth with yellow stars. (Recipes given below.)*

Madame J. Playoust

MENU

Oeufs a la gelee
Escalopes de veau a la creme
Green salad
Clafoutis

OEUFS A LA GELEE

Prepare jelly with half shin of beef which is boiled for five hours with soup vegetables. Strain. When cold take the fat off. Put in a saucepan with the whites of three eggs and the shells. Stir until it boils. Boil for 1 minute. Strain through muslin. This produces a clear stock which will "jell." This stock is ideal for adding flavor to sauces and is the basic stock of many fine soups.

To make the dish:

Poach the eggs. Put a little of the jelly in the dish and let it set. Cover with slices of ham and the poached eggs and enough jelly (when cool) to fill the dish; let it set in the refrigerator. Decorate with parsley or tarragon.

ESCALOPES DE VEAU A LA CREME

Fry pieces of veal steak in butter until they color a pale golden-brown; cook gently. When cooked add one or two spoonfuls of hot water to the gravy and let it reduce for one minute. Then add ½ pint of cream to it, stirring at the same time. Add sliced mushrooms to the sauce. If fresh mushrooms are used, cook them in butter beforehand.

GREEN SALAD

Place crisp, bite-size pieces of lettuce in salad bowl. Just before serving add enough french dressing (1 tablespoon vinegar, 3 tablespoons oil seasoned to taste with salt and pepper) to cover each piece of lettuce. Garnish with sliced, hard-boiled egg, tomato, and chopped parsley or tarragon.

CLAFOUTIS

Combine 1 6oz. glass of plain flour, one 6oz. glass of castor sugar, and ½ teaspoon salt. Mix well and pour two whole eggs in. Put the mixture in the electric cake-mixer and work for quarter of an hour. Alternatively, mix well with a wooden spoon. The mixture should be very smooth. Pour half the mixture into a tin. Then cover with sliced fruit—plums, apricots, or sliced apples are ideal—and cover again with the rest of the mixture. Put in the oven, medium heat, and bake for half an hour.

Note: If fresh fruit is not available, tinned fruit may be used, but it must first be thoroughly drained free of syrup, and then sliced or chopped.



● *Wrought-iron table, green napery, and white china make the setting for Madame La Grave's luncheon (below).*

Madame La Grave

MENU

Lobster au Gratin
Canard a l'Orange
Iles Flottantes

LOBSTER AU GRATIN

Cut in small cubes the flesh of a lobster. After slightly warming it in 1 tablespoon of butter, pour in a good wineglass of cognac and flambe by setting the cognac ablaze.

In the meantime make a pastry dough (shortcrust) and line a greased pie-tin with the pastry. Bake in hot oven; when half cooked fill it with the lobster. Pour on top of lobster the following mixture: combine ¼ pint of cream, ¼ pint milk, 3 egg-yolks. Heat without boiling, beat in one egg-white. Top the mixture with grated gruyere cheese and small pieces of butter. Put in a hot oven to brown, and bake until cheese browns.

Continued on page 68

Madame J. Thevenet

MENU

La Salade de Riz a la Provencale
Le Gigot a l'Ail
La Mousse au Chocolat

LA SALADE DE RIZ A LA PROVENCALE

Wash 10oz. rice again and again in cold water, until water is clear. Boil it in plenty of water. Make sure it does not overcook. Then rinse it again under cold-water tap. Let it strain. Cut 2oz. black and 2oz. green olives in halves, taking stones out. Save a few for decoration. Purchase ½lb. of leg ham cut in a slice about ½in. thick. Dice ham in ½in. pieces.

Slice tomato, taking out pulp. Mix everything with half a pint of mayonnaise before serving. Decorate on top with a few olives and maybe some French capers, slices of tomato, too, if you like. Never leave tomato and mayonnaise in contact too long. That is why it is better to keep all ingredients in the refrigerator from, say, the day before and mix them one hour before serving.

French mayonnaise: Take a mixing-bowl and use a small potato at the end of a fork to mix your ingredients in it. The lemon will be kept handy. Mix 2 egg-yolks with 1 teaspoon salt—it should thicken. Add mustard. Start pouring oil on, drop by drop, mixing continuously. Do not do anything else until the mixture starts to look like a custard. Only then will you be able to pour the oil more freely, still mixing continuously. The thicker the mayonnaise the thicker the stream of oil. Now and again squeeze in a little lemon juice. When finished, put in a screw-top glass jar. Place in refrigerator. Mayonnaise may be mixed in an electric mixer, using a low speed and following the same principle.

LE GIGOT A L'AIL

Take a small leg of lamb. Make half a dozen openings with a pointed knife all around it. Then push into them small pieces of garlic as deeply as possible. Roast with butter in moderate oven (half an hour per pound of meat). When making gravy, just add water and a little meat extract if necessary. Nothing else. Serve with puree of potatoes and petits pois.

Puree of potatoes: Boil three medium-sized peeled potatoes. Strain. Mash. Then pour milk in gradually until desired thickness is obtained. Add a tablespoon of butter, beating well with fork or wooden spoon until puree gets whiter. If possible, do this just before serving. A potato

Continued on page 68

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Mrs. "Deke" Coleman

MENU

Poached Eggs Florentine
Roast Chicken
Green Salad
Orange Souffle

EGGS FLORENTINE

Cook spinach and drain well (1 large bunch should be sufficient for 6 serves, about 1lb. when cooked). Chop finely. Put in saucepan 2oz. butter. When melted, put the spinach in it for a few minutes to dry thoroughly. Separately, poach six eggs very lightly, put in cold water and drain. Make a mornay sauce by melting in saucepan ½oz. butter, mix in the same quantity of flour, add ¾ pint of scalded milk, pepper and salt to taste. Cook slowly, stirring for about 10 to 12 minutes. Add ¼ pint of cream and cook for a few more minutes, turning down the flame, add 2oz. of good grated cheese; local processed gruyere cheese is ideal.

Put in oven-dish the bed of spinach, make little holes to set the eggs in, cover with sauce, sprinkle over it a handful of grated cheese, put a few pieces of butter on top, and place under the griller for a few seconds until the cheese turns a golden-brown without hardening the eggs.

ROAST CHICKEN

Season the inside of the chicken with pepper and salt. Put chicken in heavy baking-dish in which a very little butter has been melted. Melt in saucepan about 2½oz. butter, pour over chicken so as to oil the entire surface. Bake in moderately hot oven. Baste frequently. After about ten minutes, add to the basting liquid 2 soupspoons of hot water. Cook for about 45 minutes, when medium-sized chicken should be done. (Test to see whether bird is done by pinching thighs with fore-finger and thumb, or test thick part of breast or thigh with fork; the fork should pierce flesh easily.) Put baking-dish on top of flame, add a little hot water and deglace the pan by stirring in the small particles of brown on bottom of pan. When well dissolved, add ½oz. fresh butter, turning flame very low. Fresh butter will bind the sauce. Serve a little juice with each helping.

Potatoes: Scoop small potatoes (using a round ball-cutter) out of potatoes of the large flowery variety. Boil in salted water until almost done. Drain well and dry on top of flame. In a frying-pan, melt 1oz. butter until golden. Brown potatoes evenly, adding butter if necessary.

GREEN SALAD

Use any young, irreproachably fresh and unblemished greens. Wash and dry thoroughly, using a wire salad basket or a towel bag to shake all the water from the leaves. Tear the greens with the fingers or cut with a silver knife. Refrigerate well. Add the dressing at the last possible minute, toss until every green leaf glistens, add needed salt and a grinding of black pepper, and serve.

Greens for the Salad Bowl: Use any combination of these salad greens. Lettuces (Romain or iceberg type), escarole, watercress, young spinach, and new nasturtium leaves.

Add a herbaceous tang: chives, shallots, parsley, tarragon, green onion tops.

● ***Mrs. Coleman's elegant setting (see menu at left). Her husband, "Deke," is co-author of a cookery book, "Oh For A French Wife."***

For texture contrast: Cabbage, Chinese cabbage, radishes, cucumbers, celery.

French Dressing: To ½ cup good vinegar — wine, cider, or malt vinegar, to taste — add ¾ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon ground white pepper. Stir well with a fork and add 1½ cups olive oil. Beat the mixture with the fork until it thickens.

For a thicker, creamier dressing put an ice cube into the mixing bowl and stir the dressing for a minute or two longer. Or set the mixing-bowl into another bowl filled with ice while the dressing is being stirred. The dressing may be made in a bottle and shaken vigorously.

For a garlic flavor hang a garlic clove by a thread into the bottle containing the vinegar for at least 3 or 4 days before making the dressing.

ORANGE SOUFFLE

Cut tops off 6 large oranges. Scoop out pulp. Save enough pulp to make 1-3rd cup juice. Grate the rind from the orange tops and add the rind to the juice. Beat 3 egg-yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Gradually add scant 2-3rd cup sugar with ¼ teaspoon salt and continue beating. Add the juice and rind. Fold in 3 egg-whites, stiffly beaten, turn the batter into orange cups—about three-quarters full. Set the orange cups into a pan of hot, but not boiling, water and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Note: Orange curacao, about one tablespoon, can be added if liked.



Madame A. H. Brenac

● ***Dinner setting by Madame A. H. Brenac combines lovely china, linen, glass, and flowers. (Menu at left.)***

MENU

Cheese Tarts
Poulet Chasseur
Pork-and-Veal "Pate"
Salad
Strawberry Mousse

CHEESE TARTS

Mix a thick white sauce by melting a 2oz. piece of butter, add four level tablespoons flour, and mix well, pour 1 pint hot milk in slowly, stirring all the time. The mixture must be thick. Add ¼lb. grated cheese (gruyere), salt and pepper. Allow to cool. Add one by one, beating well, the yolks of three or four eggs, according to size. When quite cold, spread a fair quantity of the mixture on small slices of bread cut in rounds, obtained by using a glass or scone-cutter. Starch-reduced square loaf is adequate for the purpose and use it when stale, as it slices then without breaking. Fry in boiling oil. Serve immediately after frying, which takes only a few minutes.

POULET CHASSEUR

Cut a roasting chicken into pieces, skin it, and flour each of the pieces, add salt and pepper according to taste, fry quickly in half butter, half oil, adding more butter and oil if pan looks dry. Turn pieces over to get a nice even brown. Then finish cooking in a moderate oven, in a heavy pan with the lid on; 30 to 35 minutes should be sufficient for a young bird. Prepare the sauce while chicken is cooking.

Sauce Chasseur: Fry slowly in 2 tablespoons butter ¼lb. or ¾lb. fresh mushrooms, add 2 shallots finely chopped, then add dry white wine, the quantity depending on the amount of sauce required, about 1 pint. Simmer until half quantity of liquid is left. (Wine sauces must always simmer away to half quantity to improve flavor.) Add about 1 cup rich stock, and if you have gravy from previous joints left put it in also; the taste will greatly improve by doing so. Add 1 or 2 tablespoons tomato puree, salt and pepper to taste. Allow to simmer very gently on the side of stove while chicken is cooking. When ready, blend a little butter into the sauce away from the fire. Put pieces of chicken on dish, pour sauce and mushrooms over the top. Serve very hot, garnished with finely chopped parsley, tarragon, and a few croutons.

Continued on page 68

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WEEK'S PRIZE RECIPE

● In these Savory Meat Rolls, which win this week's £5 prize, the steak is made to go further by adding seasoning.

All spoon measurements are level.

One and a half to 2lb. sirloin or round steak cut thinly, 1 chopped onion, 1½ cups cooked spaghetti, 1 stalk chopped celery, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons good shortening or fat, 2 cups strained stewed tomatoes.

Wipe meat with damp cloth. Mix spaghetti, onion, celery, salt, spice, pepper, and parsley.

Spread on meat. Roll as a Swiss roll (or make 3 or 4 rolls as illustrated), and tie or skewer securely. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon flour. Melt shortening in frying-pan and brown all over. Transfer to greased baking-dish. Add tomatoes. Cover and bake in moderate oven 2 hours. Serve on hot platter. Thicken liquor with remaining flour, mixed to a smooth paste with cold water. Pour over meat or serve separately.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. T. Johns, 4 Valentine St., Mowbray Heights, Tasmania.



SAVORY MEAT ROLLS, plump with spaghetti or bread-crumb seasoning, are a good dinner dish served with cooked celery sticks and tomato slices. See prize recipe at left above.

FOOD WITH A FRENCH ACCENT

MADAME LA GRAVE

(from page 66)

CANARD A L'ORANGE

Wipe with a damp cloth a 5lb. or 6lb. duckling and truss it. Rub it with salt and pepper and roast with a little butter in a hot oven about 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and continue to cook. Baste several times during cooking with a little dry white wine. Allow 20 minutes to the pound in all.

About 30 minutes before cooking time is complete, take the duck out and skim the fat off the sauce. Put back the duck with half a wineglass of cognac and flambe (see previous recipe). When ready to serve add to the sauce half a wineglass of curacao and the juice of one orange. Cook sauce slowly for 10 minutes. Slice the peel of 2 oranges and cut into very thin strips, put into boiling water for 2 minutes, dry on a cloth.

Carve the duckling and arrange it on a large heated platter, pour the sauce over it and sprinkle with strips of blanched orange peel. Surround platter with orange wedges (blanched) and cress.

ILES FLOTTANTES

Boil one pint of milk with ½lb. sugar and a vanilla bean; if unavailable use 1 teaspoon vanilla essence. Beat 6 egg-whites very stiffly. Drop the egg-whites a tablespoon at a time into the boiling milk and cook for 1 to 2 minutes, turning with a perforated spoon to cook both sides. Drain on a towel stretched over a large bowl. Beat the 6 egg-yolks, add the milk in which the island is cooked, and stir over low heat till the mixture thickens. Remove vanilla bean.

Place the egg-whites in a deep dish and pour the sauce around them. Sprinkle egg-whites with grated nuts.

MADAME J. THEVENET

(from page 66)

puree which has been heated again is not as good.

Petits Pois: Use fresh peas (1lb.) or small tinned ones. In both cases fry an onion and a few lettuce leaves in butter before putting the peas in the saucepan. If they are fresh ones, just cover them with water, add salt, and simmer until tender.

LA MOUSSE AU CHOCOLAT

Melt 2oz. of cooking chocolate in saucepan. Take off fire. Mix thoroughly with 2 egg-yolks, adding 1½ tablespoons sugar gradually. When cool add 2 egg-whites which have been beaten until very thick. Mix carefully but do not beat the mousse. It can be done at the last minute, but is much nicer if kept in refrigerator for 24 hours.

MADAME A. H. BRENAC

(from page 67)

PORK-AND-VEAL "PATE"

Put 2lb. loin of pork, 2lb. fillet of veal, 1 piece of pork flair (about ½lb.), 1½ soupspoons of salt, pepper, bay leaf, thyme, and 1 onion through the mincer, mincing not too finely. Put mince with 1 glass of cognac in a basin and work well together with the hand. If you wish to make "pate" more delicate, use, instead of onions and herbs, a small tin of "foie gras" mixed well with meat, add as well small tin of truffles and all liquid contained in tin. Put in a deep "pate" dish (ovenproof) and cook in a hot oven with lid on for 1½ hours. Keep in ice-chest. Unmould when ready to serve, taking fat off. Slice and arrange on flat oblong dish; garnish with jelly found in deep dish when unmoulding the "pate."

SALAD

After lettuce is well washed and crisp, allow to drain. The leaves must be perfectly dry when put in the dressing.

Salad Dressing: 1 spoon of vinegar to every 2 of olive oil. Put vinegar in a bowl with salt, pepper, chopped chives, and tarragon. Add oil and mix well. Mix the quantity required.

STRAWBERRY MOUSSE

Use 3 little boxes of strawberries or 3 packets frozen strawberries. Make a puree by forcing them through a sieve. Prepare a syrup with a few spoonfuls of sugar and a little water. Add syrup to strawberries while stirring well. In a cup put one dessertspoon gelatine and melt in a little boiling water, add to fruit puree, stir very briskly. Whip ½ pint cream with a little sugar and when thick add to other mixture. Put in a mould with tight-fitting lid and bury completely in crushed ice. Before serving, put mould for a few seconds in lukewarm water, then turn over on a flat dish. Serve with biscuits. Alternatively, mousse can be served in individual coupe dishes.

Tony's luxury dish

PRINCESS GRACE CHARLOTTE

● **"Apple desserts are good at any time, both for family and party use," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club, who named this dessert in honor of the Rainier wedding.**

FOR eight persons you will need 12 apples, 1½ cups sugar, whipped cream, 6oz. butter, 3 yolks of eggs, 3 to 4 cups soft breadcrumbs, almond extract to flavor crumble mixture.

Heat oven to moderate and place pan with water in oven to heat. Butter a 9 by 3-inch dish. Peel and core the apples and slice across ¼in. thick with a hole in the centre. Prepare crumble mixture by melting the butter, stirring while it melts, adding ½ cup sugar and stirring until it is creamy and light. Then add the yolks of eggs one at a time and blend well after each addition. Add breadrumbs and flavoring.

Arrange apples, sprinkled with 1 cup sugar, and crumb mixture in alternate layers in dish. The crumb mixture should not quite cover the layers until heated during the baking process. The top layer of crumbs should be about 1/3rd inch thick and completely cover the apples. Arrange two or three slices of apple in the centre for effect. Place in pan of hot water and bake for 60 minutes.

Serve warm, with whipped cream.

FAMILY DISH

COLD cooked meat left from the weekend joint, or tinned meat, is used in the family dish this week. It costs approximately 5/- and serves four.

SCOTCH MEDLEY

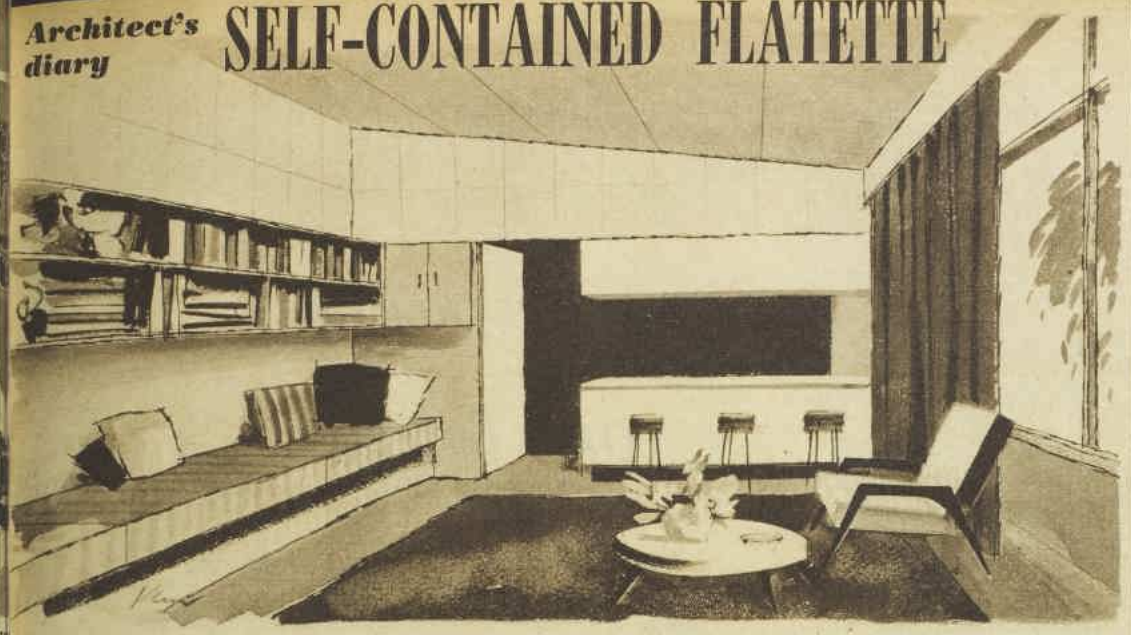
Two to 2½ cups minced cooked meat, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 onion, 1½ cups cooked rice, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 large tomato, salt, pepper, ¾ cup tomato juice, ½ cup stock or water, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Mince meat coarsely. Brown chopped onion in melted butter or substitute, add meat, cook 4 to 5 minutes. Stir in rice, chopped hard-boiled eggs, parsley, chopped tomato (skin removed), salt, pepper, tomato juice, stock or water, and Worcestershire sauce. Mix thoroughly, place lid on. Simmer 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot.

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Architect's diary

SELF-CONTAINED FLATETTE



BED-SITTING-ROOM for two girl students converted from an old verandah has sleeping room for two, flap-down desks, bookshelves, and a kitchenette as well as shower and toilet.

Mrs. Baker (the name is mine) is concerned about her young niece Verlie, a country girl in her first year at the university, who is finding it difficult to get suitable accommodation in the city.

By
Sydney Architect
W. J. McMURRAY

"I'M afraid Verlie and her friend Sandra are inclined to spend too much of their limited allowance on books and equipment for their medical course," Mrs. Baker told me. "The result is that they are not living as comfortably as they might.

"Unfortunately we haven't a spare room, but I would like to enclose part of a verandah to make a little self-contained flat for them.

"The space we have available is 22 feet by 9 feet, and there is an existing toilet and shower at one end.

"I would like to give them a kitchenette and buffet arrangement so that they will be completely independent and not feel that they are being watched over.

"The main walls of the house are face-brick and the floor is concrete directly on the ground. I'm worried about the floor, because it's damp and cold.

"I thought perhaps the walls could be lined with plywood or wallboard," she added.

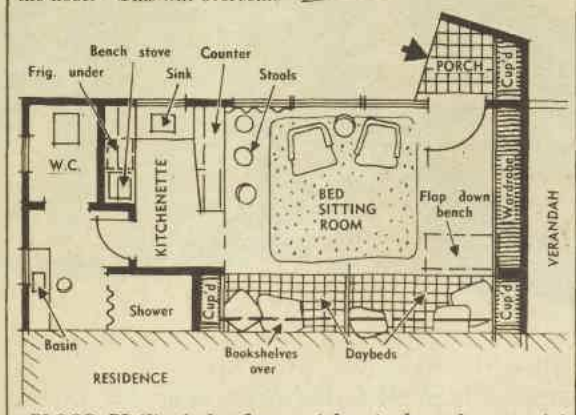
I suggested a layer of bituminous felt and a layer of fibrous wallboard set in mastic directly on to the concrete for the floor. "This will overcome the dampness and provide insulation against cold," I said. "Linoleum floor-tiles over this again will give a serviceable and attractive-looking floor."

"How would my husband line the brick wall with wallboard?" Mrs. Baker asked.

"Battens measuring two inches by one inch can be plugged to the wall every 15 inches to provide fixing for plywood or some similar sort of finish. A long bank of bookshelves would be very useful for students, too.

"Two daybeds running the full length of the room would serve for both sleeping and additional seating space. Flap-down desks could be arranged at each end of the settees."

"A built-in wardrobe, a kitchenette with buffet-table and stools would be the only other fittings required," said Mrs. Baker. "With a couple of easy-chairs and some bright floor-rugs, colored cushions and curtains, I'd feel that the girls really had a home from home."



FLOOR PLAN of the flatette (above) shows how careful planning fits in every convenience for compact yet comfortable living for two in a small area measuring 22ft. by 9ft.

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UNCLE TOBY'S HAMBURGERS

1 lb. mince steak, 2 tablesps. Uncle Toby's Oats, 2 large onions, 1 tablesp. chopped parsley, 1 egg, salt and pepper, bread rolls or toasted rounds of bread.

Flavour the mince steak with parsley, salt and pepper. Add Uncle Toby's Oats, egg, mix and shape into flat cakes. Dry fry in a well-greased heavy pan, turning frequently, 10 to 15 mins. Remove and drain on paper. Add little more dripping to the pan and fry sliced onions until golden brown. Spread rolls or toast with little butter, top with meat cake and then a little onion—serve at once. Onions may be chopped finely and added to the meat mixture before making into cakes.

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ESCAPE TO PARADISE



LINDA sat on the side porch steps of Jim's house and carefully didn't look at him. Jim sat beside her, turned towards her. And behind them the house waited, with its own peculiar silence.

"At least, you're here for a little while," Jim said. "I spend a lot of time imagining you here. Once you made lemon pie."

"I make awful pies," she told him, with a quick glance. When she looked at him directly she could hardly bear the emotion that overwhelmed her.

"I can imagine other things besides lemon pie," he assured her. He bent towards her, and the lightness left his voice: "Linda."

The sudden urgency of his tone caught at her, and now she really looked at him. Swift blur of dark head against the sunlight, intent dark eyes searching hers—and then he was holding her. The bright gladness swept through her.

"Jim!" came a call from the house. "What are you doing, Jim? I can't hear you."

Linda and Jim broke apart sharply, staring at each other.

"Jim!" the voice called again.

Jim went to the doorway. "I'm on the porch, Mother."

There was no reply, just the listening silence.

Jim came back to Linda. "She likes to—keep track of me," he said dryly.

"Yes," said Linda.

"I'll run up to her for a minute." He hesitated, started to add something, and then went away.

There wasn't any use saying more, Linda thought. It wasn't just that Jim's mother hated her, as she would hate any girl Jim wanted to marry. But Mrs. Kane was bedridden, as she called it. She lay in a room at the head of the stairs, and listened to every sound in the house, and lived through every minute of Jim's life in the house. Nothing was private from her.

Every time Linda came to the house she dreaded that listening. Maybe she could get used to the questioning from upstairs. And

Continued overleaf

By WARE TORREY BUDLONG

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"ESCAPE TO PARADISE," by Ware Torrey Budlong

any day but Sunday there would be Mrs. Simmons to help: the neighbor Jim had engaged to look after his mother when he was working or away. That would make a difference, Linda knew.

But how could she get used to the listening? It was a crawling horror to her, because it groped and fed and hated.

Jim's quick step sounded on the stairs now. He came out on the porch again and stood looking down at her.

"Bad?" she asked him.

"The usual," he answered.

Linda thought of the dogged control he had taught himself, coping with his mother since his father died.

"Would it do any good," she asked him, "if I went upstairs and talked with her for a while?"

"Thanks. I honestly don't know."

"I'll try," said Linda.

She walked up the narrow, steep stairway. The door of Mrs. Kane's room was right at the head of the stairs, and the huge bed waited just inside the door.

"Hello, Mrs. Kane," Linda said pleasantly, walking into the room.

Jim's mother lay motionless against the pile of pillows. She had lain there, eating greedily, till now she was soft and boneless and smooth like the pillows. But the eyes were flat and hard in her puffy face.

"So you're back," she said to Linda. She could stare a long time without blinking.

Linda said with an effort, "I thought I'd come up and visit you for a while."

"You didn't hear me inviting you," said Mrs. Kane.

"Perhaps some other time—" Linda said slowly.

Mrs. Kane closed her eyes. "I'm tired now."

Linda went out of the room and down to the porch.

"No good?" said Jim. "You're back fast."

"No good," Linda said. And then quickly, "Jim—don't look like that."

She reached out to him, fitting her hands around his head, bringing them down across the grimness in his face, her fingers loving him all the way. Then they were locked together with a sudden desperate closeness.

"Jim!" called the voice from upstairs. "You're so quiet, Jim. Are you saying goodbye to her?"

Linda pulled away from Jim, feeling as if a window peeper had been watching the intimacy of their kiss.

Jim called hastily. "I'll be out for a little while, Mother."

He seized Linda's arm and took her down the steps. "Over by the tree," he said.

The old tree at the far side of the yard marked an invisible boundary. There they were out of earshot of the house.

"Linda — Linda, darling," Jim was saying with tenderness and anger mixed together. "I'm so sorry —"

"I keep telling myself she shouldn't make so much difference," Linda said. "But she does, Jim. I just don't see how we could live in the same house with her."

"It's a lot to ask you to take," Jim said more slowly. "I've been trying to figure how to make it better for you. I could hire a nurse full time. You wouldn't even have to see Mother if you don't want to, Linda."

"She'd be there," Linda answered. "It's what she would do to us that worries me most."

"She can't do anything to us unless we let her."

Linda said with a sudden ache of longing, "We ought to have our own life in our own place, Jim. That's what I want, the two of us starting by ourselves. Just us."

"You think I don't want that, too?" Jim cried, catching her hands and gripping them. "You think I don't want to give you that? But I'm caught in this, Linda. I haven't any right to ask you to marry me, except I love you terribly."

She tried to think of nothing but Jim. And then, from the dark corner of her fear came the memory of that listening. How could they have any real marriage in that house? How could she lie in Jim's arms at night, with the listening that could creep under their very door?

She couldn't even tell herself it would be a temporary thing to live here. Not with Jim in Government work, and years to go before he could afford a separate house, a full-time housekeeper for his mother, and someone to do the nursing, too.

"I know it would cost too much to run two houses," she said aloud.

"Maybe you wonder why I don't put Mother in a room somewhere," he said then. "Linda, my Dad gave her a rough time. He was boss, and he never missed telling her off, tough and hard, and it went on like that. When he died I told myself she was going to have it easier. Then she had that fall, and she never was the same after it; maybe she gave up then. But the house matters a lot to her; she can tell you what's at the back corner of every cupboard. I keep reminding myself: Dad always had things the way he wanted, and made her take it. How can I grab what I want, and give her the same deal?"

"I see," Linda answered him, seeing, most of all, the trouble in his face.

Why couldn't she find a way out for them? There must be somebody who could help. Not her father, on a teacher's salary. And, even if she worked, too, Jim would need a job with better pay.

Eagerness caught her. "Jim, why wouldn't your Uncle Carl give you a job? He could give you one that would pay enough so you could carry two houses, with me helping. He likes you, doesn't he?"

"He did," said Jim. "He said I was a fool sticking to Government work. We had quite a row about it."

"Would you take a job with him, Jim?"

He said, "The project I'm working on is important, Linda. I shouldn't pull out of that."

"But for us, Jim? So we could marry and have a real life by ourselves?"

He reached out and touched her face. "When you look at me like that, Linda, I can't think of anything but us."

She thought swiftly, "Why shouldn't I go to Jim's uncle?" Whatever pride and anger lay between the two men, maybe she could bridge that. But she wouldn't tell Jim ahead, in case she failed.

She only said, "I want to help, Jim."

Once again he held her close. This time there was no voice calling. People passing on the sidewalk were beyond a high hedge. They were quite alone.

When at last they said goodbye he walked a little way with her. The sun left flakes of brightness on the brick sidewalk, but the afternoon was almost gone.

"It's now, when another time is over, that's the worst," he said. "And I've got to work late tomorrow. Tuesday evening?"

"Yes. Way ahead there, Tuesday."

She turned for a last look after she'd left him and found him turning, too. And they grinned at each other ruefully across the space. Then she was walking on alone, down the quiet street with its curve-bladed palms. When she reached her own house she saw her sister Lou in the garden.

Lou came to meet her. Lou was tall and thin—too thin—but she moved with a curious angular grace. She had short, brown hair, very soft and fine so it lay sleek to her head.

Linda was smaller, quicker, with a flamelike eagerness that matched her bright hair. She was two years younger, but she often went ahead more surely than Lou.

"How did things go?" Lou asked in her quiet voice.

"Mrs. Kane hated me, as usual, and I didn't find her any easier to take," Linda replied.

"I don't see how Jim can expect you to live there," Lou said. "A man ought to want to take care of the girl."

"Jim has to think of his mother also," Linda said quickly. She didn't want anyone criticising Jim — not even Lou.

Lou caught the tone. "It's none of my business," she said stiffly.

Linda felt the odd little twinge of guilt that only Lou could give her. She had things Lou didn't have; she'd learned that through the years. She was the one the new boys in town had dated; she was the one who made the double-dates for herself and Lou. And now she was engaged first, at twenty, ahead of Lou. The least she could do was share things with her sister.

> **Grow up as soon as you can. It pays. The only time you really live fully is from thirty to sixty.**
>
> **— *Hervey Allen.***

"I'm going to see Jim's uncle about a job for Jim," she told Lou now.

Lou said, "What about Jim's project? That guided-missile thing is supposed to be important, isn't it?"

"It's the Government's project, not Jim's," Linda answered. "Jim's good at his work, but he's just a piece of a project where he is. He isn't making a life of his own."

"Jim ought to see that," Lou agreed.

"And Jim's uncle ought to have a better job for him, with this new road-building programme," Linda said.

Roads to use the Government subsidy, she thought; roads for the northern tourists who came down to the southern beaches all year round now. And Jim's uncle sat in his office there in the city, with new roads ready on the maps under his fingers.

"I'm going to ask him tomorrow," she told Lou.

She went on into the house presently. This house was one of the old ones, big and sprawling. But the houses she and Jim looked at, always, were the little new ones fitted against the grass, fitted friendly fashion into the massed green of Florida gardens. If she could win Jim's uncle over and maybe get a job herself to help out, she and Jim would be living in one of those little, bright houses . . .

So she started off determinedly next morning. It would take her less than an hour by bus from their own town to the city. She didn't phone ahead for an appointment. Jim's uncle would surely talk to her if she was right there in his office. She didn't know if he approved of frilly girls or sober, sensible girls, so she played safe with a creamy, tailored suit and a blouse that was a froth of pale blue.

She got into Uncle Carl's office as she had expected, though she found he was very busy. He was the kind of man who really enjoyed talking into two phones at once. But when he swung round to her he concentrated on her with intent blue eyes.

"Glad to see you," he said. "What do I give you for a wedding present?"

She said, "I need something more than a present. I could tell you in ten minutes, maybe five."

Uncle Carl flipped the little knob on the intercom panel. "No calls," he remarked in that direction, and flipped the knob again. Then he looked at her and waited.

She took a long breath and plunged in. She told him how Jim was too good to be a peg in a project, and found herself telling him about the little bright houses. She said more than she'd planned to, and stopped abruptly.

"Do you have the kind of job Jim would fit into?" she finished. "I came to ask you."

Uncle Carl lit a cigar and studied her. "That was quite a sales talk," he remarked finally. "Jim is a bright boy, and he's got solid training. Yes, we could use him. And he'd have a chance to get ahead reasonably fast."

She blinked at him, startled. She hadn't expected to get results so swiftly and easily.

"That's wonderful—" she began.

Uncle Carl lifted the cigar abruptly. "Wait," he said. "Jim can have a job with me. But I'm not so sure he'll take it. He's got some fancy, idealistic bug in his head about this Government work he's doing. Does he know you're here today, Linda?"

"No," she admitted. "I wasn't sure enough about you."

Uncle Carl smiled at her, and flipped the little button that connected him with the rest of the world. "You don't want to be talking to me," he observed. "You need to talk to Jim."

She got up quickly and tried to thank him, but the phone was buzzing at him. She got a firm handshake and another smile, and then she was in the outside office. She walked on out into the hot sunshine as though she stepped on pink clouds. She'd done it. She'd fixed it for Jim. She could hardly wait to tell him.

When she got back to the bus terminal at home, she phoned him. She thought of him, over there on an island she'd never seen, guarded and apart. But his voice made him seem very near.

"Jim," she said eagerly, "I know you'll be late tonight, but could you meet me, anyway? I've got something to tell you—something good."

"Ten o'clock?" he said. "Coffee at the Shack?"

"Perfect," she told him. "Good-bye." . . .

She went on to the house and up to her own room. She changed to a cool dress, and walked around the room restlessly. She looked at the maps she had tacked on her walls.

The islands in the red circles were ones Jim had been to, on those trips that had something to do with his work. She didn't ask him much about his job, because there were so many things he wasn't supposed to talk about. Everybody in town knew that work was being done on guided missiles at that nearby island. But nobody knew exactly what was going on there.

So she hadn't questioned Jim about those trips of his. But each time he mentioned an island where he'd been, she marked it on the biggest map.

"Hello, I didn't hear you 'come in,'" said Lou, unexpectedly entering the room with a bowl of fresh flowers. She tried the flowers on the table, on the highboy, without consulting Linda.

"I haven't been back long," Linda answered, stifling a flare of annoyance.

She loved Lou and her parents, but they all felt they could come walking into her room, or into her life, without even knocking. The family pattern was pleasant enough, but it wasn't hers. But now she wanted that house with Jim, where they could close all the doors and be alone; where she could put her own flowers in her own bowl.

"Aren't you going to tell me what happened?" Lou asked in a carefully patient tone.

"He promised a job for Jim. So we can have our own place and get married right away," said Linda.

"Honestly?" said Lou. "That's wonderful, Linda. Only —she hesitated, frowning— "are you sure how Jim feels about switching jobs?"

"You just don't know Jim!" Linda exclaimed. And then felt a quick regret as she saw Lou turn away. "Lou, dear, I didn't mean that stuff you're always saying—that you take a long time getting to know people. I only meant that, of course, I know Jim better, and know how he wants us to get married."

Lou turned back to Linda, not answering directly. "You must have done a smooth piece of talking to his uncle."

"He was swell," said Linda. "I can't wait to tell Jim——"

"What's the excitement?" asked their mother from the doorway. And when they told her she sat down and began planning Linda's wedding dress, with a look of lists and invitations already in her face.

So the rest of the day was plans and wedding talk. Lou and Mrs. Avery did most of the talking; for once they went ahead of Linda, while she floated dreamily and listened. When her father came home it began all over again, this time mostly about the job. But Linda had one small doubt.

"Dad," she said, when she was alone with him for a moment after dinner. "Dad, Jim wouldn't mind my having gone to his uncle without telling him first, would he?"

Her father looked at her thoughtfully. "Men can be funny about things like that," he admitted. "Maybe you'll have to go over a little bump. But you got what you went after, and that's what matters."

At ten that evening she was waiting for Jim in the Shack, at the small white-topped table in the corner that they always tried to get.

Jim walked in, and a tingling gladness spread through Linda. The room was a different place because he was there.

He came toward her, tall and dark, with that long stride. "Hi!" he said, grinning at her.

"You have the right kind of grin-wrinkles by your eyes," she told him.

"That's lucky. It isn't the sort of thing a guy can work out for himself," said Jim gravely. "That isn't what you wanted to tell me, is it?"

She chuckled, but she hesitated still. "Jim, I did something without asking you ahead. But we're going to have the same future, so how can I stay outside of it?"

"You can't," he answered soberly, while his eyes laughed at her nicely above the soberness. "There's something like that in the wedding service, though, of course, it sounds a little different . . . Linda, my sweet, will you stop jittering and tell me?"

"I went to see your uncle, and he has a job for you where you can get ahead fast," she said all in a breath.

Jim looked at her with the laughter gone. But he didn't look annoyed.

"And I'll get a job, too," she went on swiftly. "We could have the house with the fireplace that we loved. And we ——"

"Wait, Linda, darling," he said. He reached across, his hand firm on hers. "If you go too fast I'll feel like a worse heel when I don't start yelling for joy."

She waited, cold with uncertainty.

"You asked me something yesterday about a job with Uncle Carl," he said. "I didn't know you were going to see him."

"And you told me you couldn't think of anything but us, Jim, when I asked you if you'd change jobs."

"Yes," he said. "When I'm with you I can't see anything else. Only I've got to try this time. Linda, I wouldn't be any good, to you or myself, if I couldn't stay on the rails."

"What do you mean?" she asked him.

He looked down, absently putting spoons and fork and knife in a rough square, shifting it, tightening it.

"Linda, Uncle Carl offered me a job last month. I turned it down."

"No wonder he told me to talk to you," she said. "Jim, why? It's not as if it were wartime, when you'd have a duty to keep your Government job."

"People seem to think there could be a war," Jim said.

"Yes, but it's going on that way, isn't it? We've got to live, knowing there may be a war ahead, for years and years maybe. It's going to be that way for us, isn't it?"

"Looks like it, Linda."

"Well, then, we've got to get used to it," she went on. "We've got to live real lives, not all cramped in emergency quarters."

He nodded. "I'm with you there. Only some of us have jobs that must go on."

"You don't have to be one of those people," she challenged him. "You could leave, couldn't you?"

"Yes," he said honestly.

"Well, then?" said Linda again.

He looked across at her steadily before he spoke. And the appeal in his face shook her. "Linda, would you just try considering — living in my house?" he asked her. "Let's talk it over, see if we can work it out. We could fix up part of the house, like a separate apartment for us. We could—"

"We can't, Jim," she interrupted him, unhappily, before he could go on. "You're used to your mother; you don't see what it would do to us to live in that house with her."

She thought of the new, bright house she had daydreamed about, all theirs. They could have it if he would take the job with his uncle. Their own place—how could she give it up now?

"I can't Jim," she said.

Jim stood up. "Let's get out of here, Linda."

They went out into the warm night, where the stars seemed to swing low. They walked along toward her house.

"I wish we could take a boat off to one of those islands you know," she said.

He answered, as if he caught

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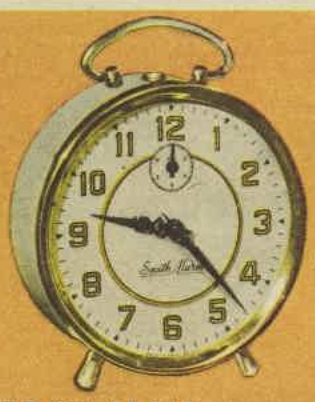
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"ESCAPE TO PARADISE," by Ware Torrey Budlong

their mood. "I saw an island once, one of those little cays, but big enough to live on. We'll go to Nassau some day, and I'll show you the cay. We'll hire a little boat, and keep on going till we're out of sight of everyone."

"You do understand," she said.

"What do you think? Only, we couldn't stay there forever."

"I just want to get there, Jim."

They had reached her corner, and he swung her in from the sidewalk, where shadow was heavy on the grass. He took her in his arms and kissed her. "You don't know how I love you," he said at last. "Everything mixes in. You don't know."

"I know how I feel about you," she answered. "Jim, will you think it over about the job?"

"Yes," he said. "I'll fight it out. I'll tell you tomorrow night."

"I'll go to sleep fast, so it'll be tomorrow, Jim."

But when she was alone in her own room, she couldn't get to sleep at all. Doubts and worries were like shadows in the corners of the room. Even doubt of herself, because perhaps she was wrong to mind Jim's mother so much.

Perhaps she ought to make a better effort to understand Mrs. Kane. If she stayed with her longer, talked with her longer, maybe the two of them could build some sort of truce. She would go the next day. And when she had decided on something to do, she could fall asleep.

Next morning, when she got up, she was planning things to say to Mrs. Kane. She put on a bright striped skirt and tied a ribbon at the collar of her white blouse. After breakfast, she started off for Jim's house.

As she turned into his path, she told herself to look at the house and think, "Jim and I can be there together." It wasn't an unfriendly looking house, was it? She liked the long sweep of roof, the shining bank of windows across the terrace.

Mrs. Simmons was coming toward her on the grass, from the side yard. She was a sturdy woman with a pleasant smile.

Linda went to meet her. "Hello, Mrs. Simmons. I came in to see Mrs. Kane."

"That's a blessing," said Mrs. Simmons heartily. "I have to run down to the drugstore, and I was going to get someone from next door to stay here. I won't be a minute."

"Is there anything special I should do?" Linda asked hesitantly. "Medicine or anything?"

"Nothing at all," said Mrs. Simmons. "It's my own private opinion she could get out of bed and walk if she wanted to bad enough. I'll run along now."

Mrs. Simmons seemed to take her patient casually enough, Linda thought as she went up the steps. Mrs. Kane couldn't be such an ogre to everyone, then. She wondered if it was true that Mrs. Kane could walk again if she cared to try. And she thought of what Jim had said: that his mother hadn't had an easy time in her marriage, and that maybe, after her fall, she'd just given up.

She went into the hall. And instantly Mrs. Kane's voice came down the stairway: "Who's there?"

"It's Linda Avery," Linda called back. "I've come to see you."

There was no answer to this. Linda went up the stairs. And with an unexpected feeling of compassion for anyone who must lie there and have people walk in upon her at will, she stopped just outside the bedroom door.

"May I come in, Mrs. Kane?"

"What do you want?"

Linda went in then and drew up a chair at the foot of the bed.

"I thought if I came to see you sometimes we could get better acquainted, Mrs. Kane," she said quietly.

"You think that will help?" inquired Mrs. Kane. Her eyes had that hard, flat stare.

"I know you don't like me," Linda said frankly. "But don't you think we could try to make the best of things? Since I'll be marrying Jim some day—"

Mrs. Kane reached for one of the puffy pillows. She pushed it behind her till she was lying higher in the bed. "If you come here to live you won't stay," she said deliberately.

"Why not?" asked Linda with a touch of defiance.

"Because I'll see to it,' said Mrs. Kane in that toneless voice of hers. "There isn't room in this house for the two of us."

Linda stood up. There was nothing more to say. With a muttered goodbye she ran out of the room and down the stairs. She had promised to stay till Mrs. Simmons came back. But her knees were shaking so that she sat down on the porch steps.

She knew now that she couldn't live there, didn't she?

She told herself that when Jim knew her decision was final—that she couldn't live in the house with his mother — he would feel differently about changing jobs. He had thought of all this merely as a choice between two kinds of work. Now it would be a choice between his going on with the project and their future together.

Her family were divided on this point, she found when she got home. Her mother said that Jim would never ask her to live there if there were any real harm in Mrs. Kane. Her mother had quite a lot to say about making adjustments when you got married.

But her father disagreed. "It's all right to be quixotic before you're married," he said. "But it's time he acted responsible. If he wants to marry you, Linda, he's got to take care of you properly. If he doesn't see it, bring him around and let me talk it over with him."

"Now you're being protective for Linda," Mrs. Avery said.

"What's wrong with that?" returned Mr. Avery.

Lou spoke up then, her thin face tight with concern: "I think Dad's right. Jim can't just think about his work. He's got to think about Linda, and giving her the right kind of life."

"He will," said Linda quickly. "Stop worrying. He will." . . .

That night Jim called for her in the neat official car that he used going back and forth to work. "Talk first?" he said as he started the car.

"Yes," she said.

So they drove to the water and along the shore. They stopped where the beach grass blew in long, slow waves like the sea.

Jim turned to face her. "Linda, I can't leave the project," he said slowly. "I can't walk out in the middle of the job."

She stared at him in disbelief. "You couldn't decide against us."

Jim said, "I'm not the only one making a choice in this thing. You are, too."

She had to make her answer final, to convince him. She said flatly, "I won't live in the same house with your mother, Jim. I saw her today and she told me that if I went to live there she'd see to it that I left."

Jim threw up his hands, helplessly. "You can let yourself be stopped by an empty threat, Linda," he told her. "You've never given the idea of living there a fair break. If you'd talk it out with me—"

"It's no use," she said.

Jim couldn't see it—how could he see it? He had his own impression of his mother. He knew she was a difficult woman, but he didn't understand how that evil listening could chill emotion, could invade love. He said his mother's threat was empty.

"It's true what I told you," Jim was saying now. "My mother can only matter to us if we let her, Linda."

"Stop telling me she doesn't matter!" Linda cried. And a spurt of anger caught her, because he was always turning the decision back to her, saying she could choose. "I simply can't live there," she said again.

"All right," he said; "skip the house, skip my mother. I admit it's no dazzling life I'm offering you. But about the project—they'd have to find the right man to replace me, and clear him for security, and brief him on all the stuff I've got in the ends of my fingers from working on the thing. Today my boss said, 'If you leave, Jim, you won't be changing jobs. You'll be deserting.'"

Linda said hotly, "He had no right to talk like that!"

"Hadn't he?" said Jim. "I'm not so sure."

"I'm not being unpatriotic," she said. "Listen, Jim. Since we're not at war, if you really wanted to get married you'd take the job with your uncle."

"You can't mean that, Linda," he said. "You must know by now how much I want us to get married."

She turned away, then. "I guess I don't know. Maybe you can be dreadfully in love, only it isn't a marrying kind of love. I don't know! If you don't love me enough to think of our future, I'd better find it out now."

"You aren't willing to wait, Linda?"

"Wait?" she repeated stormily. "It isn't that simple! You'll finish this project, and then there'll be another one, if you stay in that kind of work . . . This is something that defeats me, Jim. This job has some sort of hold over you that I don't understand."

He didn't answer that. His hand fell across the steering wheel and gripped it.

She tried to think of something that would help. "Jim, my father said that a man had to stop being quixotic, and act responsible when he married."

"Oh, he did!" said Jim. "I like your father, Linda. But he may not realise how important this guided-missile deal is going to be. Also, like a lot of people, he's leaving any future crisis, of attack or defence, up to the Government. Well, if people do that, isn't it up to the guys in Government work to stay responsible—to their jobs?"

"I don't know," she said again, "Dad said he'd like to talk this over with you, Jim. Will you do it?"

"No!" he said. "This is between me and you. Or between me and myself. I won't have your father telling me how to be responsible."

"Take me home," she said bitterly. "Take me home now, Jim, before we make things any worse between us."

He gave her a long look, and started the car. He drove fast and silently, and when she looked at him his face was rigid and set.

BUT when they neared her house he spoke. "This isn't the easiest thing to say," he began, and paused. "Linda, if you refuse to live in my house, do you want us to live with your family for a while?"

Her dismayed rejection of that idea was so quick and fierce it startled her. She hadn't realised how much she needed to get away from her family, especially from Lou. If she and Jim married and lived at her house, she could see her family smothering them both with affectionate plans and concern.

"It would be awful, Jim!" she said. "No, I never thought of that. I never—"

"All right; I just had to ask you," he broke in quickly. "I didn't want that, either, Linda. I had to kick my pride around to ask you. But I do want us to get married. And I thought maybe you wanted to live at your place." He pulled up in front of the house. "What am I going to do," he said, "to show you the way I love you?"

"Take the job with your uncle," she answered him. "And start thinking of me as a person, not something you can tuck under your arm as you pass by."

"Linda," he said, "you talked about a marrying kind of love. Maybe you could grow up a little and find out what that really is."

"So now you're blaming me!" she said with a gust of fury. "I don't want to see you again till you're ready to choose for us."

"Linda—"

But she was out of the car. She closed the door and stepped back quickly. "Goodbye," she said. "Go now, Jim, before I get angrier and say anything worse."

"You've said enough," Jim answered.

He started the car and moved quickly away from the kerb. He was really gone, and she had done it . . . No, Jim had done it. He didn't care for her enough.

She entered the house by the side door, and went upstairs to her room very quietly. She didn't want to meet anyone, talk with anyone.

But the door swung open, and Lou came in. Blessedly, she didn't say a word. After the first glance, she didn't even look at Linda. She sat down beside her on the bed in a sort of silent alliance.

After a while Linda spoke: "Jim won't leave the project."

"I know," said Lou. "I knew when I looked at you."

"He doesn't understand how I feel about his mother. He thinks talking it over will make me feel different."

"Talking won't change Mrs. Kane," said Lou.

"I don't know which of us is right," Linda said miserably. "I wish I could get away."

Lou looked at the maps on Linda's wall. "Why don't you do it? Jim is always taking trips to those islands and you've always wanted to go there. Why don't you go now? Maybe then he'd stop taking you for granted."

"If I got far enough away, maybe I could see things straight, across a distance," said Linda.

"Maybe you'd find out he isn't the right person for you," Lou said softly.

"No," said Linda.

"Well, anyway, go away from here and think it all over," Lou urged her.

Linda looked at the big map with its red circles. She wanted to go to Nassau, because Jim had talked about it; because he had made it seem friendly and familiar.

"Jim took a plane once from West Palm Beach to Nassau," she said. "And Cousin Fredericka lives in West Palm Beach. I could tell the folks I was going to see her, and they wouldn't worry."

"You could go tomorrow," said Lou.

"I could go now," said Linda. "On the night bus."

And, as always, when there was only one thing to do, she couldn't wait to do it. She looked at her watch. Early enough yet, so she could cash a cheque at the corner drugstore.

Lou helped her plan. Lou helped her pack. She did wonder once why her sister was so sure she ought to go. But she wanted to go so much that she didn't stop to question Lou.

She wrote a note to Jim. "I'm going away to try to think things out," she told him. She signed it with love, because that would go on no matter what happened.

Lou said she would give Jim the note and not tell him where Linda had gone. She would handle the family after Linda had left. They had gone to the movies, Lou said, and wouldn't be in till late.

"Tell them Jim and I disagreed, and I've gone away because I don't want to see him for a while," Linda said.

"Leave it to me," said Lou, standing over her with a glass of milk. "You've got to dress now if you're going to catch that night bus."

Somehow or other they got everything done. They packed bags, they got the money, they

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"ESCAPE TO PARADISE," by Ware Torrey Budlong

reached the bus terminal in time.

"Should I go?" said Linda suddenly, at the last minute.

"Yes," Lou told her firmly. "If you're lonely in Nassau I could go over and stay with you."

"Let me know if anyone gets sick or anything," said Linda as the bus pulled up in a glare of lights. "I'll mail you a folder of whatever hotel I stay at. It'll look like an ad for the hotel, but you'll know it's my address."

She waved at Lou through the bus window with gratitude. She was running away from her problems, she knew. But how could she solve them, she asked herself, unless she got some perspective on them?

The bus reached West Palm Beach in the early morning. She freshened up, had breakfast. Then she found a travel bureau.

Talking to the girl behind the counter, she found that Nassau in the Bahamas wasn't a whole island; it was a city on New Providence Island. And she could get there surprisingly fast. The British West Indies sounded farther away than just seventy minutes, she thought. The girl suggested a hotel in Nassau, and booked her a seat on the next plane.

In another hour Linda was in the plane and out over the ocean. She looked down from her window and decided she had led too sheltered a life. The water wasn't merely blue; it had streaks of jade and clouds of purple. She found herself wishing Jim were with her to see that water, then thrust the thought of him away. Not until she belonged only to herself would she be able to think fairly of Jim and what she must do.

And for a while, when the plane came down on New Providence Island, she did find another life. Even the sunlight seemed different; more of it, somehow.

She rode in a taxi between rows of palm trees, with bright red flowers splashed everywhere. She got out of the taxi on Bay Street, which her driver assured her was the centre of Nassau. There, right along the sidewalk, were women weaving straw baskets and hats, with straw goods piled all around. She stopped when she saw the woven hat. The colors were perfect for her red-gold hair. She bought it for three dollars, and put it on immediately.

Then she was wanting Jim to see her in that hat. And she realised she had really bought the hat because of Jim. She wasn't doing very well, so far, at finding a separate place for herself, was she? She turned abruptly down a side street that wandered between yellow and pale pink walls.

"Sing you a song?" murmured a soft voice at her side. "For a penny."

He was very small and very dark, with a clean blue shirt hanging from his thin shoulders. He began singing before she had time to answer. And the song cast a spell about her. Part of the song was something about Little Nassau and part of it was something she knew very well the boy was making up as he went along.

She handed him a penny when he stopped singing. And instantly he began another song, which seemed a part of the soft air and the colors and the warm scents about her. She had seven pennies and she walked with the boy till they were spent.

She watched him drift away again. And then she found a policeman and asked directions to the hotel that the girl at the travel bureau had suggested: a small inn, where she could be alone if she liked.

The policeman told her which street the hotel was in. She took a taxi and she was driven all of three blocks.

The taxi stopped in front of a wall that was pale spun-sugar-pink, with an open gate in the centre. And behind the wall a building rambled lazily — white walls and green vines, in a green-shaded court.

There was a room vacant, the manager assured her. And he did not seem surprised that she wanted a folder of the hotel mailed immediately to Florida. He took down Lou's name and address and promised the folder would go at once. So Lou would know where she was, Linda thought, and the handwriting on the envelope would cause no comment.

A sleepy boy took her bag. And presently she found herself alone in a room that swam with subdued light from the green-shuttered windows. The room was happily unlike home, from the rugs and bedspread of native weaving to the lamp-base that seemed a casual pile of coral bits and shells.

She put on a gay yellow dress and the woven hat. Then she went down to the court.

The manager inquired whether she cared for swimming and mentioned a variety of other amusements. He was a pleasant man, a round man in a very crisp white suit, and he entered a conversation as if he had a lifetime to complete it. She couldn't break away immediately. And as she stood with him in the court she was suddenly aware of another man, standing a little apart, quite frankly listening.

He came forward as her glance touched him. He was very tall, with short, sun-bleached hair, and a deceptively lazy way of moving.

"You are not the best person to introduce visitors to Nassau, Parker," he told the manager calmly. "You overdo it."

Parker smiled and introduced him to Linda: "Miss Avery, this is Mr. Denning. He comes in to argue with me. He is a writer doing some articles here and he takes an unkind view of our enthusiasms."

"It's a personal matter," Denning objected, smiling slowly at Linda in his turn. "Nothing professional. I approve of this place and I like to see newcomers meet Nassau properly."

Parker chuckled. "I will leave you to make your own suggestions." He turned back into the inn.

"You've been here quite a while, Mr. Denning?" Linda asked.

"A couple of weeks," he replied. "Long enough to look things over. There's a place a couple of blocks along here that you ought to use as a starting point before you do anything else. I'm going that way. I'll show you."

The place he mentioned turned out to be a tiny house of weathered boards put together casually. It had no door, merely a looped-back curtain of brilliant orange-and-blue cotton. And inside was a miniature counter and an assortment of ancient chairs.

Denning spoke to the girl at the counter and she set a tall glass of fruit juice before Linda. Its only familiar taste was lime. Linda sat in her straight chair, drank approvingly, and looked up at Denning, who was leaning against the counter.

"Very good. But why do I begin here?" she inquired.

"This gives you the proper slow start," he explained.

He studied her with a thoroughness that she didn't mind, because it seemed so detached. He was nice, she thought.

"You see, you're out of gear for Nassau," he told her. "That was one of the first things I noticed when you walked into the court and talked with Parker. You're all tuned up like a racing car. You can't take Nassau that way. Relax, girl."

She didn't know whether to be amused or annoyed. "I'm not the languid type," she said.

"Compromise, Miss Avery," Denning suggested. "You do have a first name, don't you?"

"Linda," she said. "Is curiosity a writer's privilege?"

"I wish you wouldn't remind me of my work," he complained. "Linda is a quiet name. I don't know that it suits you."

"What's your own name?" she retorted. And was disconcerted to see from his grin that he had led her into that question.

"Gary," he said. "Nice of you to ask. I always think it's convenient to get to the first-name stage right away. It avoids that trying period in the middle, when one says 'you' or stutters."

She found herself grinning back at him, rather to her surprise. And she got up with determination. "A very nice introduction to Nassau," she said.



"A pleasure, Linda," he replied calmly, putting a coin on the counter. "And if you don't mind a suggestion, next you might go and look at Queen Victoria's statue."

"A statue?" she said, surprised out of her formal intentions. "I wouldn't expect you to suggest that."

"I don't mean in the art-gallery sense," he explained, as they went out to the sidewalk. "Looking at the statue, maybe you'll get something, maybe not. I'm going that way. I'll show you."

She asked suspiciously, "Is this also something to slow me down to the proper tempo for Nassau?"

"Don't ask the doctor what's in the pill," he murmured. "Would you like to know which is a silk cotton tree or anything like that?"

"No, thank you," said Linda.

"Good," he said. "Let's not bother to talk."

She thought this was an odd idea, as they walked along silently. And then she found, while he paced easily beside her, that the lack of any conversation was somehow friendly. So when they reached a square and stood looking up at Queen Victoria it was nice not to have to make any comment. And she didn't speak till they turned away.

"You wanted me to get a feeling of history?" she ventured. "Sailing ships, and slow, long voyages, and then reaching this place."

"That wasn't mine, but I like it," he said.

"Maybe I thought of that, because I resented getting here in only seventy minutes," said Linda. "I wanted to go a long way."

"I thought you did," he said quietly.

She smiled with pleasure at his understanding, and then rejected that pleasure. She hadn't come to Nassau to make friends with anyone, however charming. "Well, thanks again," she said. "I'm going to walk along Bay Street, down where there aren't so many people. Good-bye."

He said, "There are some quiet side streets, too. I'm going that way. I'll show you."

"Which way are you going?" she asked crisply.

"That depends," he said. And added with disarming frankness, "You see, I have to wait till you decide."

He made her feel helpless, in a frivolous sort of way, she reflected. He probably had it all worked out. Next he would start being helpful again.

"I think I won't decide for a while," she told him. "And you must have work to do, on those articles Mr. Parker mentioned."

His eyebrows slanted ruefully. "Matter of fact, I have an appointment in twenty minutes. And I'm tied up all afternoon. I'm sorry I didn't know you were coming."

She laughed in spite of herself. "Too bad."

"But there'll be dinner tonight," he said quickly. "The Royal Palms, I think. With calypso music, for local color. All right?"

"No," said Linda. "And you needn't talk about anybody's fast tempo; you move right along yourself."

He surveyed her, again with detachment. "You're running away from some place or someone, aren't you? I recognise the signs; I've done it myself. You wanted to go a long way, you said. Well, that's easier done with someone else than alone. Alone, you have to waste so much time trying not to slip back and remember."

She looked at him. He understood, but he did not encroach. He asked no questions; he merely mentioned a way of going.

She hadn't once thought of Jim since she set out with Gary Denning. That was what she was trying to do, wasn't it? Why shouldn't she have dinner with Gary? She'd even been properly introduced to him.

"All right; it would be nice," she said.

"I'll meet you on that same paving-stone where I found you," he told her. "Seven all right? Good."

She went one way and he went another this time. It wasn't so much fun walking alone, that was perfectly true. It was also true, now she was alone, she looked at the vivid street and wondered whether Jim had got her note yet.

Lunch was a diversion. Afterwards, she wandered into a shop and found a shell necklace for her mother. She went into another shop and saw a scarf so right for Lou that she had to buy it. She got a British pipe for her father. These small parcels she put in a large woven straw bag that she bought at the market.

But as she walked farther along, the shop windows began to disturb her. Because she saw a wallet for Jim, a sports jacket, and a cigarette case. She walked on rapidly, but the damage was done.

All right, she would drop off her purchases at the hotel, and start again away from Bay Street. She would go down one of those smaller streets, with the fiery poinciana trees that led to nothing that could remind her of home.

But, back in her cool, green room, sleepiness rolled over her like slow surf. So she dropped down on the bed, and didn't wake till it was almost seven. She showered quickly, put on a dress with a long skirt that Lou providentially had slipped into the suitcase, and brushed her hair into a burnished gleam.

She thought about Gary Denning. He was nice, he was friendly, he should be an amusing dinner companion. And that was all.

But when she walked downstairs and Gary rose from a low bench to meet her it was as if a faraway bell sounded, stirring echoes of excitement within her. How could she possibly feel like that about a stranger?

But when he spoke his tone was so matter-of-fact she was reassured. "Have a good day?" he asked, falling into step and turning toward the gate.

"I wasted Nassau," she said. "I fell asleep."

"But that's perfect," he told her. "That's the whole idea: Sleep when you want; eat when you want; and—"

"Yes?" she said and then regretted it.

"I'm not sure," he said. "I'll let you know later. After all, there are still a few things I don't know about you."

He set about remedying this at once, with a dexterity that reminded her he was a writer, skilled at drawing people out. But the things he asked her were never too personal, and by the time they had walked half a dozen blocks she'd told him quite a lot about her home town, her family, the two years of college.

"We turn in here, Linda," he said presently.

"What is this?" she exclaimed as they took a path that seemed to wind into jungle.

"The hotel is beyond this tropical garden," said Gary.

They emerged from the confusion of vines and trees to the lights and music of the hotel. It was a large and suavely timeless structure. Gary led her to a table on the terrace, and seated her with an attentive manner that made her feel subtly cared for.

"Don't ask me to explain calypso," said Gary, as he took his own seat. "I merely listen."

Linda listened, too, as the little group of singers wandered among the tables, stopping sometimes. The rhythm of the strings kept up a taut, bright demand under the voices.

"Could they come over here?" she asked.

Gary made a gesture, and the singers wandered over beside her chair. And once again she had that sense of being cared for, so that all she had to do was drift contentedly.

She turned to Gary when the singers moved on down the terrace. She looked at him, thoughtfully. "You must have taken a lot of different girls to dinner, Gary, in a lot of different places."

He looked rather startled, and his eyebrows shot up. "I don't feel routine tonight."

"Not routine, just experienced. The girls at home go around firmly opening doors for themselves and taking off their own jackets, but they purr when a man helps them."

They went on with easy talk.

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Simply cut cake into small squares and slice in bananas. Prepare 1 pt. lemon or orange jelly, and when cold but not set, pour ¾ pt. over cake and fruit, with sherry if desired. When set, break jelly and cake into fairly large pieces and pour over a liberal quantity of Uncle Toby's Custard. Whip cream and dot on top with the rest of the jelly.



Try these delicious NEW RECIPES

Custard Cake

FILLING: *1½ dessertsps. shortening, 1 tablesp. sugar, 1 tablesp. Uncle Toby's Custard Powder, ¼ pint milk.*
Cream shortening with sugar and custard powder. Gradually add boiling milk. Stir over low heat in saucepan until mixture boils and thickens. Allow to cool.

CAKE: *4 ozs. shortening, 2 tablesps. sugar, 1 egg, ¾ cup S.R. flour, ¼ cup Uncle Toby's Custard Powder.*
Cream together shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg gradually. Stir in sifted flour and custard powder. Spread half mixture on bottom and sides of greased 8" sandwich tin. Pour in filling, cover with remainder of cake mixture. Bake in mod. oven 30 mins. Cover top with lemon icing.

Chocolate Fruit Tart

PASTRY: *3 ozs. Uncle Toby's Custard Powder, 3 ozs. plain flour, 3 ozs. butter or margarine, 2 ozs. sugar, 1 tablesp. milk, ¼ teasp. baking powder.*
Cream butter and sugar until white and fine. Beat in milk, gradually. Stir in sifted custard powder, flour, baking powder. Turn onto lightly floured board and roll. Line greased plate, glaze and prick bottom. Bake in mod. oven 15-20 mins.

FILLING: *2 tablesps. Uncle Toby's Custard Powder, 2 eggs, 2 tablesps. sugar, 1 cup mixed fruits, 2 cups milk, 1 dessertsp. cocoa, 2 tablesps. sugar (for meringue).*
Blend custard powder, sugar and cocoa with milk in saucepan. Beat in egg yolks and stir over low heat until mixture boils. Cook 2 mins. Add mixed fruits. Cool and pour into cooked pastry case. Top with meringue, made by beating egg whites stiffly and adding the two tablesps. of sugar gradually. Lightly brown in slow oven.

Raisin Custard Biscuits

1½ cups S.R. flour, 2 tablesps. Uncle Toby's Custard Powder, 2 tablesps. sugar, 1 egg, 4 ozs. butter.
Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg. Then add sifted flour and custard powder. Roll out on floured board and cut into shapes. Place on greased tray and bake in mod. oven for 15 mins. When cool, join together with raisin filling.

FILLING: *3 ozs. raisins, 2 ozs. butter, 5 tablesps. icing sugar, ½ teasp. vanilla.*
Add chopped raisins and vanilla to the butter and icing sugar, beat well and join the biscuits together.



Eggless Lemon Cheese

½ cup water, ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablesp. Uncle Toby's Custard Powder, 1 oz. butter, juice and rind of 2 lemons.
Blend custard powder and sugar with the water and lemon juice in saucepan. Stir over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Cook 2 mins. Beat in butter and grated lemon rind.







UNCLE TOBY'S CUSTARD POWDER

UTC 23

"ESCAPE TO PARADISE"

He was just enough older to be interesting, Linda decided, perhaps about thirty. And he'd certainly been to some varied parts of the world.

"Americans always want to go places," she remarked finally. "You did it, didn't you?"

"I was lucky enough to have a little regular money coming in, so I could go where I pleased," he said. "And I have a few magazines lined up, which I write for fairly regularly."

"Fun—wandering around," she said. "I was always planning to and never getting there. There was always something else that had to be done."

"But here you are now."

"Yes," she said. She looked out to where fantastic trees blurred into the night sky.

"Want to explore the garden?" he asked, watching her.

"Yes, soon as I finish my coffee."

So they went away from the hotel, down another curving path, so deep in tropical foliage that when she turned the hotel was out of sight, with only the faint lights and music marking it.

As they walked along Gary never so much as brushed her hand, except once when she stumbled, and he steadied her, and let her go instantly. But she always knew where he was in the warm dark.

"We can take a taxi," Gary suggested, when they finally reached the street again.

"Let's walk," said Linda.

Once again she was walking along the sidewalk with him. But she realised, slowly, that this time was different.

This time the night threw strange shadows across their path, and an opening door let out a snatch of talk in a native tongue that left a mystery trailing. This time a warm, restless wind roamed the street, with scents that stirred her as restlessly. And always, somewhere, there was faint singing, in a beat that seemed to quicken her heart.

So when they crossed a side street, and Gary was holding her hand, there was nothing strange about it. When he stopped beside a shadowed wall and turned her slowly till she leaned back against it, this seemed to happen naturally.

"Everything moves slowly here—except this," he said, and drew her into his arms with a quiet certainty that stirred her as no passionate gesture could have done. He kissed her, and the dark, strange night whirled around her and a dark excitement broke free in her.

He let her go gently, reluctantly, and stood beside her, not touching her.

"Love when you want to," he said softly. "That was the thing I couldn't say before. But only if you want to, Linda."

She pressed her hands against the solid wall and took a shaky breath. She said, "It wouldn't be love at all."

"It could be," said Gary. "We could find out."

"I'm in love with someone else," said Linda. She tried to see Jim's face but Gary's came in between.

"And yet you're running away," said Gary.

"Stop trying to corner me," said Linda.

"It's not a bad corner," he told her. "You might consider it."

She turned and walked on. He caught up with her in three long strides, and stayed there with that effortless pace of his.

"Tell me at breakfast?"

"No," said Linda.

"Tell me at lunch?"

"No."

"Meet me at five on the terrace. We'll drink iced coffee in sober daylight, and take stock. You owe me that much, don't you?"

"I don't know," Linda said deliberately. "But I'll be there at five."

"Good girl," he said.

He let her go at the entrance of her hotel without another personal word. But when she turned and looked back, halfway across the lobby, he was still standing there.

She went up to her room, confused and disturbed and still held in the night's enchantment. So she wasn't sure if she had agreed to meet Gary because she refused to be afraid, or because this sudden thing between them was too important to be lost.

"Everything moves slowly here—except this," he had said.

And what, exactly had she felt? A romantic reaction to the place, the evening? She knew better than that. Whatever she felt, she felt for Gary himself. She had wanted to get far enough away from Jim so she could belong to herself. She hadn't expected to find herself as far away as this.

But nothing had happened, except a mood, a kiss, an unthinking response. When she saw Gary again in the daylight she would be sure nothing had happened at all. Wouldn't she?

NEXT morning, surveying her regular everyday face in a sunlit mirror, she was reassured. There was a strong brand of moonlight in Nassau, that was all. And, of course, some credit was due to Gary Denning . . . In sudden abrupt betrayal, she remembered the feel of his mouth on her own. As if things hadn't been complicated enough before. She fled in search of breakfast.

After breakfast, she put her bathing things into the new straw bag and started off for a beach Parker had mentioned—Paradise Beach, on a nearby island, with boats jitneying between.

Her boat had a glass bottom, and she looked down through the water at coral and sponges, and felt genuinely far from home. Perhaps now, with this interval—and Gary—in between, she was ready to think clearly. About Jim.

When she'd changed and walked down the beach she was pleased to find she was so early there was no one in sight except one attendant and a boy diving from a boat. She was a whole foreign country away from her problem. She was apart by herself in new water.

She floated there, and let all the trouble flood back around her. If Jim would not leave his work, then it was true: The decision was up to her about living with his mother.

She thought of Jim's house, and tried to see it now as he did. But, instead, she remembered the listening, how it groped and chilled and clung. She thought of Mrs. Kane's threat. Though Jim didn't know how his mother had made that threat so terrifying, he needn't have brushed it aside as empty. Why didn't he face the fact that no happy marriage could be made in that house?

Lou had told her, but she wouldn't listen then. Lou had said that the man ought to want to take care of the girl. Jim didn't apparently.

Or was it true what Jim said, that she didn't have a marrying kind of love for him? What was that, anyway? Certainly not just emotion. She had felt quite a definite emotion for Gary Denning. But Gary knew that wasn't love; he'd only said it could be love.

She closed her eyes, floating motionless in the quiet water, and let herself admit for one moment her aching, desperate need for Jim. Distance hadn't changed that. There she was, all that stretch of sky and water away from home, and still locked in the same trap. She wanted Jim, but they didn't want the same kind of marriage.

But she hadn't felt trapped the night before, with Gary, had she? If Gary showed her a way to escape, why shouldn't she follow that road as far as it could take her? And if it took her all the way to loving Gary, that was fair enough. She and Jim had parted with no promises, no claims.

And so that day she ran away from the thought of Jim, the longing for him, as she had run away from Jim himself. She drifted in the warm sun, and day-dreamed about Gary Denning.

Time slipped past, with lunch and lying on the beach. And by the time she went back to the hotel to get ready to meet Gary, she looked forward to seeing him with a shimmer of anticipation. But she thought of him as a man who might affect her deadlock with Jim, her need of Jim.

She walked to the Royal Palms, when it was almost five. She found her way to the terrace. And as she went toward the table where she'd sat the evening before, Gary rose, smiling at her.

He was not a man she could dismiss as merely a pawn in her situation with Jim. He was not a man easily dismissed at all. He stood there, tall and casual, with that crest of sun-bleached hair. And three women turned from other tables to watch him.

"I'm late," she said. "Sorry."

"Worth waiting for," said Gary. "Sit this side, so you won't have the sun in your eyes."

Once more he made her feel as if he cleared a place for her, in which she moved with silken comfort. Once more everything was smooth and easy, with a chair placed for her bag and gloves, and her linen jacket removed as she leaned forward. Iced coffee appeared immediately, with small sandwiches and English biscuits.

"Did you find some fun today?" he asked her.

Linda said, "I did some more running away."

Gary looked at her thoughtfully. "That's a special brand of fun. People talk as if running away was always cowardly. Sometimes it takes more courage than staying. And it can have an excitement of its own, like sudden wings."

"But if you keep being pulled back?" said Linda. "I told you there's a man at home."

"You did mention someone," murmured Gary. "Perhaps you'd be willing to tell me a bit more."

She hesitated, suddenly uncertain how much the evening before had meant to him. But he was smiling at her, with a look in his eyes that ended her doubt. She could tell him the problem without disloyalty to Jim, she thought, if she left out any personal details, any trace of criticism. So she began telling him. She held to the bare facts: Jim's work, his mother. How much Gary read between

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"ESCAPE TO PARADISE," by Ware Torrey Budlong

her words she didn't realise then.

"You want a very personal marriage, don't you, Linda?" he said quietly when she finished speaking. "Some women settle for less. But you're right—you don't have to settle for less."

"It's not that simple," said Linda.

"No," he admitted. "But don't you need a man who isn't in such demanding work? I happen to know something about that guided-missile project. People talk about it, here on the islands. I guess they see the way it breaks across the map—"

"Breaks across the map?" she repeated.

"Look," he said. He reached for ashtrays and small plates, and began to arrange them across the table. "See? The rockets are fired there, from Florida, and the chain goes on across the water. Grand Bahama, Eleutheria, on to San Salvador, out to Mariguana, and Puerto Rico—control stations, on the course. When they run out of islands they'll use ships. They'll fire across from Florida to Africa before they're done. It's terrific."

She stared dazed at the chain across the table. She had come to Nassau to learn the span of Jim's project.

"I didn't realise this thing was so big," she said.

"It's plenty important," Gary said. "I can see why this guy feels he should stay in his job. Linda—"

"Yes?"

"Linda, perhaps you need a man who carries his job in his pocket," he said. "Like me, for example."

"You don't begin to know me, Gary."

"It's a good beginning," he told her. "All that's ever needed is the right two people meeting. It doesn't usually happen. So we usually make do with someone who's almost right."

"How do you know when it's the right two people?" she asked him.

"You see enough of each other, to make sure," he answered. "What have you got to lose, Linda, if we go on seeing each other?"

"Without — expecting anything?" she said.

"Just finding out," said Gary. "Will you let me plan this evening?"

She looked back at him steadily. She wanted to know, she had to know. And if she went only a step at a time—

"Yes," she said. "I'd like that." . . .

They had dinner at the hotel, and she learned more about Gary as the courses came and went smoothly: till she could see him as a little boy in a mid-western town dreaming of the seas he had never reached and the countries beyond the oceans.

"I used to play explorer," Gary said. "I had a pith helmet that I'd got from a mail-order house, and when the minister sat on it I wouldn't go to Sunday school for two months."

She smiled back at him. "And when you did get to all those countries, Gary, was it as good as you had thought it would be?"

"Better," said Gary. "There's something about heading out over the water . . . I'll show you tonight, a small-sized sample."

A little later she was heading out across the harbor with Gary, in a small boat. It was growing dark, but the sky ahead was lighter than the water, and when they moved out between the islands she could see the faint horizon line. She sat on the bow of the boat with Gary, and the silent boy at the helm was forgotten.

"The world is there ahead for the taking," said Gary. "You could like living the way I do, Linda. I have to work, everybody has to work. But I can choose where to go. That way you don't wake up every morning looking out of the same window. You go your own way."

After all her struggle about Jim, after her sudden glimpse of the size of that project of his, which made her feel at once amazed and defeated, the picture of Gary's life looked like fun and peace and freedom. Was it childish to want that? Jim had told her to grow up. But certainly there was nothing childish about Gary.

"It sounds like my kind of life," she said. "But maybe that's the night and the water and the things you say."

"It's our kind of life," Gary said. "You have a look about you, Linda, of a woman I saw carved into the figurehead of a boat, looking ahead with a lift of eagerness. When I see you like that—"

He drew her against him slowly. He kissed her slowly. This time she let herself answer him.

"I said before, it could be love between us," Gary told her.

"In two days' time?"

"In an instant," Gary answered. "When I first saw you. And we've gone on from there. I know a lot of important things about you. You would pack a bag to go somewhere on ten minutes' notice."

"Yes," said Linda. She laughed, too, remembering the way she had left home.

"You would never hand me a grocery list," said Gary. "You would always want to know what was around the next corner. You would wake up in Africa, and powder your nose and say, 'What's fun today?'"

"Would I?" said Linda. "How can you be so sure, Gary?"

"You have something I've never found in another woman," Gary told her slowly. "Something I've looked for."

"What, Gary?"

He said, "The world is full of domestic little women who want to settle down with a lawn around them, but they're all wrong for me. Just as wrong for me as the women adventurers who want to wander the world, but do it in a mad drive, shouldering the men aside as they go. You don't wear an apron, or try to wear a man's pants, either, Linda. You're the one who can head for a new horizon — and stay enchanting while you do it."

"Is that me?" she said, not laughing now.

"You, and I've found you, Linda."

When at last he took her home, he said, "Tomorrow night, again?"

"Yes," said Linda.

"How about lunch? I've got a business date I'll get out of. If I came by about twelve would you be here?"

"I'll make a point of it," Linda told him.

She went up to her room, and this time she didn't worry about what she had felt, what she was feeling. She was heading off toward a horizon line, and part of the fun was not being sure where she was going. Fun. She thought about that a lot since she had known Gary.

Next morning she took a long time over breakfast, reading a local paper. She knew some of the other guests at the hotel by this time, but she didn't feel like talking.

One of them stopped at her table briefly, a girl named Carol Traymore. She seemed to know a lot of people; she was popular, without being obvious about it.

"A bunch of us are going to do the night clubs tonight," Carol said. "Like to come along?"

"Thanks, but I have a date," said Linda.

"Some other time, then," Carol said.

When Linda walked across the court after breakfast and saw a taxi outside the open gate she thought idly that another guest had arrived. She walked a little farther — and stopped short.

Her sister Lou was walking toward her—Lou, looking cool and quiet as always, with her smooth brown hair, smooth grey dress.

Linda went to meet her with a curious dismay. "Lou!" she said, giving her sister a dazed hug.

"You look surprised enough," said Lou, laughing. "I got the hotel folder, air mail, so I knew where you were. Mother phoned Cousin Fredericka, and of course you weren't there. So I had to tell where you really were."

"But why did you come?" said Linda before she could stop.

"To keep you company," Lou said, smiling at her. "You know how Mother and Dad would fret about you, alone over here. But I won't get in your hair, Linda."

"Don't worry about that," Linda said hastily. "Come on. We'll get you settled in."

A room was found for Lou, two doors away from Linda's own. She sat down to watch Lou unpack, with confusion still on her.

"Did you give my note to Jim?" she asked.

"Yes," said Lou, shaking out a dress. "He just read it and nodded. He was in a hurry to get to work, as usual."

"Oh—he was," said Linda, as nonchalantly as possible, considering her indignation.

Lou looked at her quickly. "Have you met any interesting men here yet?"

"One," Linda admitted. "You'll meet him this noon." . . .

But Lou lived up to her word about not getting in Linda's hair. She said she was going to see Nassau on her own. And when she and Linda went downstairs at noon, and Gary was there waiting, Lou tactfully stopped to buy postcards.

Gary was apologetic and annoyed. "I couldn't break my lunch date. It's business, and the guy leaves this afternoon."

"There's tonight," said Linda. "Gary, my sister flew out here unexpectedly."

"The tall one in grey?" Gary inquired, following her glance. "I never would have picked you two as sisters. She keeps everything battened down tight, doesn't she?"

"She's quiet," Linda said. "She was home a couple of years in her early teens, quite ill. And when she returned to school, somehow she never seemed to quite get back in step." She looked up at him. "She's awfully nice when you get to know her."

Gary looked back at her reflectively. "I don't doubt it. But isn't this going to slow down your getting to know me?"

Linda grinned, and waved at Lou to come over. She introduced Gary.

Gary smiled at Lou with his own particular charm. "Are you running away, too?"

"No," said Lou, returning his smile. "I'm here because Dad has ideas about young girls wandering around alone. But I've told Linda she's hardly going to see me."

"This is going to work out swell," said Gary suddenly. "There's a three-day boat trip around some of the islands and I wasn't so sure about asking Linda to go alone. But now I'm asking you both. It's a mail boat, highly informal; you travel with anything from chickens to shellfish. But you get away from the regular beat."

"It sounds too good to miss," said Lou. "But it's up to Linda."

"And you'll join us for dinner tonight?" Gary said politely.

Lou refused firmly. She sounded as if she meant it.

"Well, then, I'll pick you up at seven, Linda. And think over the boat trip."

He went away, and Lou gazed after him approvingly. "He's awfully attractive, Linda."

"Too attractive, maybe," said Linda.

She took Lou off to Bay Street. They went down one side of the street and back the other, which took most of the afternoon. And then she introduced Lou to Carol Traymore, and got Lou included in the group that was going nightclubbing that evening.

"You always fix things for me," Lou said when they were back in Linda's room. "I should be very grateful."

"Don't be silly," Linda said lightly.

But Lou shook her head. "It's true. I'm slow about people. But people like you. That gives me a little more time, and when they get to know me some of them like me. I used to tell myself you were my luck."

With that familiar little twist of guilt Linda realised that she hadn't been glad to see Lou. In penance, she stayed with her sister till she was dressed for the evening, and happily started off with the crowd. Then she dressed for her own date with Gary.

Gary met her with a car this time. "What do you want to see tonight?" he asked her. "Yacht club, nightclub?"

"No. Things that are really the island," she told him.

He drove her through the pine barren, where a wartime airfield was being reclaimed by trees and bushes. He drove her along the swamp where the vines tangled together with hardly space to slip a hand between them. He took her out on an arm of the island, where she could look back and see the land waiting for them quietly.

"The islands we'll see on the trip are different," he told her. "We can choose—there's more than one boat coming. There are small cays without a person on them, but big enough to live on—"

Memory cut through to Linda. Jim had said something just like that. Only he had said, "I'll take you there," like a promise. And suddenly she felt disloyal to Jim.

"I don't want to go looking for cays," she said quickly.

Gary gave her a thoughtful glance. "I tripped over a concealed wire there, didn't I? Let's go to the wharves."

So they went to the wharves, where sponges were being sold in the gathering dusk. Afterwards, they ate at a quiet night-club, roofless to the sky, with the dance music drifting out towards the sea. Linda danced with Gary, more conscious of his arm around her than of the place. She hadn't really found the island with him, had she?

Driving back to the hotel with him, it was the same; she forgot the flower scents and the music in the air and was aware only of him. If this was being in love, it was a new kind, a gayer, lighthearted kind of love, without the heartache.

"Will you take the trip?" he asked her. "You and your sister?"

"Three days wandering with you—I might lose the way back, Gary."

"I'm counting on that," Gary told her calmly, with that disarming frankness of his. "Three days to convince you that we're right together. Don't you know now that it's a right beginning?"

"That much I'm sure of, Gary."

"Tell me tomorrow that you'll go," he said. "Think about it, so you'll be content, and tell me yes. Let's meet at tea-time, same table on the terrace where we met yesterday. It's our table. I'll reserve it and make sure."

He stopped the car outside the gate. He held her gently and kissed her not at all gently.

"Five o'clock tomorrow?"

"I'll be there," Linda said.

She found Lou awake and waiting for her when she went upstairs. Lou had had a fabulous evening, she said. And she'd met a man, Ben Andrews.

"He's going to take me around tomorrow. He's hiring a car and we're going all over the island," Lou said, with a new lift in her voice. "He likes me!"

"Well, why not?" said Linda. "That's swell."

"You don't understand," Lou said. She looked at Linda with a pleasure that was surprised and eager. "Ben liked me when I was on my own, without you even being there, Linda. All by myself he liked me."

"I'm glad," Linda said warmly.

She hadn't realised how much Lou had resented her own lack of confidence with men, Linda thought. Perhaps Lou had even been jealous sometimes. She was glad of Lou's success with this Ben Andrews.

"And you like him, too?" she asked.

Lou nodded. "He's awfully nice, and very attractive. Tomorrow, when you go off with Gary, I'll have someone —" She broke off, turning to Linda. "You didn't tell me that Gary was such an important person."

She went on talking about Gary then. She'd collected a surprising amount of information about him. And it seemed he was a lot better known than Linda had understood.

"I didn't know he was so successful in his work," she admitted finally. "He's so casual and modest about it."

Lou sat up in bed so that she could study Linda's face. "He wants to be successful with you, doesn't he, Linda?"

"It's too fast and too soon," said Linda. "Nobody could be sure of anything so soon."

"He'd be a marvellous guy for you," Lou said, with more enthusiasm than she generally showed. "You'd have a wonderful life, always going to amusing places and meeting exciting people."

Linda looked at her curiously. "You never raved this way about Jim, did you?"

Lou shrugged. "I never did think Jim was the right man for you, Linda. I'm glad you came away and met Gary. You're well out of that other."

"I'm not out of anything. I don't know where I am," said Linda. "I'm just going along, trying to find out."

"You need to go on that trip Gary talked about," said Lou in her quiet voice. "You haven't got quite far enough away from home yet."

Linda went to her own room presently. She had been embroiled in her problems, and Lou had all along sat quietly on the sidelines watching. Lou ought to see things more clearly, then. And Lou said she needed to go on, farther away.

But running away was no good if the trouble was in herself. She had come here to find the remoteness of an island, and instead she had found Gary. She had run away from the thought of Jim, but all she had to do was say his name aloud to Lou, and she knew she had forgotten nothing about him, had solved nothing.

She fell asleep, lulled by the drowsy air. But she woke early, and went downstairs without disturbing Lou, to get coffee.

There was a letter waiting for her, a letter from her mother.

"Linda dear," her mother wrote. "Your father and I understand that you need some time to decide about Jim. We like him very much, but it's your decision to make. Perhaps it would be easier for you to work it out without Lou being there, but she was set on following you to Nassau. Just remember, dear: you're the only one who can really know if Jim can give you happiness. Write us when you feel like it. Love, Mother." There was a postscript: "Jim came to see us."

Linda read the letter a second time, more slowly. Her mother apparently hadn't wanted Lou to go to Nassau: she spoke as if Lou had insisted on going. But Lou had certainly implied she had made the trip because her parents were worried and wanted her to do it. Why?

She pushed the letter into her handbag. She didn't want to see Lou just then, not till she'd had time to sort out her thoughts. She hurried upstairs and got her bag of bathing things, and left a note for Lou, saying she'd be back later. Then she went off to the beach where she'd been before.

Once again she swam alone

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"Don't be over-optimistic . . . his watch also tells the day, month, and year."

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"ESCAPE TO PARADISE"

And she thought how blind she had been. She didn't even understand her own sister. How often had the things Lou said about Jim influenced her?

She leaned into the water and swam straight out to the float. Catching hold of it, she drew herself around to the far side. There she turned on her back and floated, eyes shut, thinking of nothing at all now.

A splash as someone dived from the float made her open her eyes. And a dark head broke the surface beside her.

It was Jim. Jim — here!

"Hello," he said, grinning at her.

She stared at him in a daze of gladness and disbelief. She reached up and caught hold of the float again.

"How did you—? Mother must have told you where I was."

"Yes," said Jim, lazily treading water beside her. "And a fellow called Parker at your hotel said you'd gone swimming, probably here."

He grasped hold of the float in his turn. And they faced each other, motionless.

Jim said, "I gathered you were making a decision over here and I wanted to be in on that deal. Linda, I came after you to tell you —"

"Wait!" she broke in urgently.

Everything was happening too fast. Gary — and now Jim, here.

"But we've got to talk," Jim said as urgently. "When I heard you were gone —" His voice tightened. "Linda, I won't lose you. I can't lose you. I've got to tell you —"

"Wait!" she said again. "Give me a little time, Jim."

Time to know what she really felt for him, what she felt for Gary. Not more talk of their problems now, when she wasn't ready, but some kind of space to find her emotional bearings. How could she be sure of anything now that she had made a sort of beginning with Gary? And she thought suddenly: If she could have the same carefree time with Jim that she'd had with Gary, wouldn't she know better which of the two men was the right one?

"Can't we have time to float in first?" she said to Jim. "Can't we have a little time, just to be here together before we talk? Please, Jim!"

"If that's the way you want it," he said slowly. "But we'll have to talk things out later."

"Of course, Jim."

"Then, now there's just us."

He kissed her there in the peaceful water. Salt on her mouth and the stabbing gladness and Jim's hand on her shoulder, steadying her . . . What did he do, with a look and a touch, so that everything was changed?

They swam close beside each other through the warm, clear water. They went to lie on the beach in the sun. And when too many people gathered on the sand they wandered off along the shore.

There were no shells on this beach. But, standing knee-deep in the water, she found them. She would see a darker swirl on the bottom and dredge up a handful of sand; then, washing out the sand, she would see the shells in her hand—tiny freckled spirals and white fan-shaped ones, and always broken bits of coral.

Jim bent over her cupped hands turning the shells. He understood her pleasure and her search. A wash of pure joy, clear as the water, ran over her.

And then she thought of all the trouble waiting at home, all the decisions. They were only safe and happy here.

"Linda," said Jim, watching her face. "Linda, come back."

"It was only for a minute," she said, and held the shells more tightly.

"Let's go over to town," he said. "I know a place for lunch."

Once again he took her along with him away from problems and trouble, as she had wanted. She followed his mood, as if she followed him dancing. They dressed and went back on the little boat and Nassau drew them in with a pull of color and foreign sound.

She carried her shells in the pocket of her dress. She let go into loving him and didn't ask herself what kind of love it was. And they walked hand in hand through the streets.

They ate lunch at the place he liked, on the harbor deck of a hotel, with their table so close to the water that only a low wall separated them from the boats slipping past. A boat was tied up at the wharf just beyond.

"We could step on one of these little boats," he said.

"And find an island of our own," she finished. "I want an island—"

Then she thought of Gary, with a stab of uncertainty. Gary and the trip. But today was Jim's. Whichever man was the right one, this was Jim's time now.

Jim was pulling a map out of his pocket. "Here's where that cay is that I told you about. Or we could find one together."

They kept the map open as they ate conch salad and tropical fruit and lime tarts. They made up a little island, based on the one where they'd been swimming, with coral rock rising out of the shore edge, and palms and sea grapes on beyond. They made up the house, with a glassed porch above the water.

After lunch they took a surrey, and were driven through the streets, with the soft clop-clop of hoofs. The driver looked at them kindly and didn't trouble them with information about the places they passed. The streets made a walled road taking them on, and now they didn't look out, they looked at each other.

"I kept on loving you more," he said abruptly. "The way I feel, there's no place for this in the rule books, Linda."

"I know," she said. "It's this place; it's today."

"Is it?" said Jim.

They stopped at the old fort and left the driver talking to one of his innumerable friends, while they climbed high on the grey coral-rock ramparts. There were people in view, but no one nearer than two children playing on the roof of a house below them.

"We're alone now," said Jim, "with all the town around us. Aren't we, Linda?" He touched her hand and her breath caught sharply. They had never been as close as this before. They had never been alone like this before.

"We got away today in this place," she said.

"We've got to be able to take back what we found here. Or else it's no good, is it, Linda?"

She was silent. She had no answer ready.

And he swung to her abruptly, eagerly. "You can't see us doing it, after the trouble between us at home, is that it? Linda, you've got to give me a try to fix things. We've got to talk straight now."

She stood there high above the town with her back against the sky and no place to run to. She thought in a turmoil that it wasn't fair to Gary to

Continued overleaf



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"ESCAPE TO PARADISE," by Ware Torrey Budlong

decide anything now, when he hadn't a chance to speak for himself, and it wasn't fair to let Jim go on without telling him about Gary.

She spoke quickly: "Jim, I've got to tell you something before you say anything more. I've met a man here, Gary Denning. He — likes me."

Jim stood very still. "I'm not surprised that he likes you."

"I like him, too," she said.

"He made a good impression rapidly," Jim said dryly.

"We feel the same way about a lot of things," she went on. "So it's as if we'd known each other longer. He's the sort of man who wants to take care of the woman."

Jim's control slipped. "What are you trying to tell me?"

"That I can't try to settle anything with you without letting Gary know what's happening," she answered. "Just the way I had to tell you about him now, Jim. I guess you'd better meet him."

"So you can look at the two of us side by side?" Jim said with a rising anger.

She said, "I'm meeting Gary at five on the terrace at the Royal Palms. Will you come there, too?"

Jim said grimly, "It seems I'd better meet him. I might as well see what I'm up against before I try to tell you anything. Suppose I turn up about half-past five. Does that allow a civilised amount of time?"

She hesitated and then decided. "All right, Jim. I guess we'd better go now. It's getting late and I want to stop at the hotel and leave my bathing things."

They went down from the fort in silence. They started the drive back. And now they were farther apart than the space of seat between them.

At the hotel Jim helped her out of the surrey. He walked beside her into the court, still in silence. And in front of them Lou stood up sharply from a green bench. She stared at Jim. And something strange happened to her face, as if its peace cracked and twisted apart, leaving naked anger.

"I told you Linda was through with you," she said furiously to Jim. "I told you she didn't love you. And now you come crawling after her here!"

"Lou!" cried Linda, appalled. "I never said I didn't love Jim."

Lou swung around to her. She spoke with a reckless rush as if anger and surprise had broken a dam of control: "You — what do you know about loving, Linda? If I loved a man and he loved me, nothing would stand in our way. You cared about the kind of house you'd live in."

Lou took two steps and faced Linda with a new, proud lift of her head. "I would have cared about the man. I would have done anything to fit into his life — if I loved him."

Linda spoke before she knew she was saying it: "If you loved him, Lou? You did, didn't you? All this time you wanted Jim, didn't you?"

In the sudden silence she and Lou stared at each other.

Jim stepped forward. "Don't say any more now, Linda." He took the woven bag out of her fingers. He turned her towards the gate. "Go on to your appointment," he told her. "I'm handling this."

She started towards the gate in numbed obedience. She found herself standing outside the pale pink wall.

"Ride, lady?"

It was the same driver, the same surrey. He got out and coaxed her in as if she were a tired child.

She said, "The Royal Palms."

"Just you rest easy," he told her.

Rest easy? She had rested easily too long. Long enough so she couldn't tell Lou's lies from the truth.

How long had Lou resented her, been jealous of her, felt superior to her? That was the thing that had blazed in Lou's face: She would have done better, would have loved better.

All this time she had spoken against Jim because she wanted him herself. And Jim hadn't been surprised. Whatever he'd guessed of Lou's feeling in the past it wasn't a thing he would easily mention to Lou's sister. But he hadn't been surprised.

Linda tried to pull herself out of the shock and her racing thoughts. But when she reached the hotel terrace, when she saw Gary waiting and started towards him, he took one look at her face and rose and came swiftly towards her.

"What's happened, Linda?" And then, before she could speak, "Do you want to go away from here?"

She shook her head. "Let's sit down. I'll tell you, Gary."

BUT when she was sitting at the table with him, when the waiter had come and gone, still she didn't speak.

"Take your time," Gary said. "Don't tell me if you don't want to, Linda."

He was making things easy for her again. He was smoothing her way. But she didn't want that now. She couldn't go on drifting, not after that glimpse of what lay hidden under Lou's quiet. She was shocked wide awake from dreaming.

"I thought I knew my sister," she said. "All this time I thought I knew her. My mother wrote me that Lou was set on following me here, but Lou gave me a different reason. Lou has lied and lied to me, Gary."

He said, "People do, Linda, even people we trust. You must know that."

Linda said, "But she lied about Jim and she lied to Jim."

Gary leaned forward. His eyes changed with a sudden intentness. "It matters like that when it's Jim?" he said slowly.

"But I haven't told you. Jim's here."

"I wondered if he would come here," Gary told her. "But you don't have to decide anything now, today. Not for me or for him."

"I think I do," she said.

Gary studied her face. "Then I think I'd better find out a couple of things myself. Where's this Jim — what's his name?"

"Jim Kane. He's coming here to meet you."

Gary nodded. "Whatever happened to you today with Jim and your sister, obviously you don't like it. But you can go away from all of it, Linda."

She shook her head. "I don't like myself, Gary."

"Growing pains, perhaps," said Gary. "I can sympathise. I seem to be still having them, too, at my age." His hand closed down on hers and again excitement sparked in her at his touch. She met his eyes and realised that nothing had changed that quick response to him.

And then she saw Jim walking towards her. On beyond Gary, so she saw them both; and when her heart seemed to turn over she didn't know whether it was because Jim was there or because of Gary's suddenly tightening fingers.

She knew that both men mattered to her with such a confusion of emotion that she could only sit quite still and fight to breathe evenly. If two men attracted you, where did love begin and end?

"There's Jim," she said.

Gary lifted his hand unhurriedly, and rose. As Jim reached the table, the two men faced each other.

She said, "Jim Kane—Gary Denning."

She saw them measure each other in a quick look. Neither man moved to shake hands. And she thought, with a touch of stage fright, what could she say to make any talk between them?

Then she realised with mixed feelings that they were taking care of themselves quite adequately. Gary drew up another chair. Jim sat down. Gary offered him a cigarette. They weren't exactly chummy, but they seemed to have some male ritual for such occasions.

Jim turned to Linda. "Hello, Linda," he said, with one look that seemed to estimate her state of mind, her emotional pitch, and the powder on her nose. Then he was turning back to Gary again.

"Did I interrupt?" Jim inquired with a questionable courtesy.

Gary returned, "As a matter of fact, we were talking about you."

Linda took a quick breath. "Jim, Gary has been telling me about the control stations for your project, across the islands here."

"But we weren't discussing that just now," said Gary, spoiling her effort. He stared at Jim reflectively. "I'd like to mention at once that I'm not a claim jumper. But I might as well tell you, too, that I question your claim. I don't suppose you'd hold Linda on a technicality?"

"No," said Jim. He added, "But I'm not here to cheer you on."

Linda sat between the two of them with a dizzy feeling that she wasn't there at all. And then Gary swung round to her, his bright head bent a little, his eyes holding hers.

"Linda," he said, "I like your Jim, but I knew before I ever saw him that he was the wrong man for you. You see, Jim and his work—well, he's one of those dedicated guys. And that's right, because he's got an important job, important to all of us. But you want a man who will always put you first, Linda. What's more, you aren't even the right girl for him. He needs a woman who can take care of her life, and a lot of his life, and leave him free. Only, maybe he's been too decent to explain that to you."

"Here—wait," Jim cut in. He leaned across the table towards Gary. "She happens to be exactly the girl I want," he said flatly.

Linda gripped the edge of the table.

But Gary went on. "Then why is she running away?" he asked Jim, with a cutting edge on his voice. "Why didn't you grab on to her and hold her? Why didn't you blast her with emotion and marry her, and argue with her later? Aren't you man enough to keep her home and make her like it?"

"Stop that!" said Linda, with a sudden fury that shook her voice. "You're all wrong, Gary."

"Am I?" said Gary, watching her face. "Why?"

"Jim didn't act like that, because he was giving me time to grow up," she answered. "He didn't act like that because he didn't want me blasted with emotion. He wanted me if I belonged to him, or not at all."

"And when did you find all that out?" asked Gary softly.

"Now," she said. "Now. When I heard you say those things. I didn't see it before. All I saw was that I wanted a home along with Jim."

"But you were the girl who didn't want aprons and tidy lawns," said Gary. "You were the girl who wanted to head out across the sea."

"I'm sorry, Gary," she said then. "I'll try to tell you. I wanted a house with Jim, like all those other women. And when I couldn't have it I ran away. I tried to forget it—you know that. And for a little while this was adventure and escape. I didn't mean to give you a wrong impression; I was trying to find out what I did want, Gary. I'd been snarled up and boxed in at home, and you gave me space to run in. But—"

"But now you know what you want," he finished for her.

She nodded. "You helped me know it, Gary. That girl you want is somewhere on ahead for you."

"I guess we both had to find out things," Gary said slowly.

Linda looked at Jim at last. And when his eyes met hers she knew very well which man made her heart turn over.

Now his hand touched her arm and stayed there. "Speaking of emotional blasting," he said to Gary, "you know you're dynamite."

"It was like that, wasn't it?" said Linda.

Gary turned to her, frowning. "But you're right where you started, Linda. You're going back to the same problem."

Jim cut in swiftly: "No, she's not."

"No?" said Gary.

Jim spoke straight to Linda: "You went away, and I thought I'd lost you—Lou said I'd lost you. I took one long, hard look at myself. It was an eyeful. I'd been trying to make a life for you and a life for my mother. I'd been dragging myself apart in the process and telling myself I had to take it, but I was making you take it, too, wasn't I? I knew I had to do something about that before I came to you here."

"What did you do?" said Linda.

"I told my mother she could accept you decently, Linda, or I'd get her a room in a nursing home," Jim said. "I told her she'd had her life, and she had to think about our life now. I made her see it. But then there was that special house you wanted, just for us. I'm late, doing something about that, but I've done it. I've decided to take the job with Uncle Carl."

"No!" said Linda. "No, Jim."

Gary moved his chair back suddenly, and got up with a wry grin. "Go along, kids," he said. "Go away; go home. You are shaking this conservative hotel to its foundations."

Linda looked at him with sudden self-reproach. "I'm sorry, Gary," she said again. "I'm just the wrong girl for you."

"It was a nice beginning, Linda," he said.

Jim rose, still holding Linda's arm. "How do we say thanks?"

"You don't," said Gary. "I didn't exactly enjoy it, but—happy landings."

"Good-bye, Gary," said Linda.

She walked away with Jim. They reached the tropical garden and went on into it, and were alone.

"That's quite a guy," said Jim.

"He knows a lot about people," said Linda. "He saw us better than we saw ourselves today, didn't he?" She added abruptly, "Jim, what about Lou?"

"Let's talk about her later."

LINDA stopped there on the little path, and he halted beside her. Lou had worked against her marrying Jim, she thought; Lou had made trouble, and Jim had coped with it.

"Lou figured she might get you on the rebound, if you were fed-up with me," Linda said, thinking it out aloud. "She believed she loved you better than I did. You held steady, Jim. Like today, when it was so awful, and you said —you'd handle her."

"She didn't understand the way I feel about you," Jim said. "After you had left home she made a play with sympathy and all that, trying to build something between herself and me. I showed her it was no go, and I guess she decided I needed more time to forget you. So what did she do? She took the next plane over here, to work on you and split us farther apart. I got over here as fast as I could myself." He looked at Linda. "Don't you worry about Lou. She'll get over this."

"There's a man here she likes, and maybe she'll like him more now she's not tangled up with you and me. Jim, you've been kind to Lou. Even when she wanted too much from you."

Jim said, "There'll always be people who want things from us, Linda. We just have to work out how much we can do for them and keep our own boat steady."

"That's the way you wanted me to feel about your mother, isn't it?" she said.

"Never mind that now, my darling," Jim told her. "I had it out with mother the way I said. I talked hard facts to her. I had to. But I didn' expect what happened. She got out of bed; she managed to get downstairs. And I found her working out how we could make an apartment for you and me, where you'd be happy. She not only promised to play ball, she tried to do something to show she meant it. It made me wonder if my Dad had found out she needed a strong hand. Does that make sense?"

"As if you'd been making things too easy for her?" Linda said.

"Yes. Like that," said Jim. "Maybe when a support is removed, we manage to stand straight. And sometimes we stand straighter."

Linda nodded. "And maybe that's true for Lou, too."

"Anyway, mother can live her own life there. We'll get you your own house, darling."

"No!" she said.

Jim had given up everything. He had even given up his work for her.

"You can't leave your job," she told him. "I know I asked you to do that back there before I understood. Before I understood a lot of things. I'm going to live in your house, Jim."

"Mother isn't going to turn perfect overnight, even though she's trying now," Jim said.

"You told me once that the threats she made were empty," answered Linda. "I should have listened better."

"She was afraid of losing me," Jim said. "And the only weapon she had was trying to make you afraid."

"I let her do it, didn't I, Jim? We can handle your mother the way you handled Lou. I'll try to take care of our life, as Gary said, so that you'll be free to work."

"You wanted your own house."

"We'll have it some day, Jim. Right now I just want you. Jim, we'll live in your house. If it doesn't work out, you can always take the job with your uncle. But, with your mother trying—and me trying now—it ought to work out."

"You're sure?"

"Sure," she told him. "And, Jim, you showed me today what it could mean to get away for pieces of time. When we need to, we'll take time away. But we needn't go far. Down to the drugstore, out in the yard. Anywhere off by ourselves."

"That would be enough, Linda?"

She said, "You gave me an island today, for always, Jim. We'll be there, any time we're alone together."

He cupped his hands around her face, looking down at her. "You came to meet me, today. We're together now. And what we have now, we take back with us, Linda."

The queer green leaves stirred around them. The strange-scented wind blew against her. But the look in his face was home, all beginnings and all endings.

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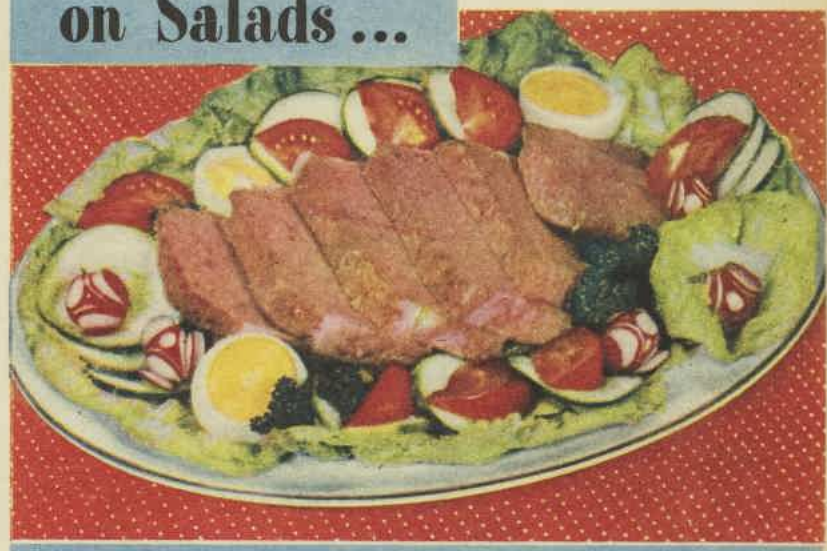


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herself. Different. William wrote, different from all other women. She had no right to be different!

I'll have to have a little talk with her, Lita thought. She's very young and has probably been brought up the wrong way. Occasionally one heard of such cases—throwbacks, or something.

Lita leaned back and relaxed happily. It was a good world the women had made.

The train drew into Jupiter Station and before she had time to even look at herself she had to grab her bags and get off. Not that that mattered, women were no longer at the mercy of that pre - World War III bogy — "GOOD-GROOMING" . . . A bill had been passed years ago proclaiming that all false aids to beauty were banned. This included permanent waves, setting, dyeing, bleaching, cosmetics, false eyelashes, perfume, nail-varnish, jewels, uplifted or padded bosoms, girdles, nylons, and spike-heeled shoes.

Lita smiled at her husband as he ambled over to greet her. He had put on at least a stone since she had last seen him and was, she realised with surprise, far handsomer than she had remembered.

Something within her thrilled as their eyes met in a level gaze—he was her own height, 5 feet 6 inches. She dropped her bags and in an uncharacteristic surge of emotion seized his narrow shoulders and kissed him.

"Hello," he said, squirming. "Mollie could not come because she is preparing a special dinner to welcome you home. She has been scouring and scrubbing for days. How are you, Lita? You don't look too fit."

"I've been working very hard, you know."

"Poor old girl, of course you have. Pity you can't retire. How old are you now?"

"Fifty."

"Is that all? My dear, you're not taking care of yourself, you look years older."

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Continuing . . . .

"Well, I'm hoping to retire fairly early. I am very careful and I am saving towards the day when we are no longer forced to live apart."

"What a wonderful day that will be, but I am dubious about its arriving as soon as you hope. Once the babies begin to arrive, you know—"

"But we have Mollie, so young and strong to take her turn as breadwinner."

"That lies in the future, Lita. Just now the idea is for you to relax and enjoy yourself. Only two bags? Bring them over, then, the car is right here."

They conversed companionably during the drive to the old farmhouse. William had very sensibly renovated, not modernised, it, and it had a quaint old-world air—a skillion roof and cantilevering all over the place in the fashion of a hundred years ago . . . Lita was just dragging her bags from the car when a sound that was like no other she had ever heard made her swing round.

The sound, she realised, was a sort of squeal that had come from the suspiciously red lips of a suspiciously black-haired girl who was now racing excitedly towards William. He opened his arms and caught the female, tossed her in the air, and nuzzled his head in her neck . . . "Lita," he cried, gaily, "meet Mollie. Dearest, say hello to Number One!"

Lita advanced with her honest smile, her honest hand outstretched — "This should have happened months ago," she said sincerely. "But I think the waiting has been worthwhile, don't you?"

"Oh, Mumsie," the other cried, darting forward. "I've waited so long for this!" She embraced Lita very closely and kissed her cheek. "I'm going to call you Mumsie—I'm sure you won't mind—you are just the age my own mother would have been had she lived to see her little girl grown up. I want you to be a mother to me, Mumsie, and help me all you can to be a good wife to our husband. Oh, we shall all be so happy together!"

It was such an overwhelming moment that they all had tears in their eyes—Lita from the most consuming rage and hatred she had ever known, Mollie from sheer, blissful malice and relief — she had nothing to fear from this old hag—and William, because he was a silly old sentimentalist at heart. He led the way into the house, Mollie dancing at his side and a brave Lita struggling behind with her baggage.

She was determined to be fair, but she was too honest not to admit this home-coming was not as of yore. Still, this was her new world, and the world women like herself had fashioned, and it was a good world and she only had to get used to this particular phase of it. I'm tired, she decided. Everything's just as it should be, as fair as it possibly could be—we had to make the men go round, didn't we? And how else?

In the evening of that day Lita at last got off the century-old chrome bed where she had practically been forced to lie all afternoon by that scheming little second wife.

"Rest those weary old work-a-day bones," the minx had said, "while I get my chores done. Then you'll be as fit as a daisy for my welcome-home dinner."

"I hope," Lita said, faintly, you dressed like that?" she demanded.

"Oh, Mumsie, don't be cross with me! I dressed up just for you. This is a treasure out of my dear great-granny's old trunk."

"And isn't she lovely?" said William admiringly.

Lita fingered the material—"Flimsy flummery! How silly of you. Dressing up is for children, Mollie."

"Granny says it is a natural feminine foible."

"She is still alive?"

"My great - grandmother?—Oh, yes. She wishes she weren't, but they won't let her die. Every time she gets started some fool sends for the doctor, who gives her a shot of the latest drug and she's on her feet again."

"How old is she?"

"A hundred and twenty-six."

"I know heaps of people older than that!"

"So do I, but grannie says it's not right or proper. Three score and ten, she says, is enough for anyone."

"What nonsense! I think you'd be wiser not to listen to too much of what your grandmother says. Feminine foibles, indeed! Don't you realise there aren't such things any more?"

The dinner was quite incredible.

"Don't you realise," Lita demanded, her patience worn threadbare, "that you've slaved for hours over a hot stove to produce this meal when you could serve a few pills? William, why do you allow this nonsense?"

William wiped his mouth—"Have you ever tasted a dinner like that before?" he countered.

"Of course not," she admitted, honestly. "Who has?"

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The New Woman

from page 9

"you are not going to any trouble. I'd like you to remember I'm just one of the family."

"Remember, Mumsie! William's always telling me you are the mainstay of the family, I'm not likely to forget. I am going to feed you up on some real home cooking and send you back on the job fighting fit."

Lita did not feel as fit as a daisy. She felt awful. She unpacked her bags and spread the contents on the bed, staring at them with a bleak eye. How appalling that she had not packed one single frock. Nothing but the customary striped trousers and jumpers. When she had showered and dressed there was very little to tell her from a man. Which is just as it should be, she told herself staunchily, and marched downstairs.

Mollie was waiting for her on the bottom level. She stood in the doorway looking like a framed picture of an earlier day. She wore a strapless ballerina-length frock with an incredibly billowing skirt.

Lita swallowed—"Why are

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"Then don't interfere, please. Mollie loves cooking and I love eating what she cooks, so we are both happy."

"It's the principle of the thing," Lita pleaded unhappily. "Scientists spend years perfecting packeted products to save laboring at such terrible tasks as cooking. It is like high treason when a woman like her dares to say she loves cooking!" She glared at Mollie, who cast down her eyes and let two tears dribble down her cheeks.

"Dear one!" William cried, rushing to her and petting her. "Don't cry, honey sweet baby-child. It was the bestest dinner ever and hubbikins loves it and wants more, more, more! Boo-ful home-cooked dinners by baby doll wife every day!"

"Women don't cry any more!" Lita cried in a strangled voice. "William, you're encouraging her—you must let me handle this. Mollie, what is your game?"

"Don't let her be unkind to me," Mollie whimpered.

"Hush, darling," William said soothingly. Then he straightened up and stared at Lita.

"Now look, Lita, I won't stand any interference from you, understand?" He gave a very significant look. "Mollie is going to have a baby and nothing must be allowed to upset her. It's a very difficult time for a woman. A time when she needs to feel secure and loved and protected, a time when she needs petting and understanding."

"Why—who told you that?" Lita gasped.

"Her granny—Mollie's little old granny, who reared her from a baby."

"But that was in her day, today a woman doesn't know she's going to have a baby."

"I do!" Mollie pouted.

"She's queasy every morning," William said proudly.

"But there's an injection for that!"

"Granny says it's not natural. Grannie says a woman's supposed to know she's going to have a baby—"

"You only have to look in a mirror—"

"Granny," Mollie explained patiently, "says you're supposed to feel it. You're supposed to think about it and plan for it and love it, and how can you, she says, if you don't know you are going to have it? They can keep their injections."

"I think," Lita said, breathing hard, "nobody should get the doctor next time granny is sick."

"And I think that must be the most callous thing a man's first wife ever said to his second," William said sharply.

"It was forced out of me," Lita agreed. "Mollie, I must apologise for my harshness. You cannot help having a grandmother who apparently has never heard of the equality of the sexes. I will teach you all I know so that you and William and I and our baby can all live happily together."

"You are too good to such a silly little fool as I, Mumsie, but I will try to learn to become just like you."

"You will do nothing of the sort!" William cried in a horrified voice. "You will continue to be exactly what your grannie taught you to be—a pretty, silly, good-cooking little home-body!"

"I will try to please you both," Mollie said humbly.

"You will try to please me!" William thundered. "Must I have a whip in my hand to prove myself master in my own home?"

Mollie cowered.

"Master!" Lita almost choked. "Master! Since when have you become master of our home?"

"You keep quiet, my girl, or I'll show you." He flexed his muscles and Mollie squealed. "Don't provoke him, Mumsie, he's terrible when roused."

Lita said thickly, "You wouldn't use force on a woman, William?"

"Wouldn't I? Has a man anything else left to use?"

"But, darling, there's no need! You've forgotten everything is so fairly established—so evenly divided. You're overwrought, I've never seen you lose your sense of equilibrium before. I could lay the blame at someone's door, but I shan't, I shall simply say that her great-grandmother should be dead. Come for a walk with me while your second wife washes the dishes, and let us clear the air. We have much to discuss and must plan a design for happy and gracious living."

"That is a wonderful idea," Mollie cried, clapping her little hands delightedly. "We are all a little strung-up over this great occasion and have lost our sense of balance. Take your dear first wife over to see your friend Tom Collins and his wives and family while I do the washing-up and darn your socks."

"Let us laugh at all this," Lita suggested, striding across the farmland with her husband.

"Can we?" he queried.

"Of course," she assured him, thrusting her arm through his.

"But I feel like a man who has thrown down the gauntlet," he protested.

"That is easily explained," she told him eargerly. "The primitive in us can never be completely eradicted. Once in a while it will momentarily master the most highly educated of us. We simply have to withstand the urge."

"For a moment, Lita, I actually felt the whip in my hand and knew the urge to use it!"

Lita shivered. She had never heard such words nor the tone in which he used them. She found herself clinging to his arm and taking shorter steps. "Let's not hurry so," she begged, unaccountably breathless. "After all, I'm not a big strong man!"

"You're the next best thing to it, though," he said morosely, and the praise made her pulses leap. "Darling!" she murmured, "that is the nicest thing you have ever said to me. Tell me, how are our friends, the Collins'?"

"Near to a break-up from what I can gather."

"A break-up! Not Tom and Margaret? But why?"

"Well, Margaret will try to run things."

"Run things! But that's not like Margaret."

"It is now. She will interfere, and she has grown petty and small-minded."

"I can't believe it. Margaret, so strong, so sane. What is the trouble?"

"The usual. Tom naturally married again and naturally decided to keep the little pet home with him while Margaret continued working."

"Er-naturally. Er-you say he married again? Who?"

"Their little milking-machinist. Lovely girl, Flossie is. Gave him twin sons within ten months. Proudest man in the district."

"They should be very happy," Lita said gravely.

"Should be," he agreed. "Would be, if it weren't for miserable old Margaret. Tom's too soft. He could divorce her for interfering, but he had a queer upbringing. He has a word for it, but darned if I can ever remember it. Never heard anyone use it before."

Lita was suddenly silent and

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The New Woman

Continuing . . . .

from page 84

her steps dragged as though all the spring had gone out of them. If divorce by mutual consent was rare, divorce for interfering was on the increase. After the bill legalising polygamy had been passed another bill had swiftly followed to ensure harmony in the homes containing two wives. Thus the Interference Law had come into being.

If a man could prove that one of his wives was disrupting the unity and harmony of his home by jealousy, spite, or nagging, the law speedily relieved him of her. This was right and proper. Only Lita could not think of one solitary case wherein the second and invariably younger wife had been the one to go.

She swallowed a lump as big as a stone. It came back into her throat before they had been five minutes under the roof of Tom Collins. While pretty Flossie, Number Two wife, sat lazily in an easy chair, Number One wife, Margaret, was run off her feet, obeying the whims of her husband.

"Chairs for our guests, Maggie."

"Drinks for our friends."

"A fan for my sweet Flossie, woman!"

Lita was bewildered. Tom had always been so courteous, one of the few who occasionally read a book and thus knew a little of the earlier world and its manners.

"Fetch me my pipe. Go down and see that the cows are safe.

"Now take a look at the hens. Prepare supper, and be smart about it."

Lita followed the meek woman to the kitchen after this last order.

"Margaret," she breathed, "Margaret, what have they done to you?"

"What they'll do to you," the woman whispered, frenziedly preparing the supper. "I'm working all day at the laboratory and then I come home to this. More than flesh and blood can stand."

"Then why do you stand it, Margaret? Surely your pride—"

"My pride nothing! Think I want to be a scientist all my life? I want my home back, Lita, my home as it used to be. And I want my husband back. That lazy little Flossie! One of these days I'll—"

"Hush! Why don't you go to court about it? They're fair—"

"Fair. A lot you know about it. She has twin sons. Two sons—imagine! Imagine my chances in a court against that. And another brat on the way. He's only to say she gave him two sons and I'm out. Haven't you seen the way those women judges drool when they hear the words 'son or boy?' Don't you drool yourself when you hear them?"

"No, I don't!" Lita snapped. "Now you pull yourself together, Margaret Collins, and listen to me. Oh, Margaret, you can't have forgotten—this is a woman's world. You and I are the new woman!"

"Margaret laughed harshly. "We're not the new woman, Lita! These kids are. These Flossies and Mollies that have sprung up around us. Remember the mass suicide of women some years back? Those were the mothers of girls like these. They were used to getting married and divorced every few years, and then suddenly they found they had their last divorce. No one else was getting divorced to make the usual change-over, and no more men were available.

"Those who were left after the war were snapped up and held. Those women were so used to being married, after a fashion, they just couldn't take it—they took their lives instead—including all those poor beautiful film stars.

"We deluded ourselves it was equality and the new divorce laws that made marriages stick. It wasn't. It was the simple fact that a woman had a million to one chance of getting married once, and none at all of a second go. That's why divorce has been so rare. That's why I'm sticking. You and your woman's world. It always was and always will be a man's world, and we're worse off now than ever before. Coming, Tom, dear, coming right away!"

"Oh, Margaret, I can't bear this!"

"Take a tip from me," Margaret hissed, "before you become like me, become like Mollie and Flossie. Their great-grandmas brought them up. Real old-fashioned. Hypocritical, painted little hussies, who know the way to a man's heart, and how to stay there. Goodbye, Lita, and good luck!"

Lita stood there in the kitchen dazedly. "Lita!" It was William's voice, harsh with anger. She swung round, her eyes dilating.

"Are you deliberately insulting our host by staying alone out here?"

"Why, no, I didn't think—"

"Isn't it time you began to think?"

"Of course, darling. I'm so sorry, do forgive me." She smiled at him tremulously. He patted her shoulder absent-mindedly. "You see what a thorn in the side Margaret has become?"

"Oh, yes. Oh, quite a thorn, William."

"Think we can work it better than that?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"That's my girl." He drew her to him and she bent her knees enough to rest her head on his shoulder. It was easy. Her legs had practically given way. Impatiently William said, "Why doesn't he divorce her? What the blazes is that word he has for it?"

"Get it on television," Lita suggested, curious to know what name Tom gave to such forbearance. William switched the controls of the kitchen set over until he got "Dictionary, Words and Their Meanings" on it.

"That's it!" he cried. "Chivalry—pertaining to knighthood—the manner and custom of knights — courtesy, heroism — honor. Are you any wiser?"

"I believe I am," Lita said gravely. "I read a book once—"

"Did you? You sure do the darndest things, Lita." He stared at her curiously. "What did the book say?"

"It was about the knights of King Arthur's court. Those knights spent all their time doing brave deeds, mainly rescuing damsels in distress. The knights were chivalrous, see?"

"Margaret is in distress?"

"She is terribly distressed!"

"And Tom is rescuing her?"

"William," she said gently, "it's been a very long, full day. I think it's time we strolled back to our own little nest."



"Gordon, did you hear that noise?"

Suddenly a commanding voice from the television set made them halt. The president of the nation had appeared and was reading a message to her people. Tom Collins and his wives, seeking their guests, came in and stood spellbound at the breathtaking news.

President Harper-Snit was telling the world that the army of an unfriendly power was massing troops and equipment ready for a swoop on them.

"The idea, of course, is to sack our cities and run off with our men. Lest any man tremble and grow pale at such a dread thought let me reassure him here and now — not one of our boys will fall into the hands of these vultures. We have the greatest trained army of fighting women in the world. I have never seen women fight like them! They are ready at an instant's notice to tear out the hair and scratch out the eyes of anyone who ever dares to look at one of our boys, much less lay a hand on one!"

"A Women's War," Lita breathed, her eyes shining. "Margaret, it's the ultimate achievement. The Complete Evolution!

"William," Lita said, stretching out her hand. "What have you to say on this eve of battle? What now of women's accomplishment?"

"You know that women's movements have always interested me," he said, and their hands met in a hard grip.

"I, too," Tom Collins said humbly. "Man's attitude of masculine superiority has gone forever."

Going home together was sweet for Lita. "Our weapons will be crude," she said, "thanks to St. Caroline-Anne, but do not doubt that we shall win. I hope to die bravely, if I must, but hope even more to return safely to you and Mollie and our baby."

"Of course, darling, our thoughts will be always with you. By the way, have you made a will?"

"Yes, indeed. You know how I am about such things."

"My own little businesswoman. So perfect about detail."

"You say such lovely things to me, William, no wonder I love you."

"How sad that this should cut short your vacation, darling, for of course you will want to get back right away?"

"It is all in the line of duty, William."

"Of course, how selfish of me."

Mollie had taken the tremendous news very calmly for a woman in her condition. "You will be in the first contingent?" she asked.

"No," Lita returned coldly. "Perhaps the second. I would naturally like to see my baby before I go."

"We will bring him to you in camp, Mumsie."

"The little one will be so proud of his soldier mummie," William said, quite emotionally.

"I have repacked your bags," Mollie said. "I felt sure you would want to leave right away. What a shame that this should happen just as we are getting to know each other. Get out the car, William, dearest. Goodbye, Lita, it was wonderful knowing you. Be sure we shall never forget you, and will tell your little boy about the mother he never knew."

"You will give him my medals?" Lita asked, her brave lip trembling at the thought of her son treasuring his mother's medals.

But when she was aboard the midnight express whence William had whisked her at breakneck speed, the vision was somehow not so beautiful.

There was but one seat left in the carriage, and she sank into it wearily, marshalling her thoughts. She wanted to cry, something she had never done in her adult life. The train thundered away from her home, her husband, her family-to-be. To what destiny was it taking her? And why? Why? Suddenly she threw up the window to get some air, for she felt strangely as if she was going to faint.

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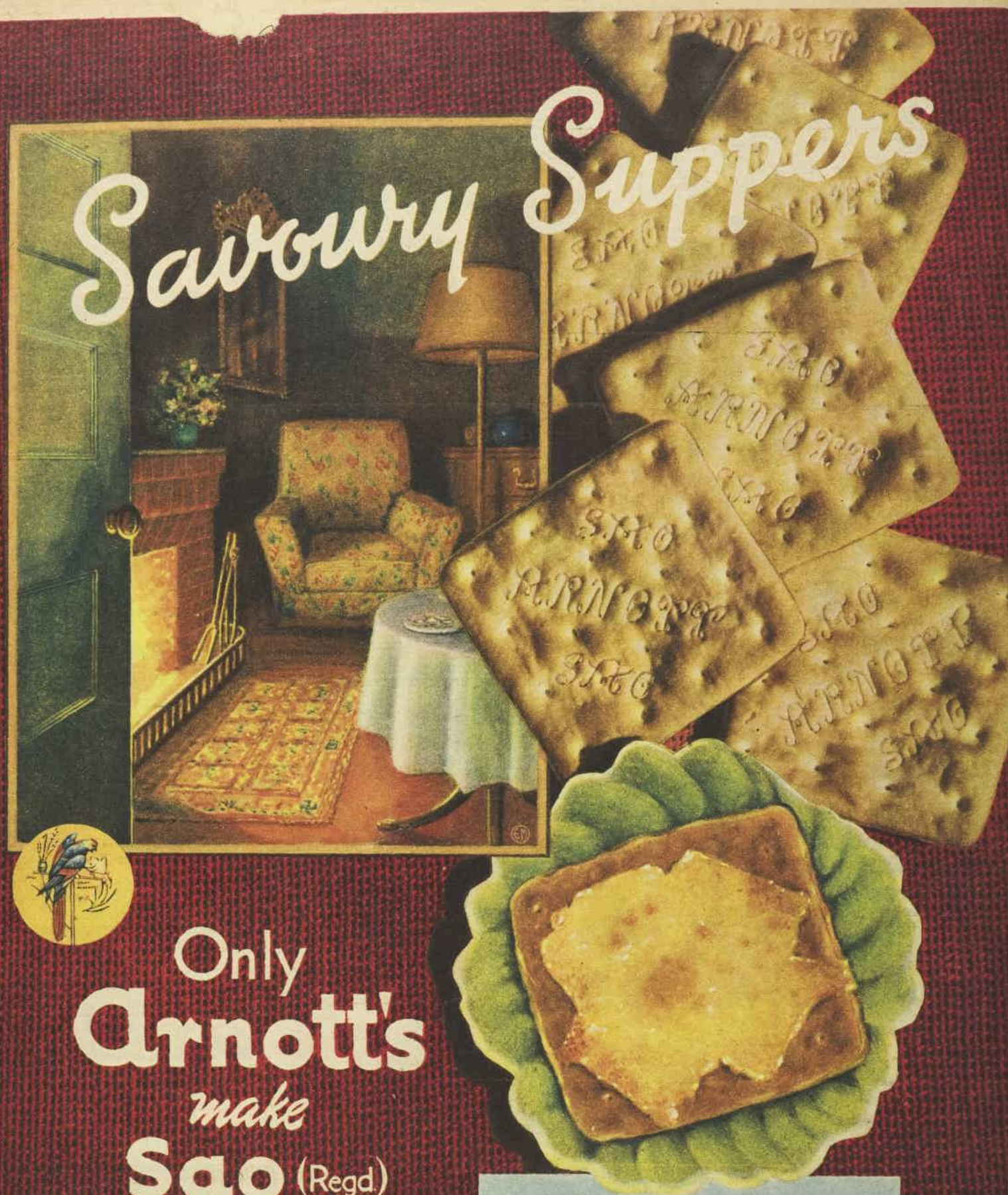
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